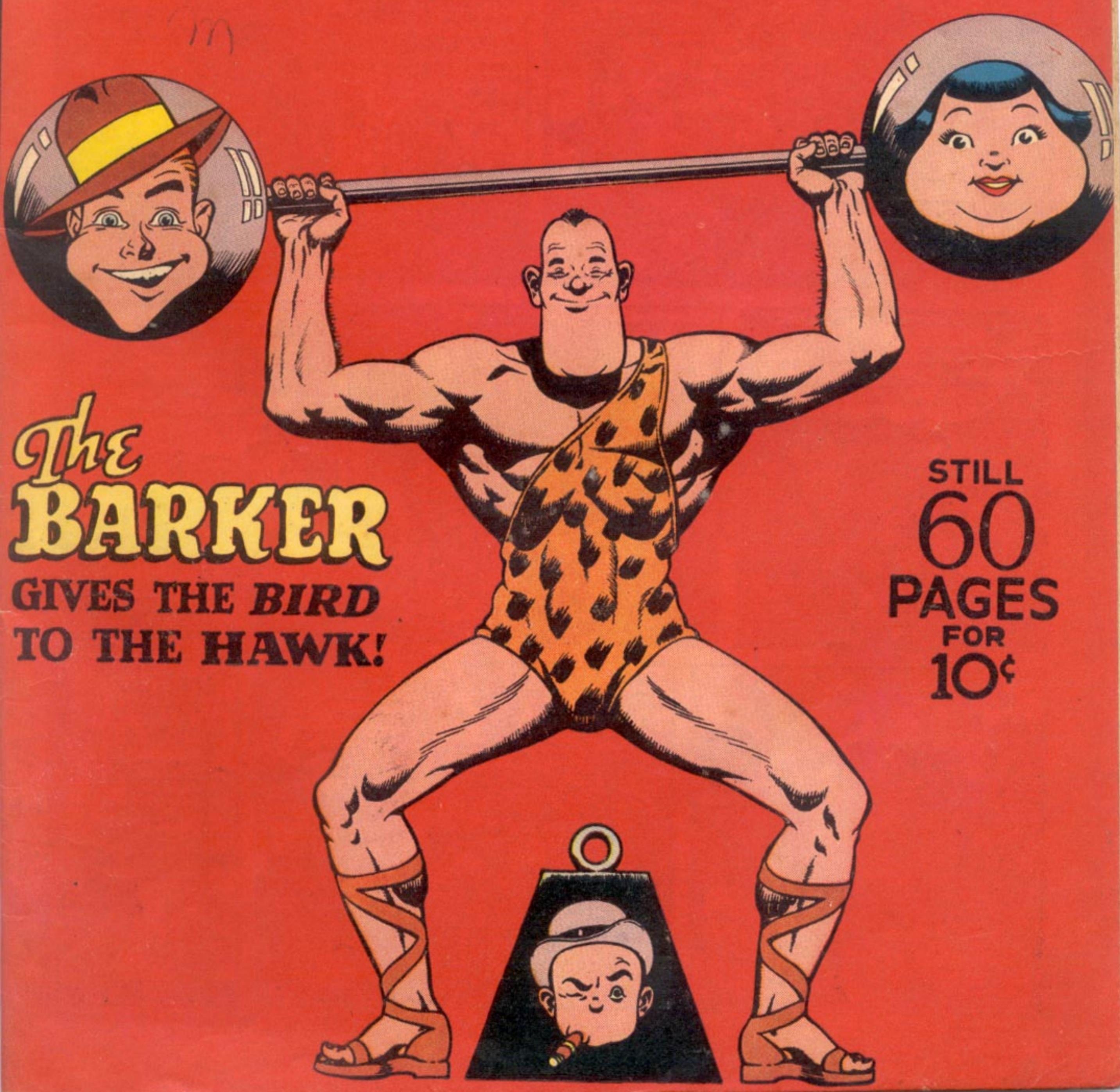


# NATIONAL COMICS

AUGUST  
No. 55

SM  
S.M.B.  
QUALITY



*The*  
**BARKER**  
GIVES THE *BIRD*  
TO THE *HAWK*!

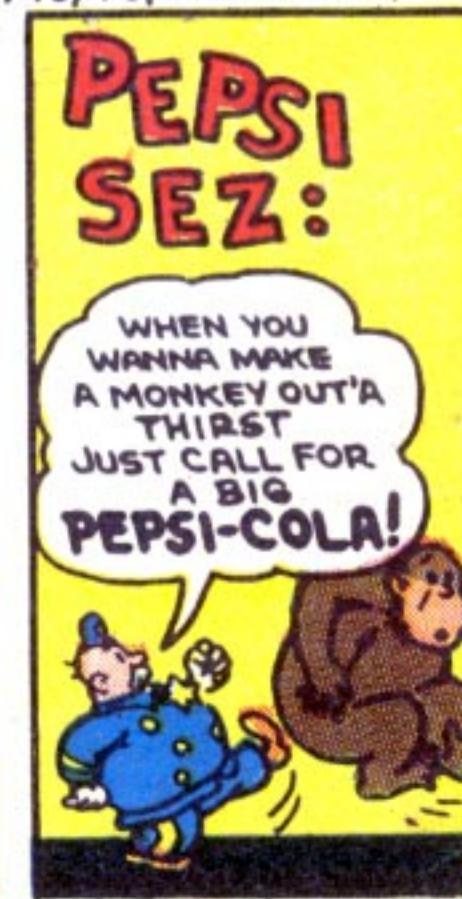
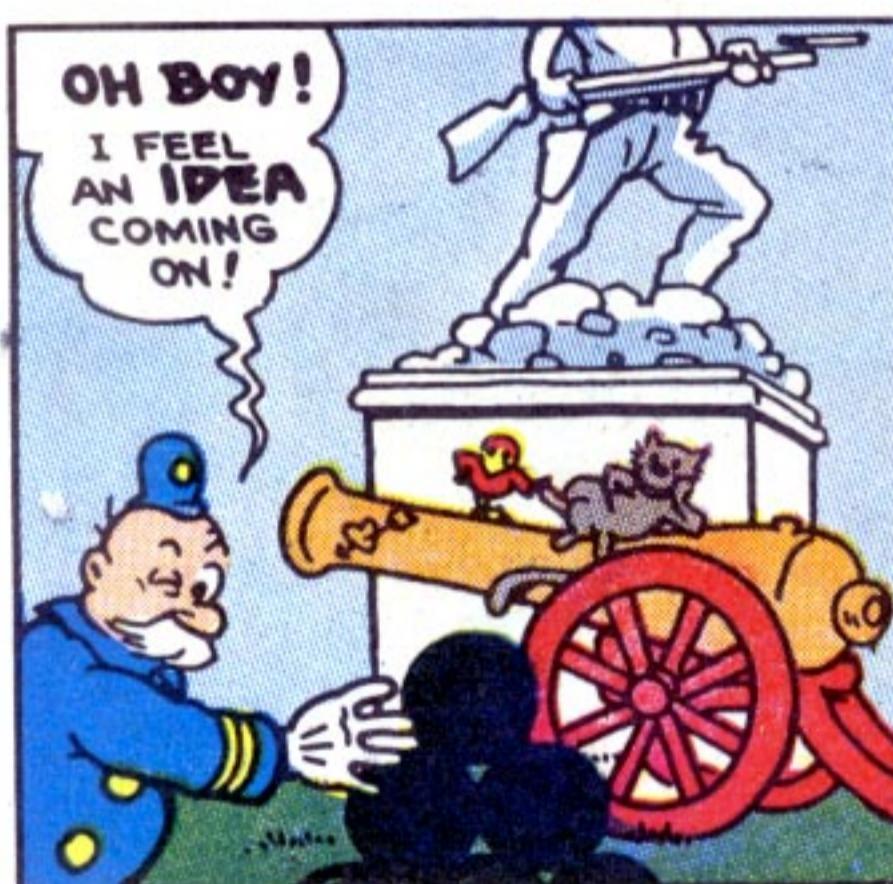
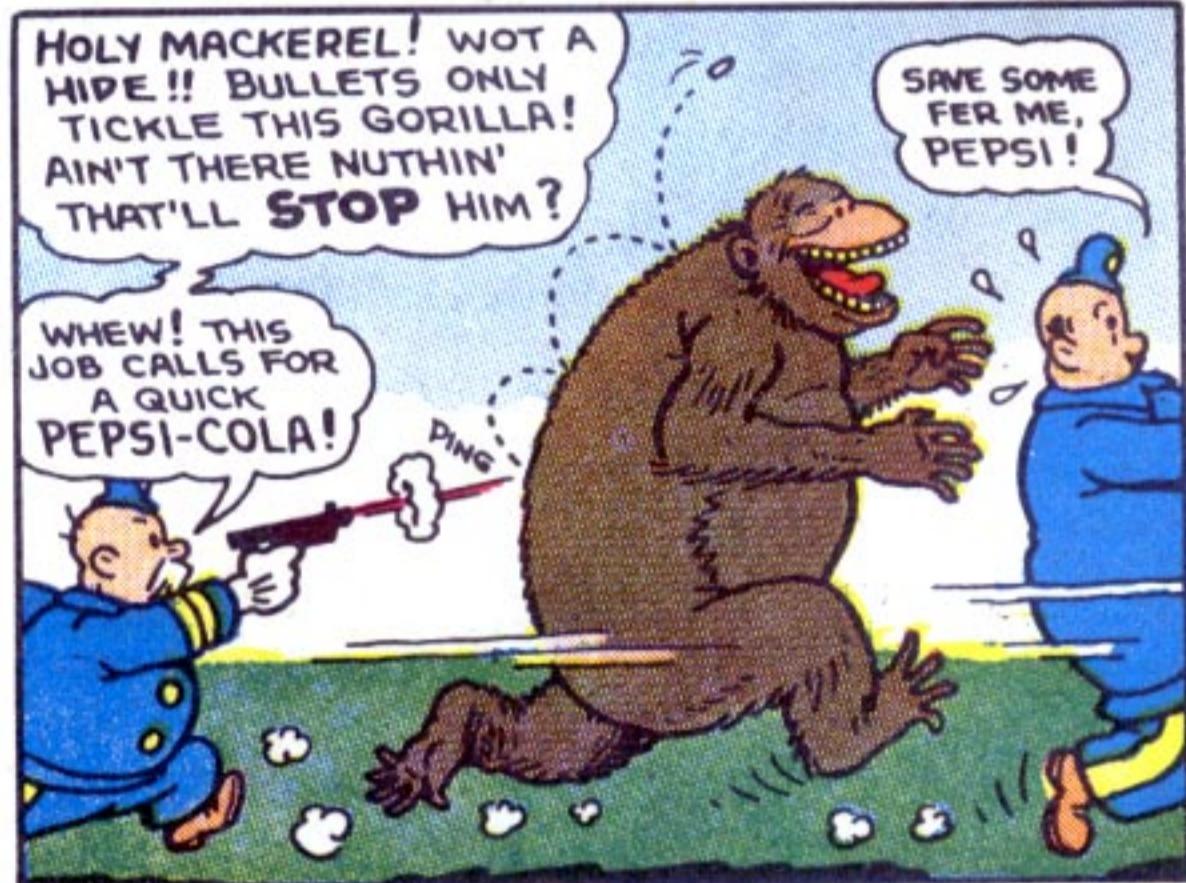
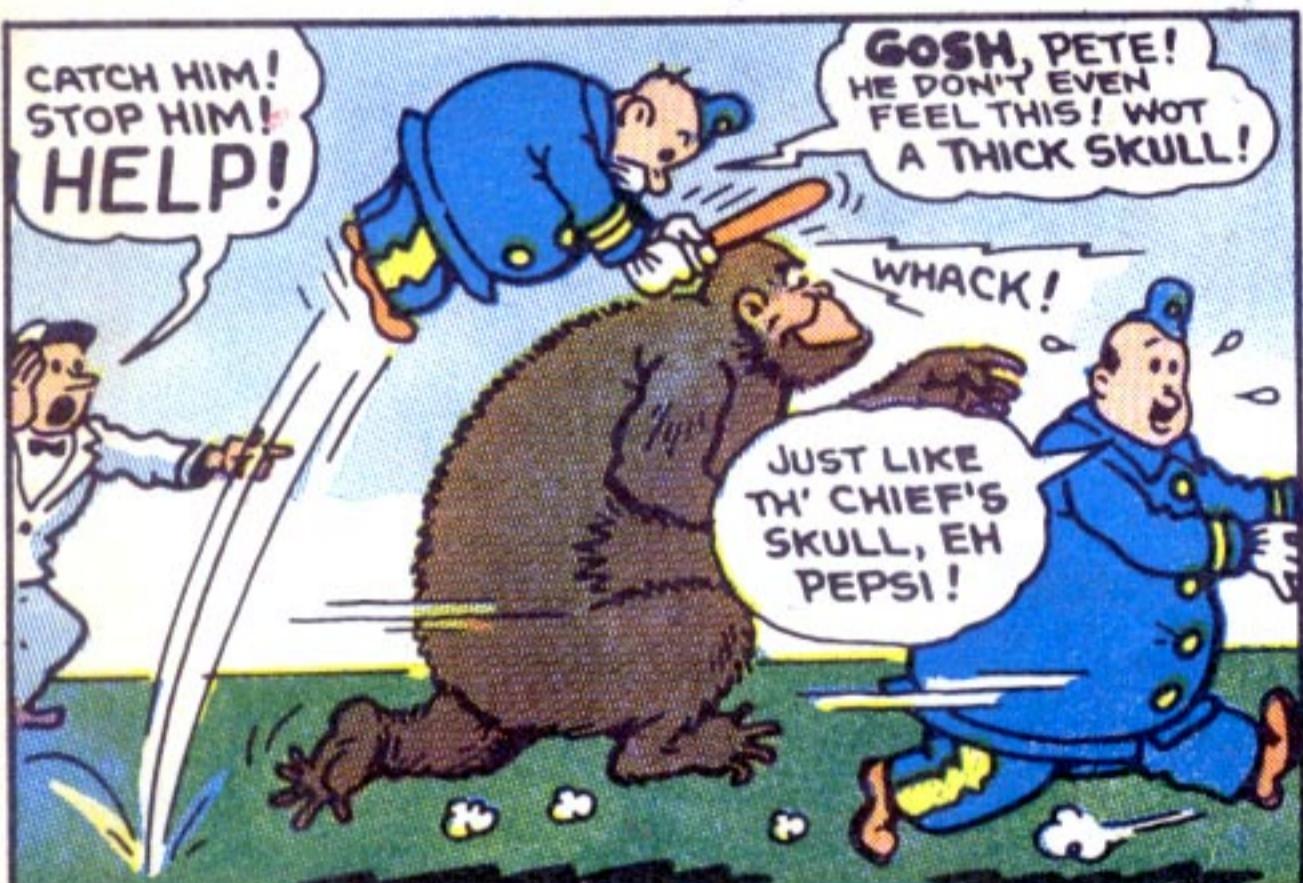
STILL  
**60**  
PAGES  
FOR  
10¢

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# "PEPSI"...

## THE PEPSI-COLA COA



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# THE BARKER

HERE THEY ARE, FOLKS...  
THE WORLD'S  
MOST  
DARING  
STUNT  
MEN,  
THE  
WILLS  
BROTHERS!

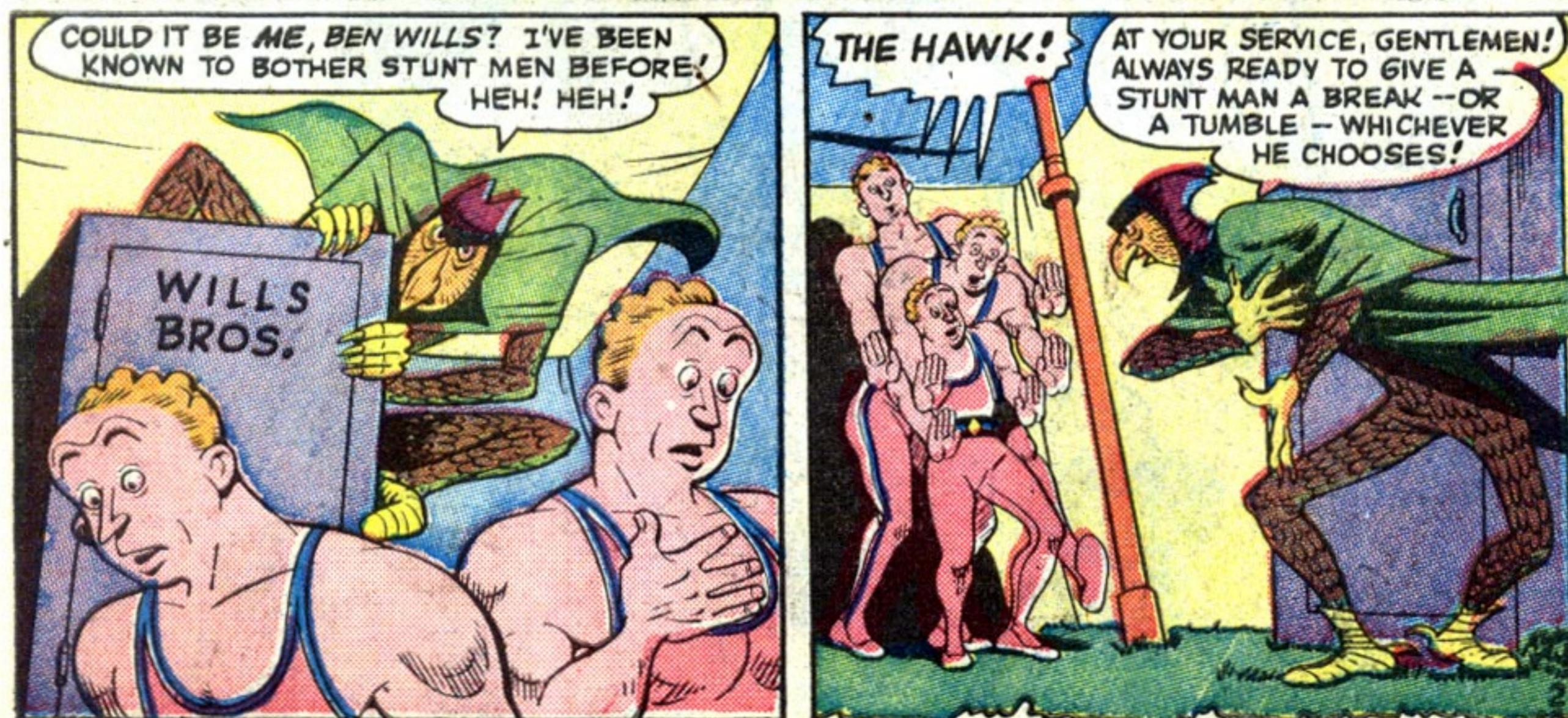
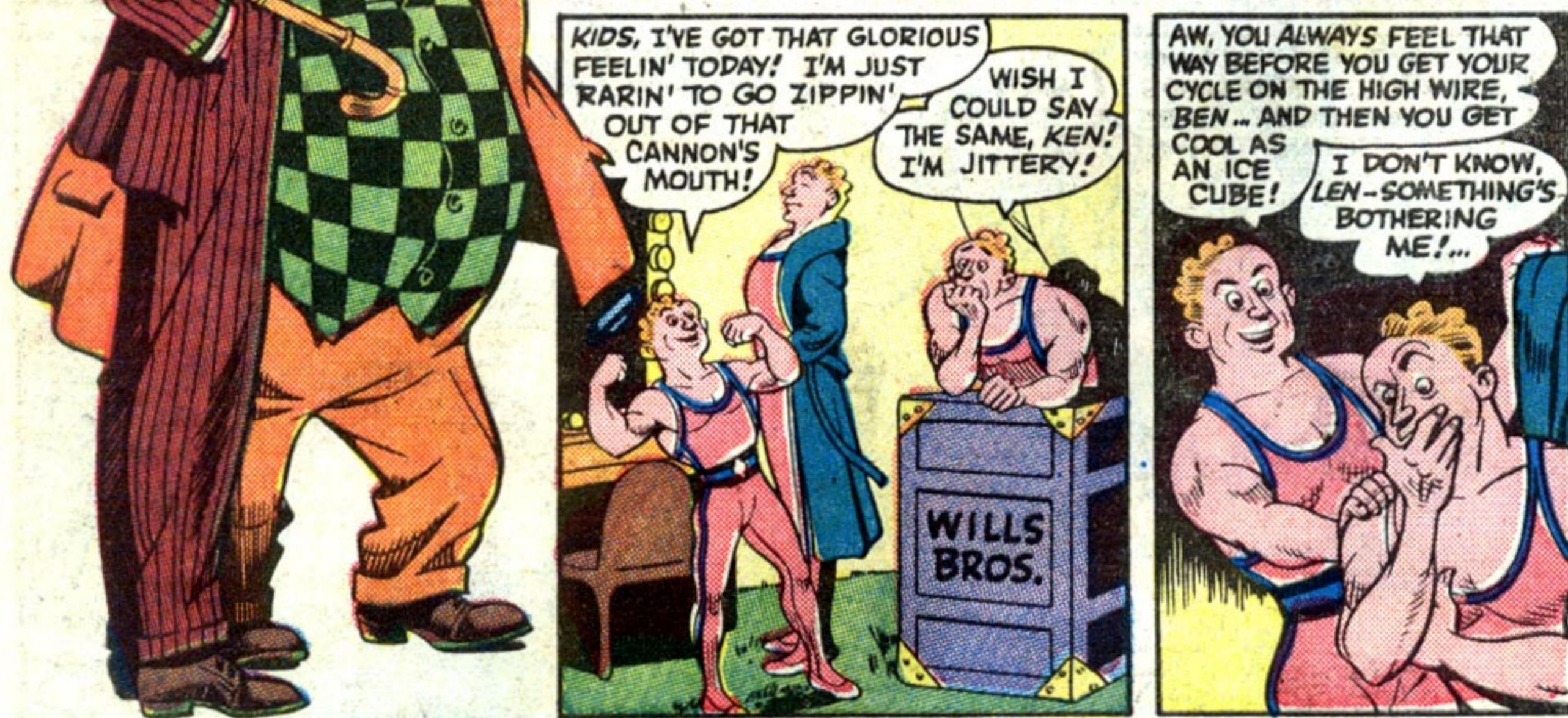
Even CARNIE CALAHAN, The Barker, becomes speechless when COLONEL LANE'S CIRCUS is turned into a mad melee by the dreaded HAWK!

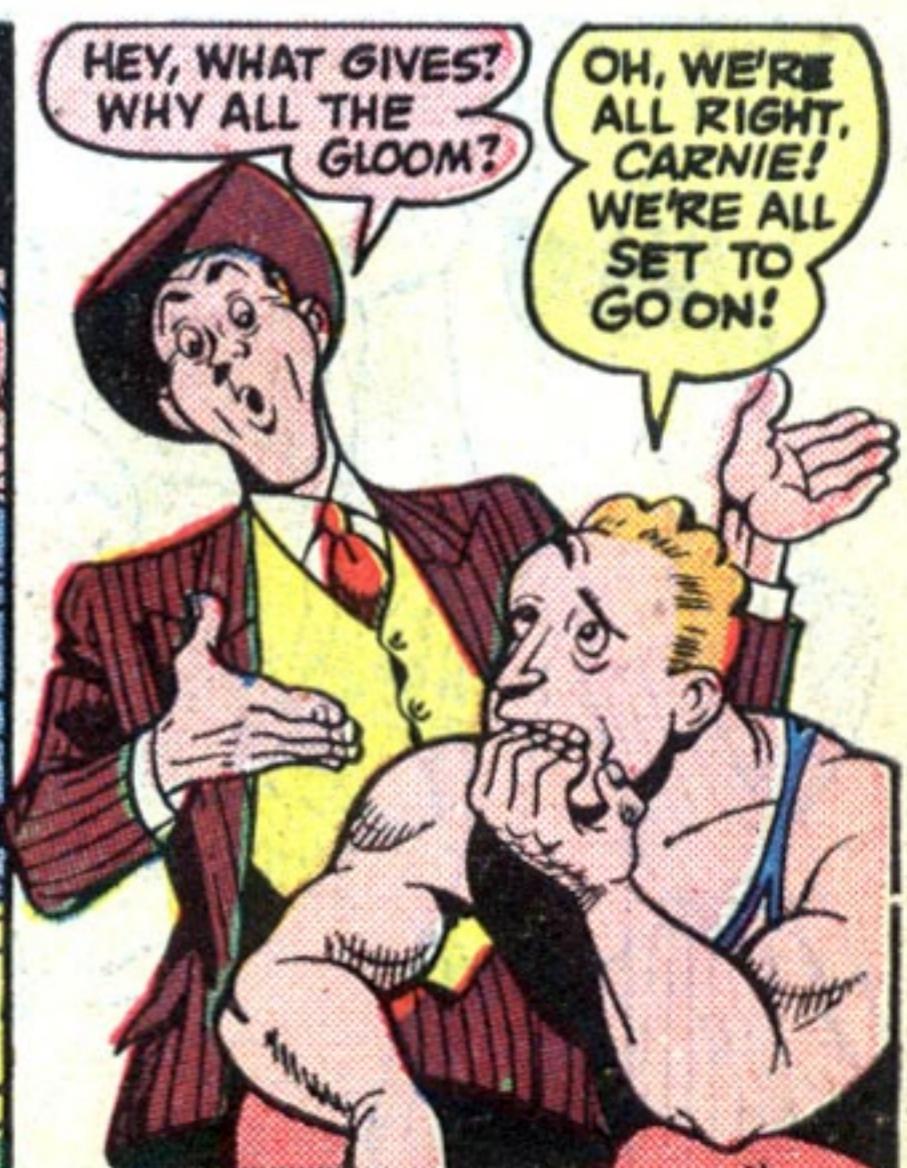
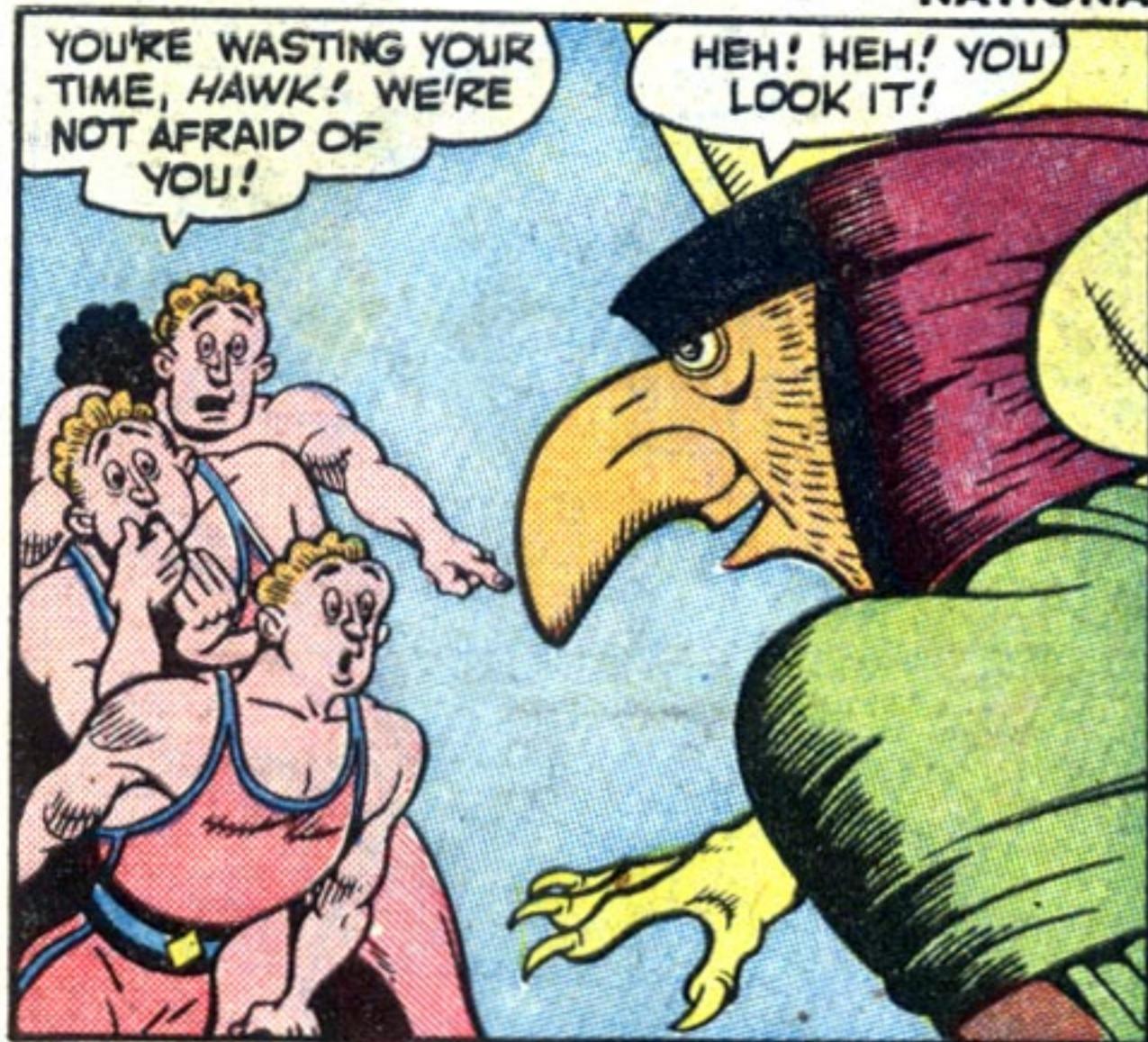
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By  
Klaus Nordling



# NATIONAL COMICS





NATIONAL COMICS

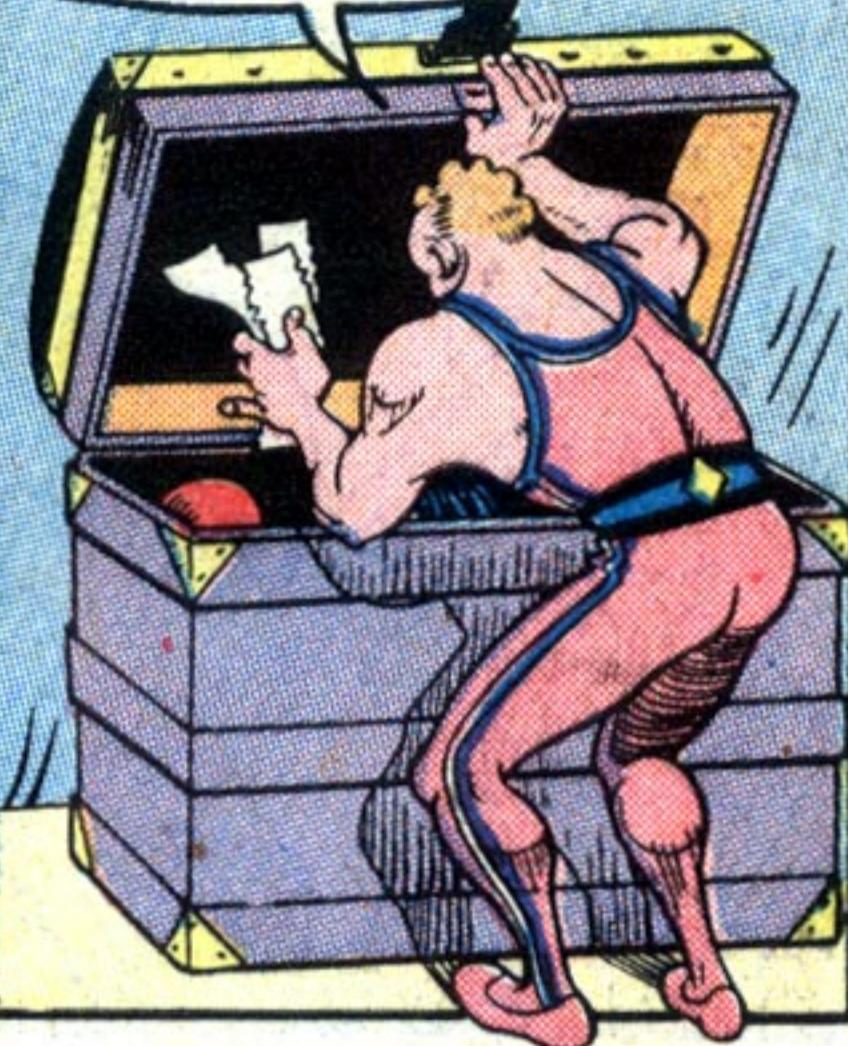
NO...NO...NOT ME! I'M NOT GOING ON! YOU'LL HAVE TO RELEASE ME FROM MY CONTRACT, CALAHAN! I'M NO GOOD! I'M TOO SCARED!

HUH? I--I DON'T GET IT!

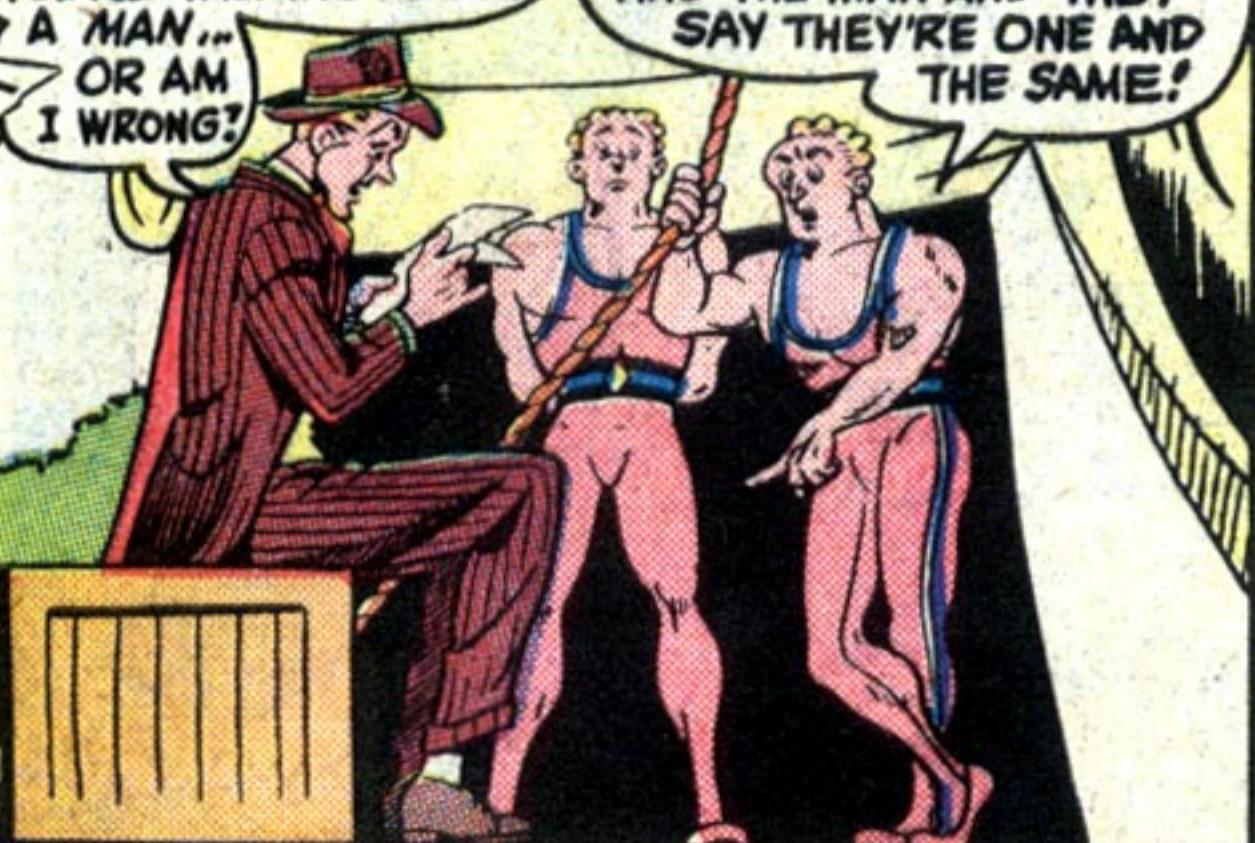
YOU MAY AS WELL HAVE THE WORKS, CARNIE! THE HAWK WAS HERE!

THE HAWK? SO WHAT? WHO'S HE?

HE! IT! NOBODY'S SURE! LOOK AT THESE!



THESE STORIES ARE WE DON'T KNOW! MOST ABOUT A BIRD! IT'S PEOPLE HAVE ONLY SEEN UNUSUAL FOR A HAWK TO THE BIRD... BUT THERE GET INTO A CIRCUS BUT IT ARE STUNT MEN WHO COULD HAPPEN! AND HAVE SEEN BOTH THE BIRD YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT AND THE MAN AND THEY SAY THEY'RE ONE AND THE SAME!



WHIP MARSON,  
HIGH DIVER,  
MYSTERIOUSLY  
KILLED

Misses Water  
Tank

Spectators at  
Wiley Brothers  
Circus see  
Swooping Hawk  
Terrify Him!

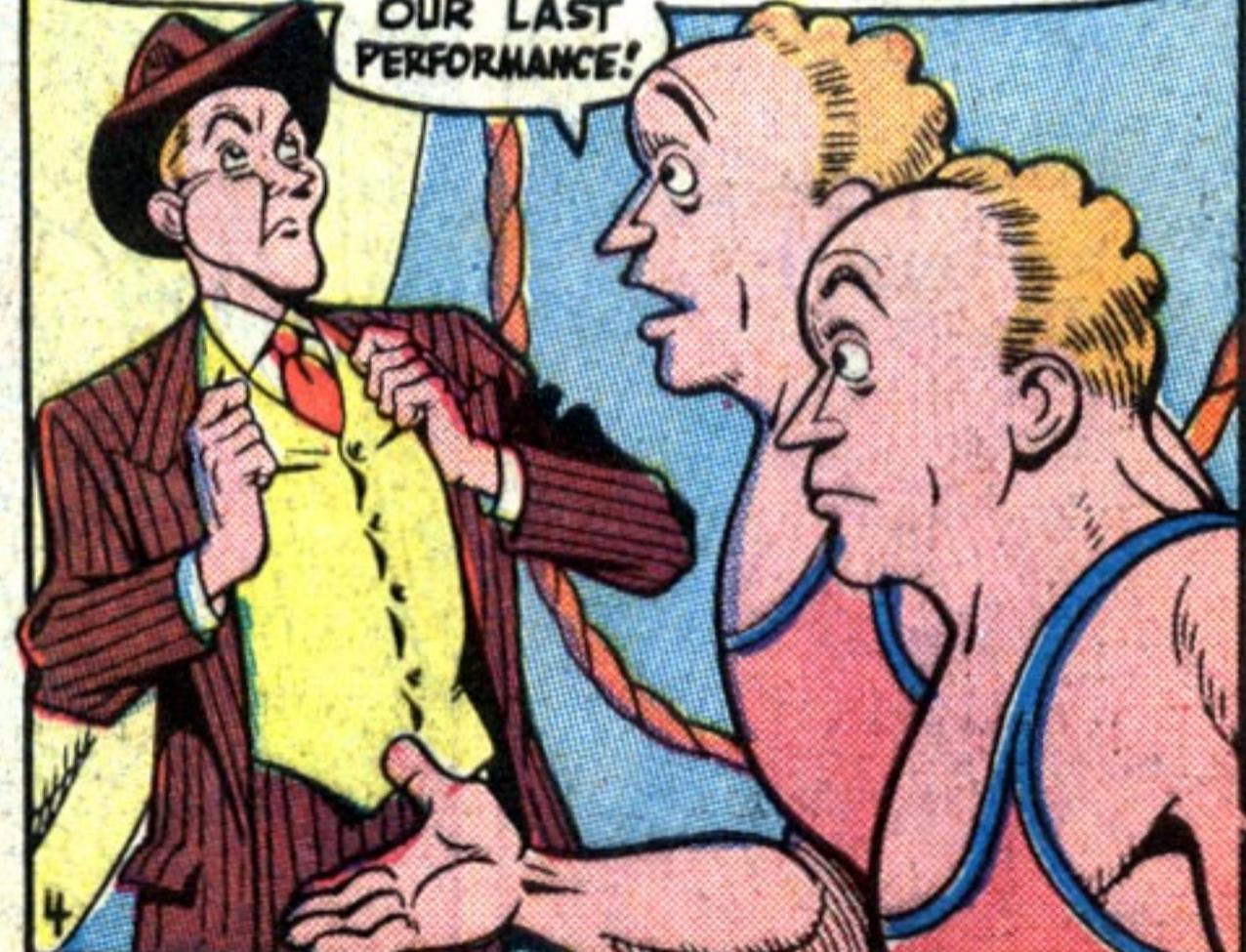
BLAZES BARNWOOD,  
FLAME DEFYING  
STUNT MAN  
BURNED TO  
DEATH

Misses Bu  
HOOP

Audience  
Horrified  
As Vicious  
Hawk Forces  
Barnwood  
To Skate  
Into Flame

COME AGAIN?  
IT SOUNDS WHACKY, BUT THE STUNT  
MEN WHO WERE KILLED BY THE  
BIRD WERE THREATENED BY  
THE MAN CALLED  
THE HAWK!

AND THAT MAN WAS HERE ONLY A FEW MINUTES AGO!  
THAT'S WHY I CAN'T GO ON AND WHY I DON'T WANT  
MY BROTHERS TO, EITHER! IF WE DO, IT'LL BE  
OUR LAST PERFORMANCE!

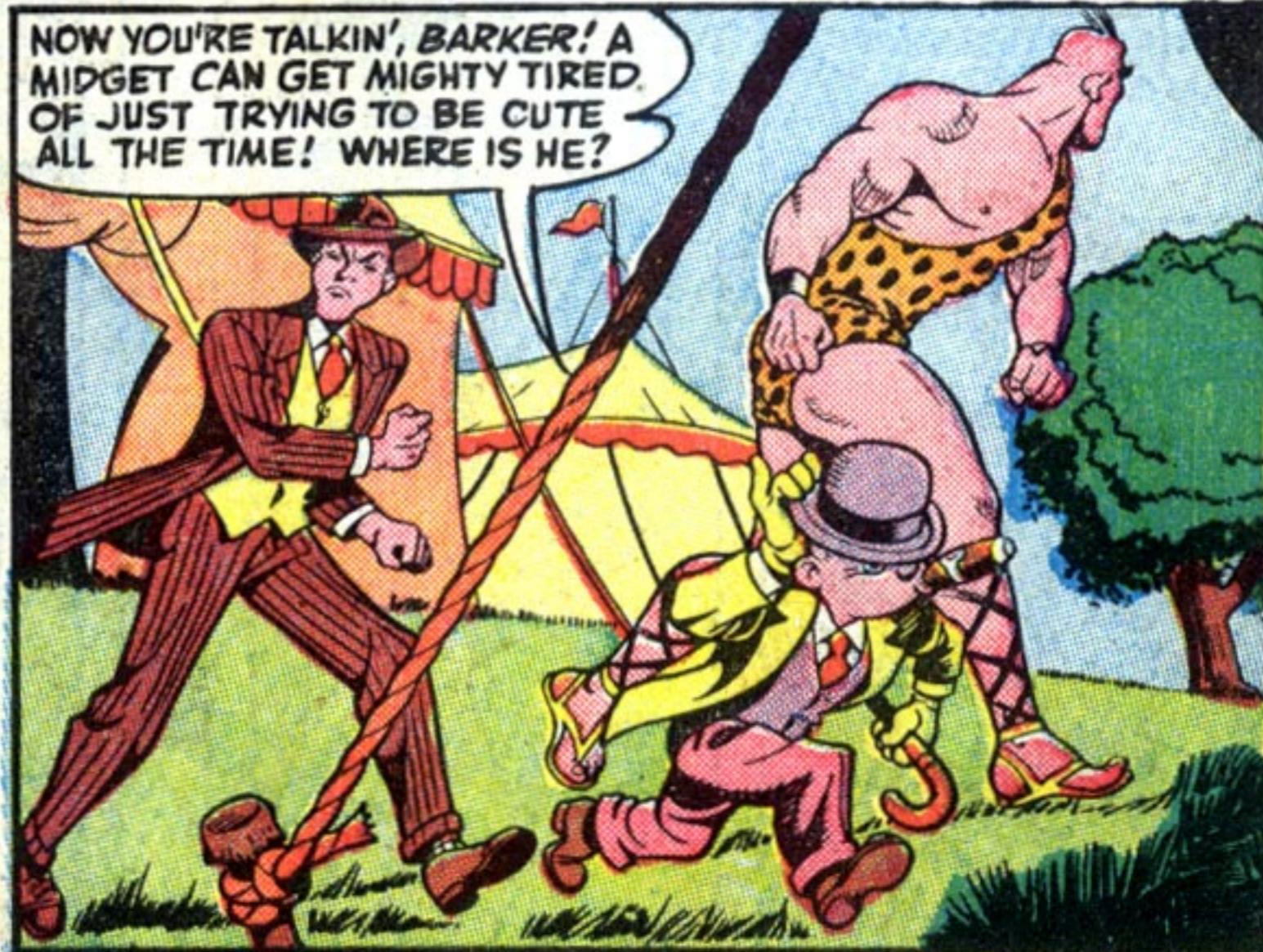
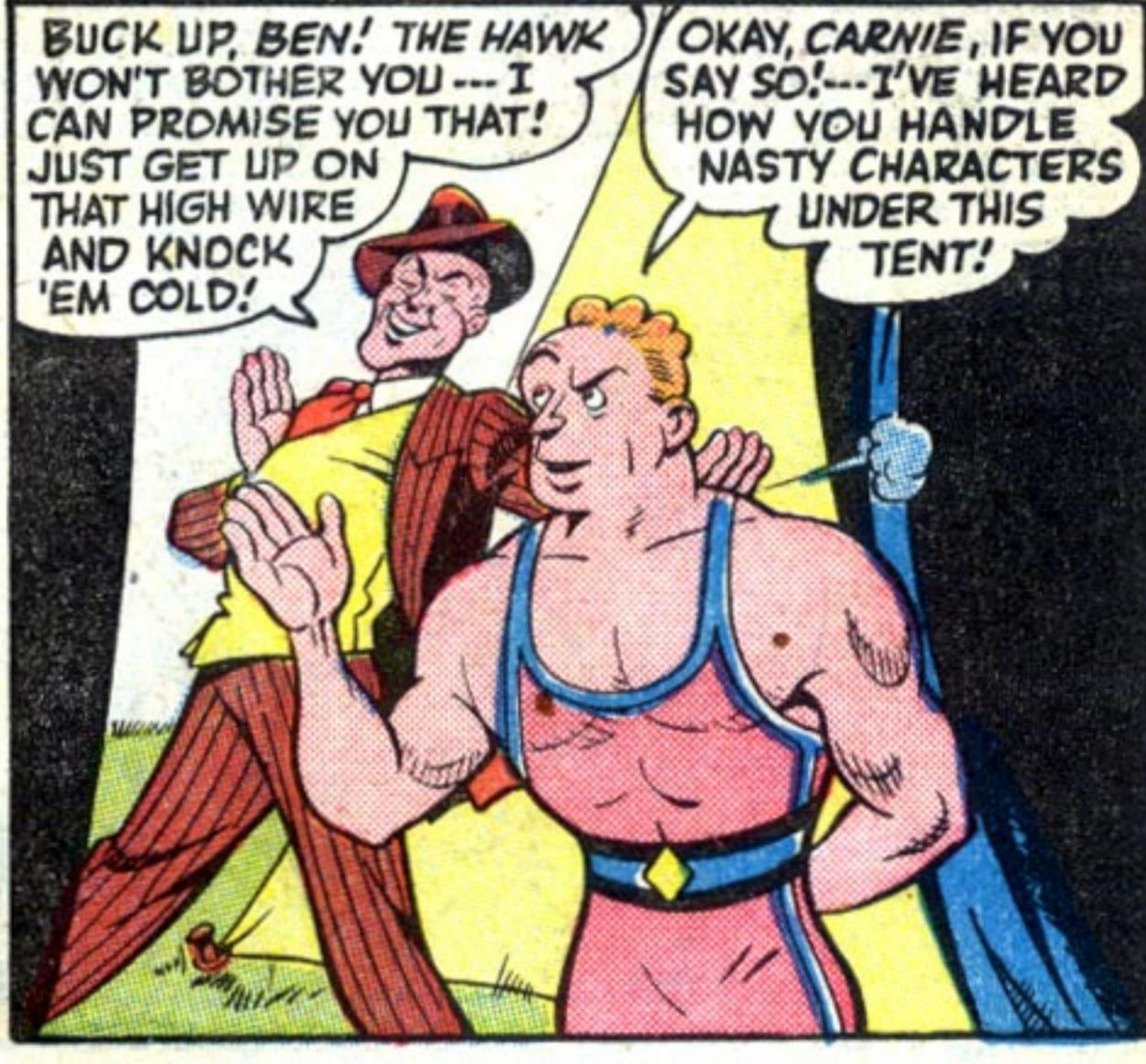
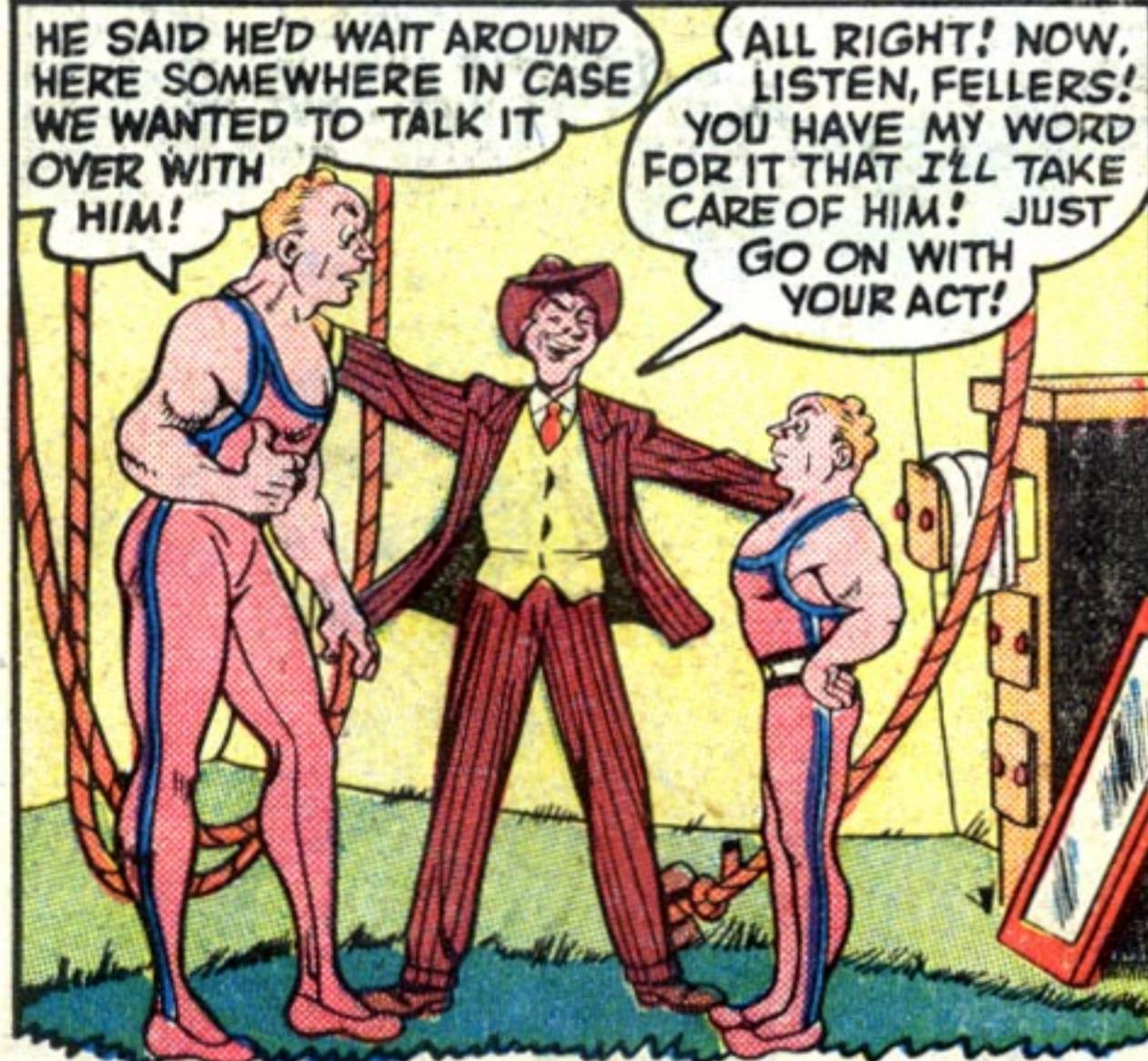
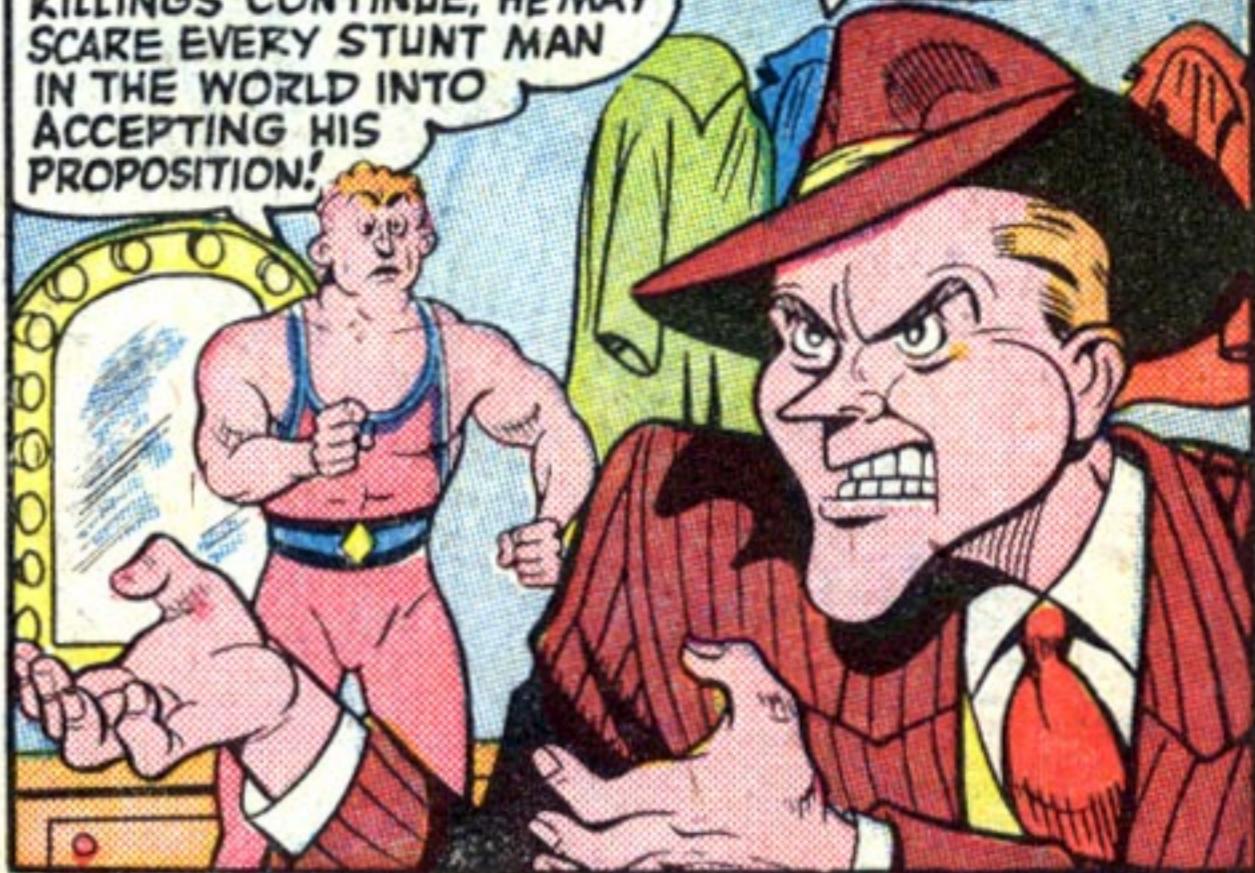
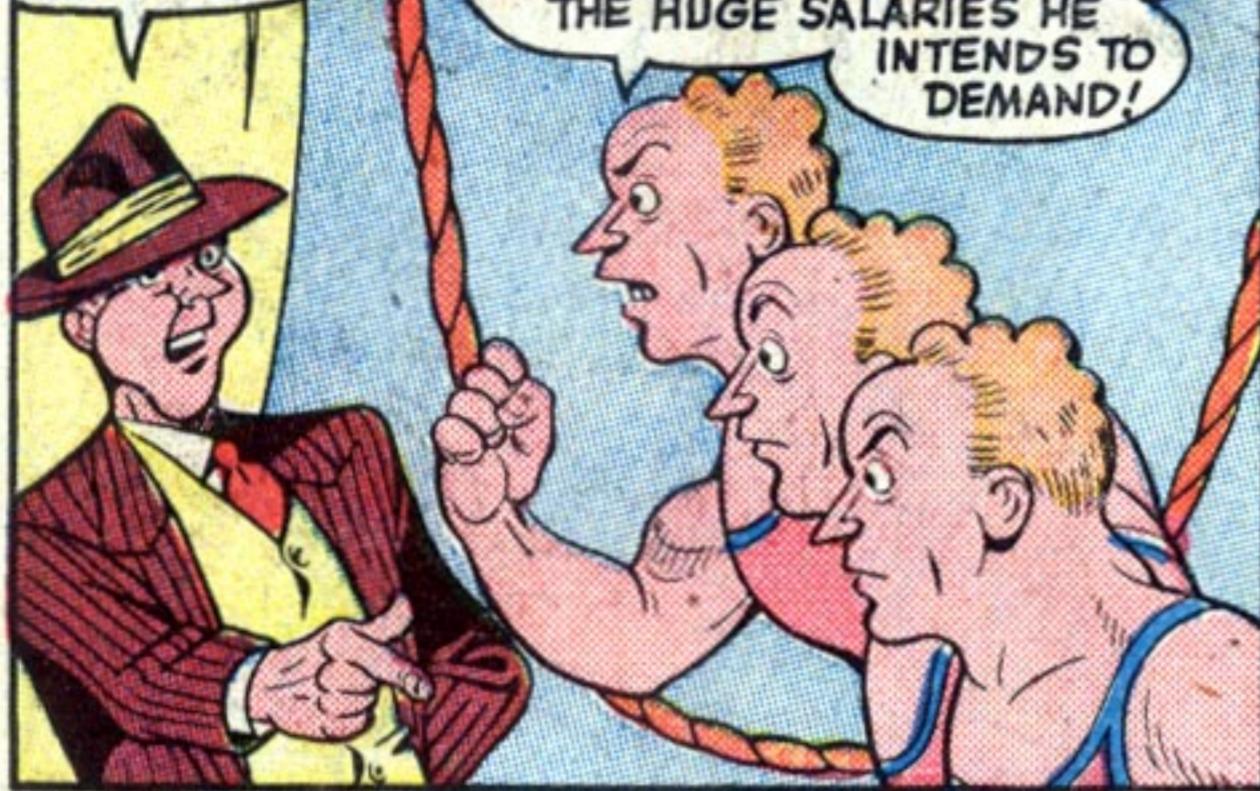


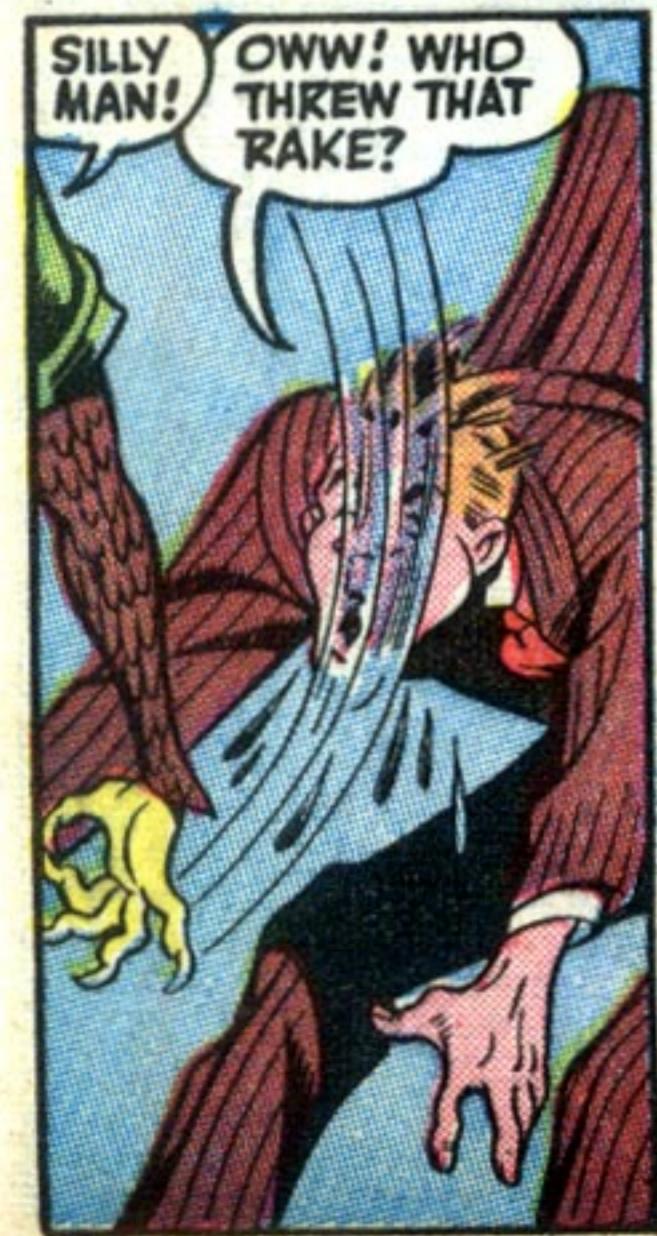
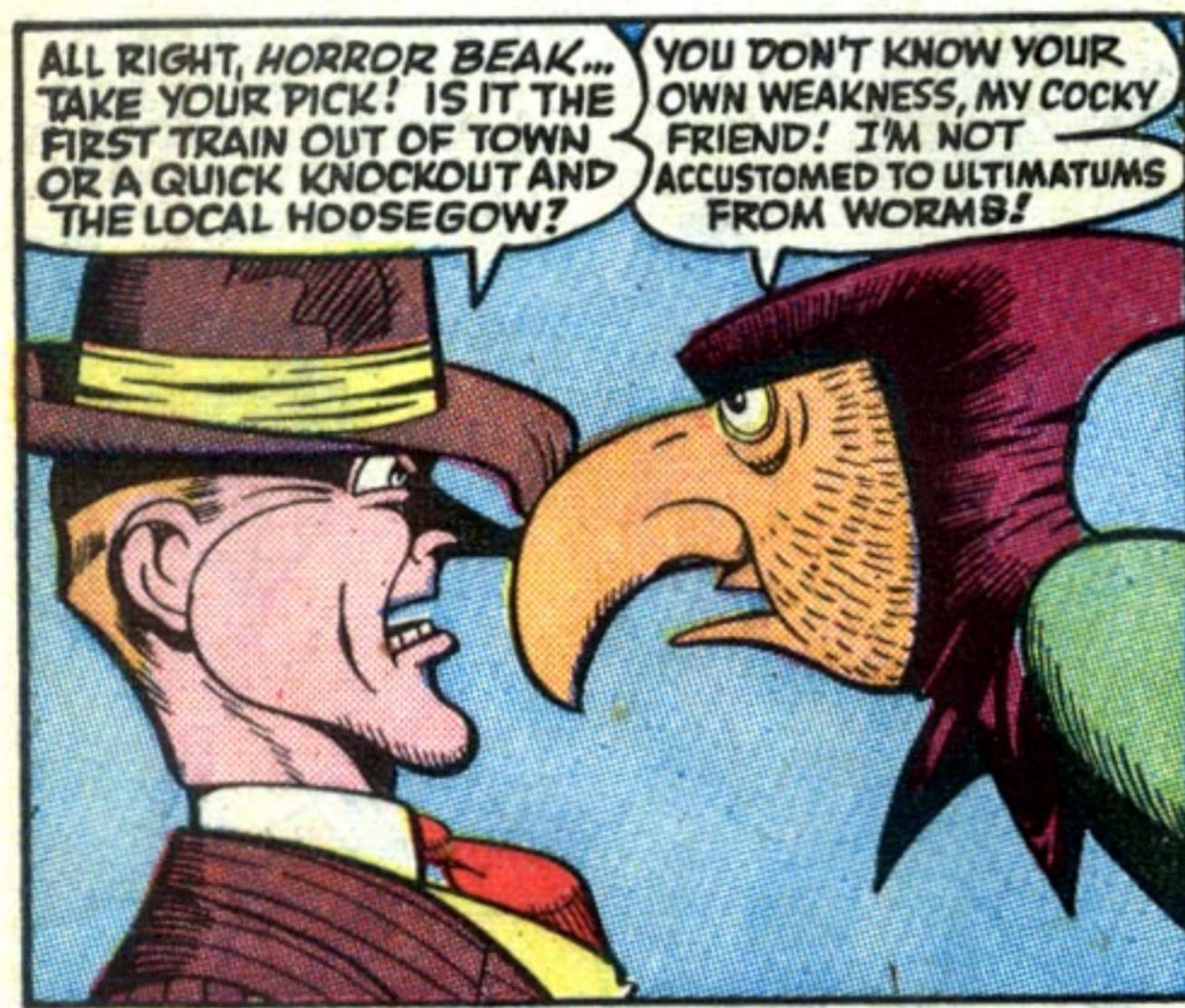
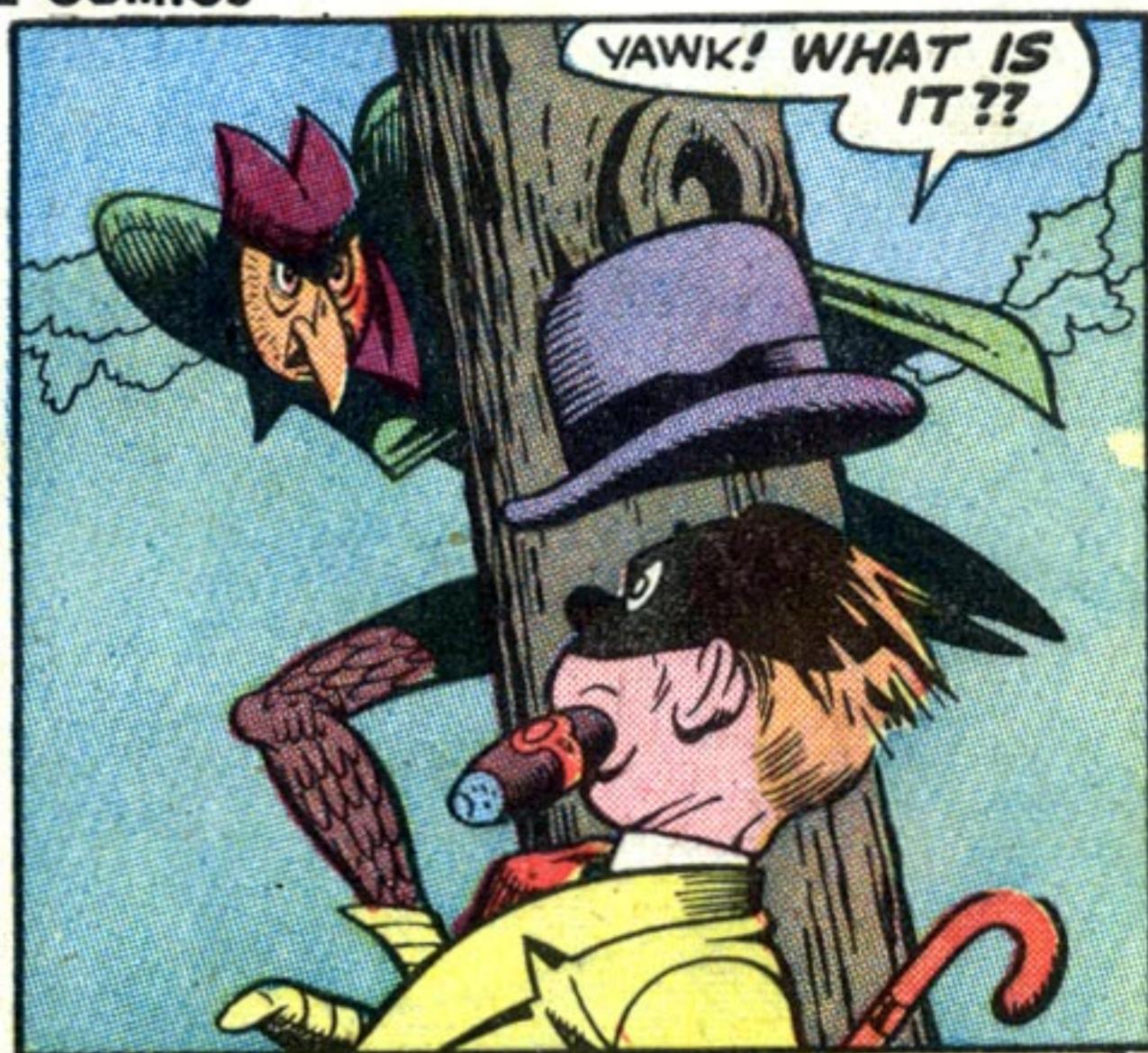
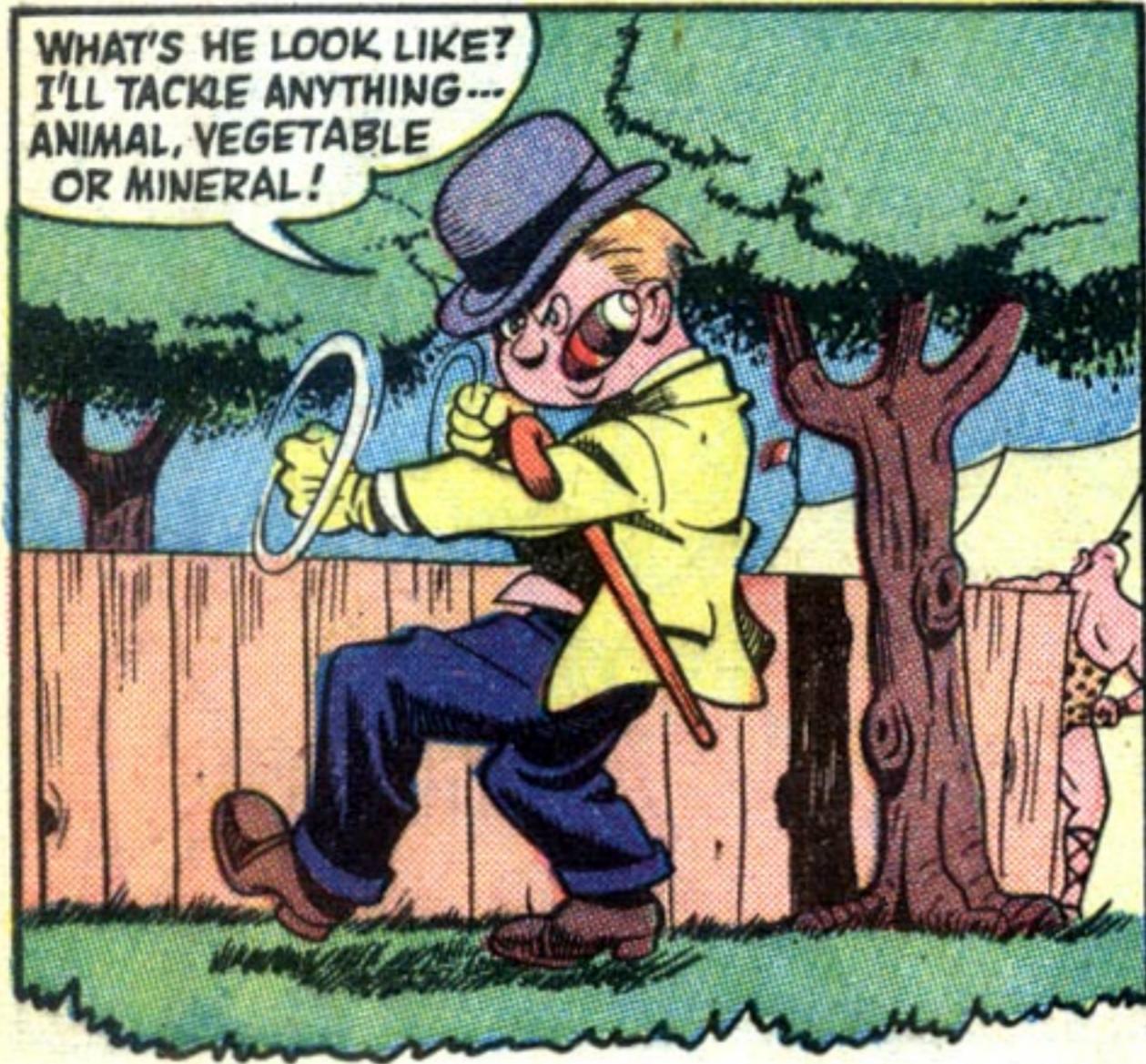
SAY, I THINK I  
SAW THE GUY  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT! HE  
LOOKED CREEPY  
ENOUGH! WHAT'S  
HIS ANGLE?

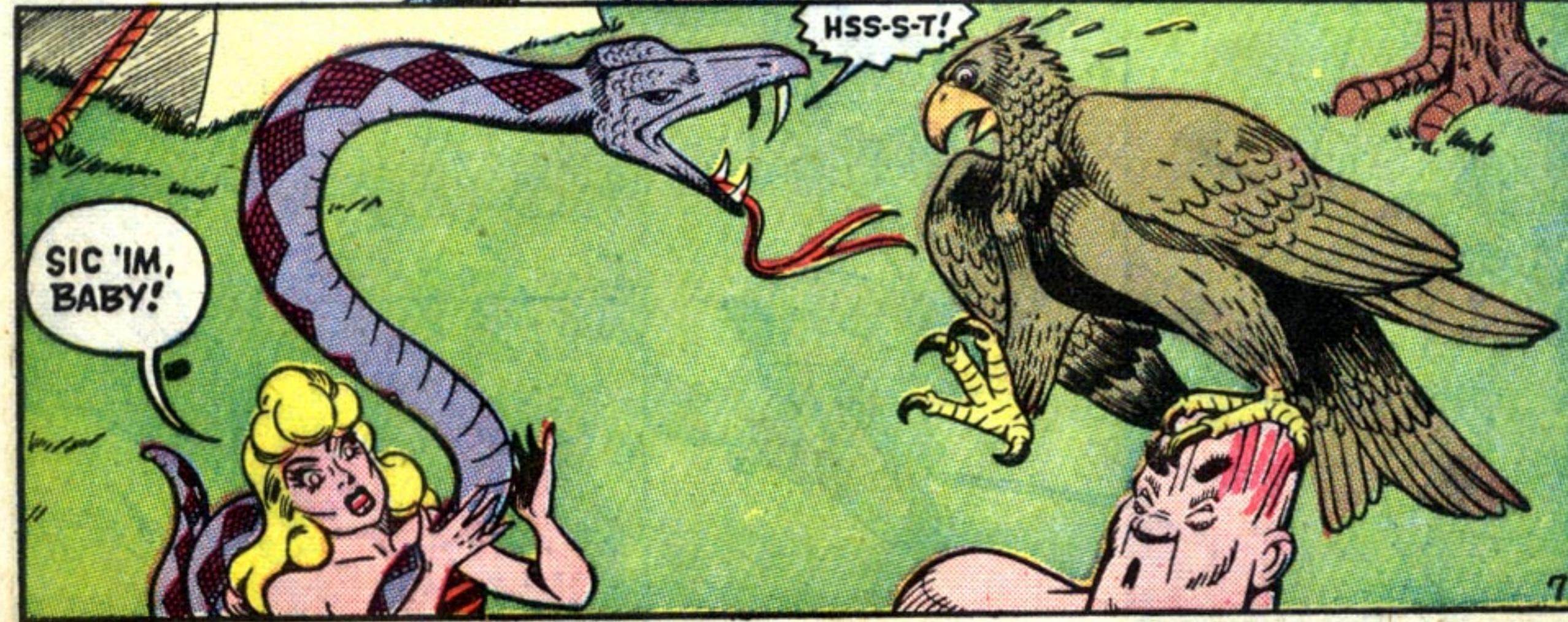
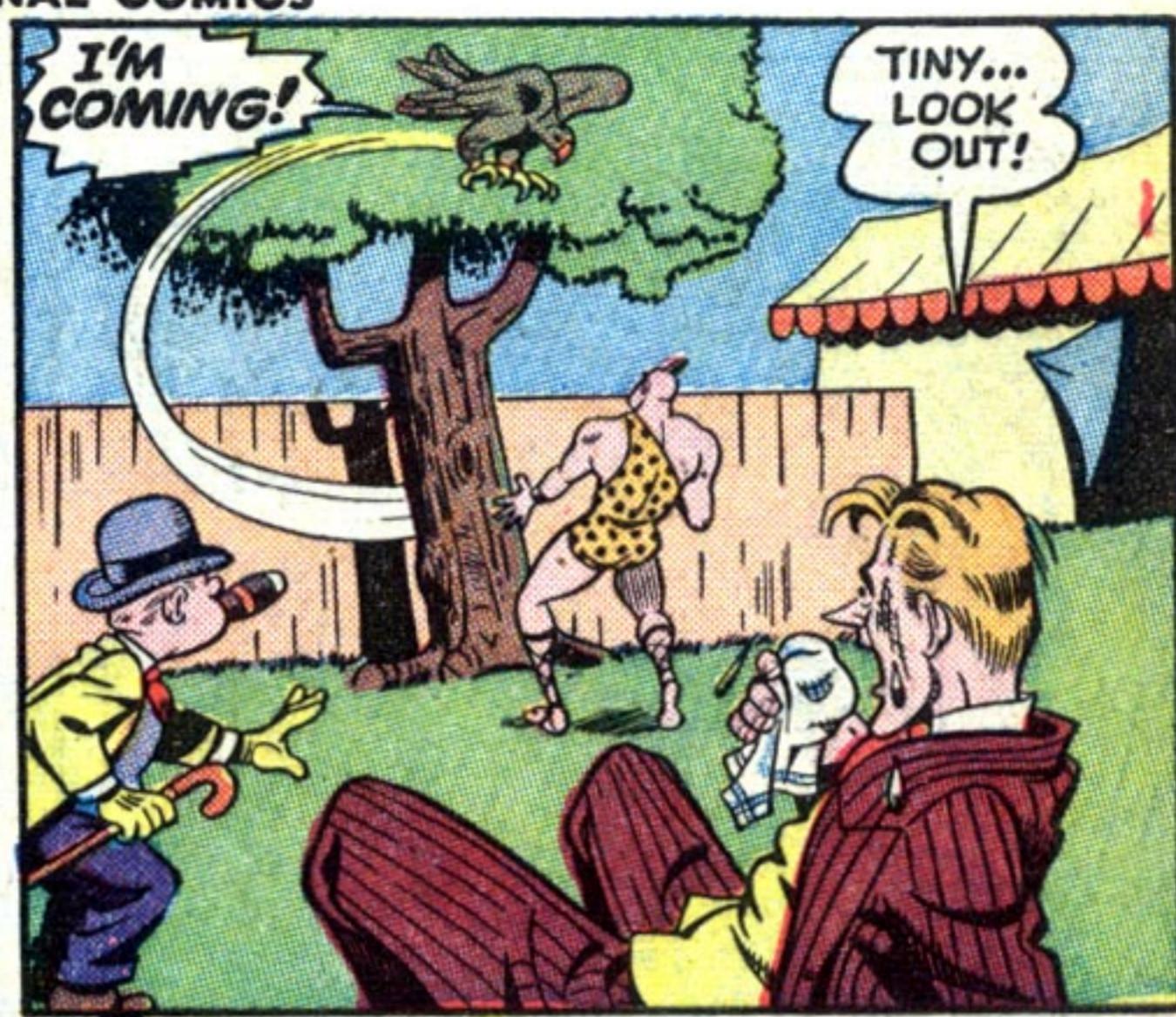
A PLENTY DIRTY ANGLE! I GUESS  
YOU KNOW STUNT MEN MAKE  
GOOD MONEY! IT'S THE HAWK'S  
IDEA TO HAVE EVERY CIRCUS  
STUNT MAN WORKING FOR HIM!  
THEN HE COULD SELL THEIR  
SERVICES AND KEEP MOST OF  
THE HUGE SALARIES HE  
INTENDS TO  
DEMAND!

IT SO HAPPENS THAT STUNT  
MEN ARE APT TO BE TOUGH  
AND SO FAR I DON'T THINK  
HE'S HAD ANY LUCK... BUT IF  
THESE MYSTERIOUS HAWK  
KILLINGS CONTINUE, HE MAY  
SCARE EVERY STUNT MAN  
IN THE WORLD INTO  
ACCEPTING HIS  
PROPOSITION!

NOT IF I CAN GET MY  
HANDS ON THAT RAT--  
OR HAWK-OR---  
KNOW WHERE I  
CAN FIND HIM?







IT'S TOO BAD BABY DIDN'T GET HIM!  
ANYWAY, HE'S GONE! HEY! YOU  
TOO HAD BETTER GET  
SOME FIRST AID!

THANKS,  
SHALI!

GOSH, IT'S JUST THE WAY THE WILLS  
BROTHERS SAID.... THAT GUY DUCKS  
BEHIND A TREE AND  
COMES OUT A REAL  
HAWK!

YOU'RE  
TELLING  
ME!

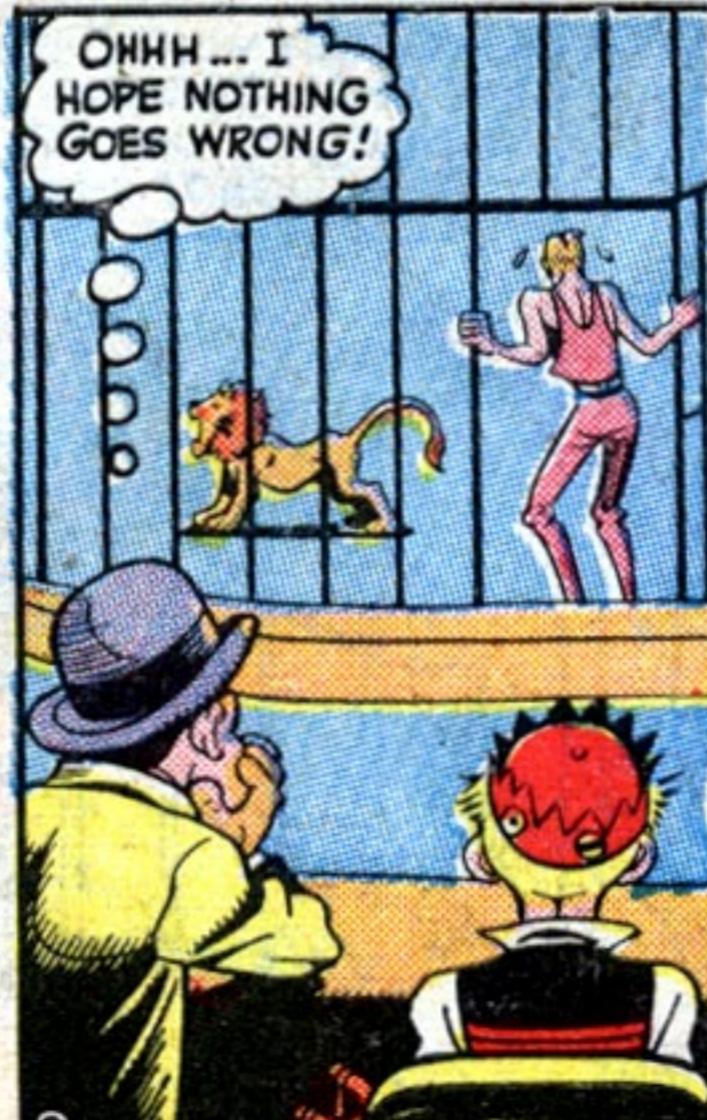
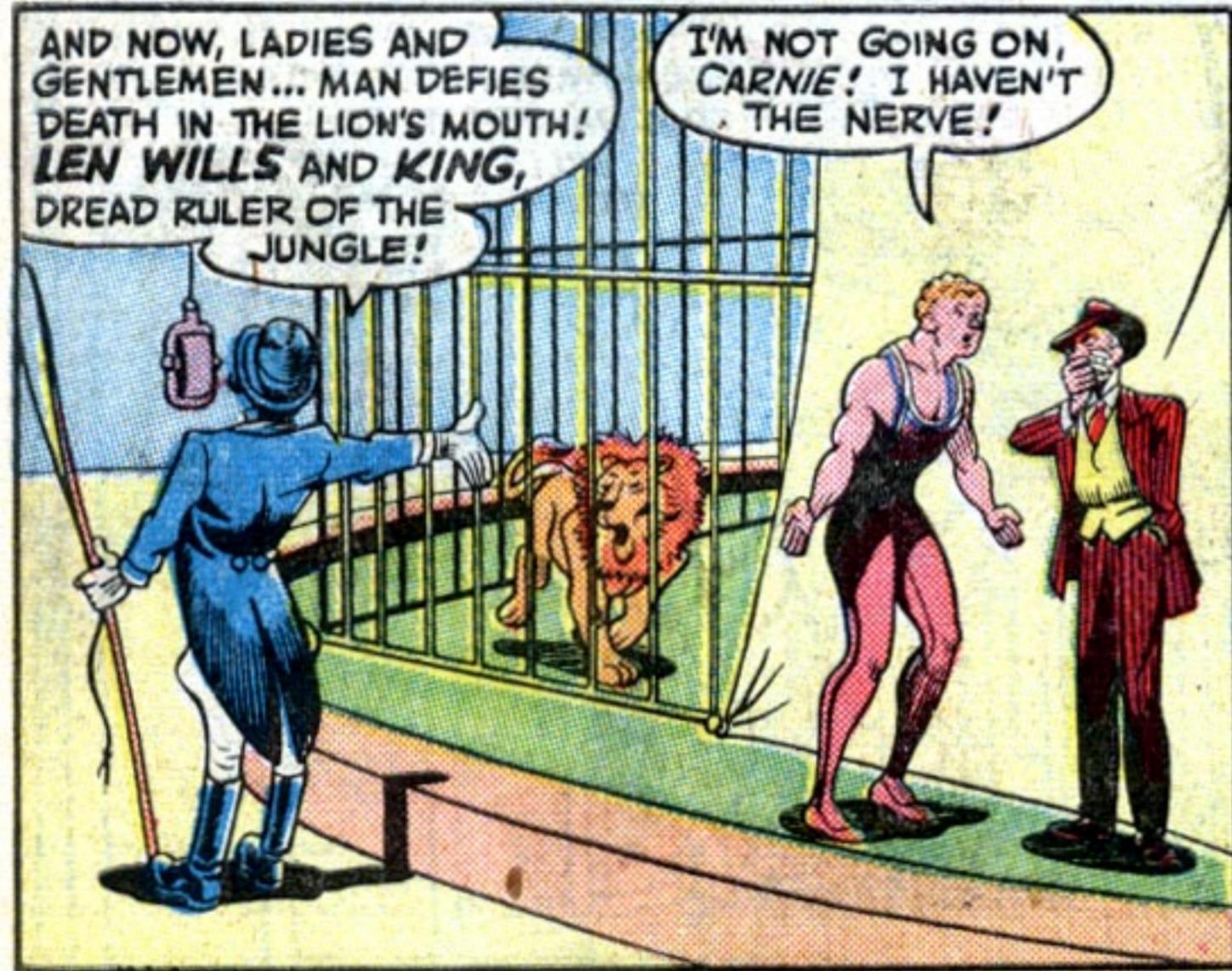
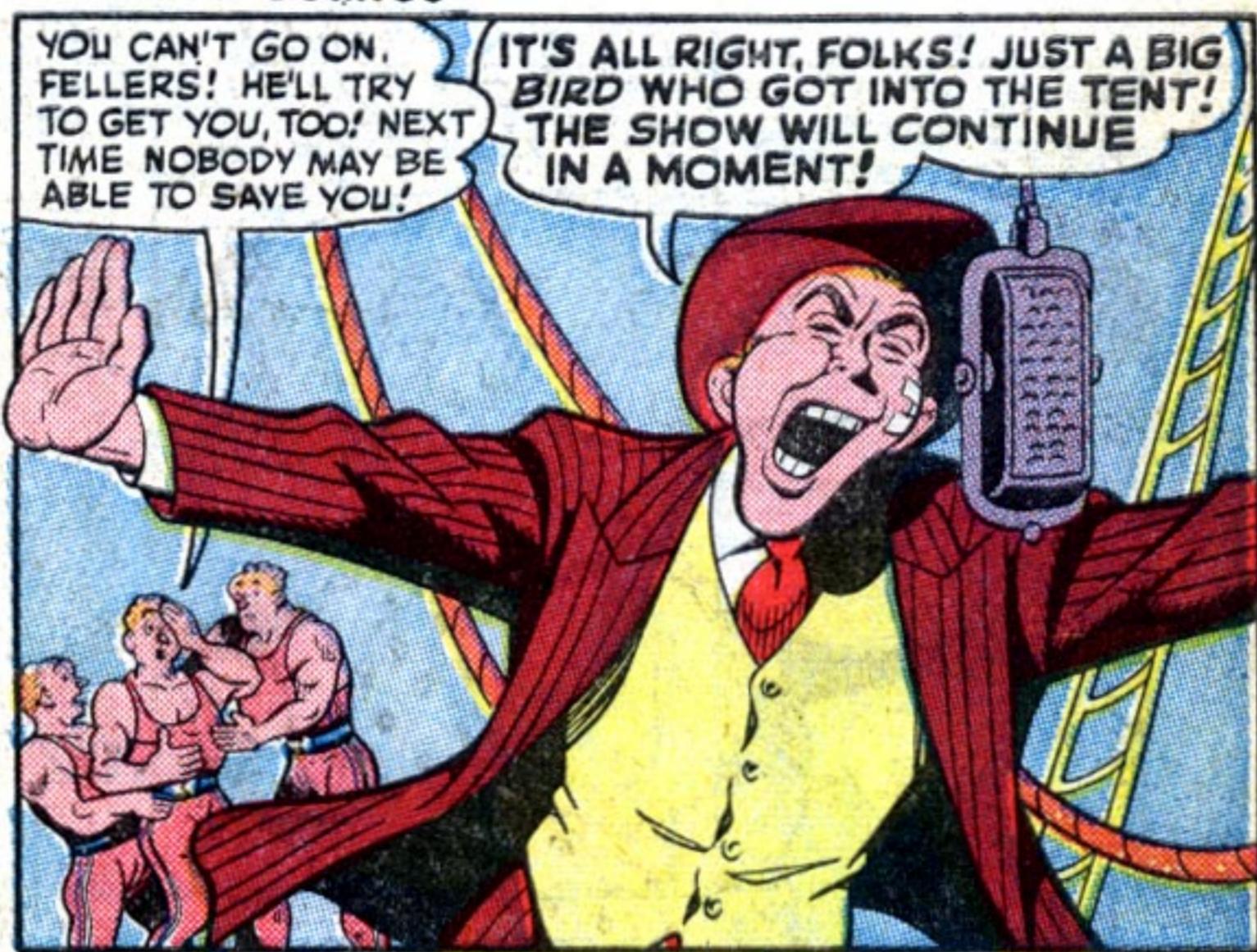
ANYWAY, WHATEVER IT IS... HERE'S  
HOPING WE GOT RID OF HIM!

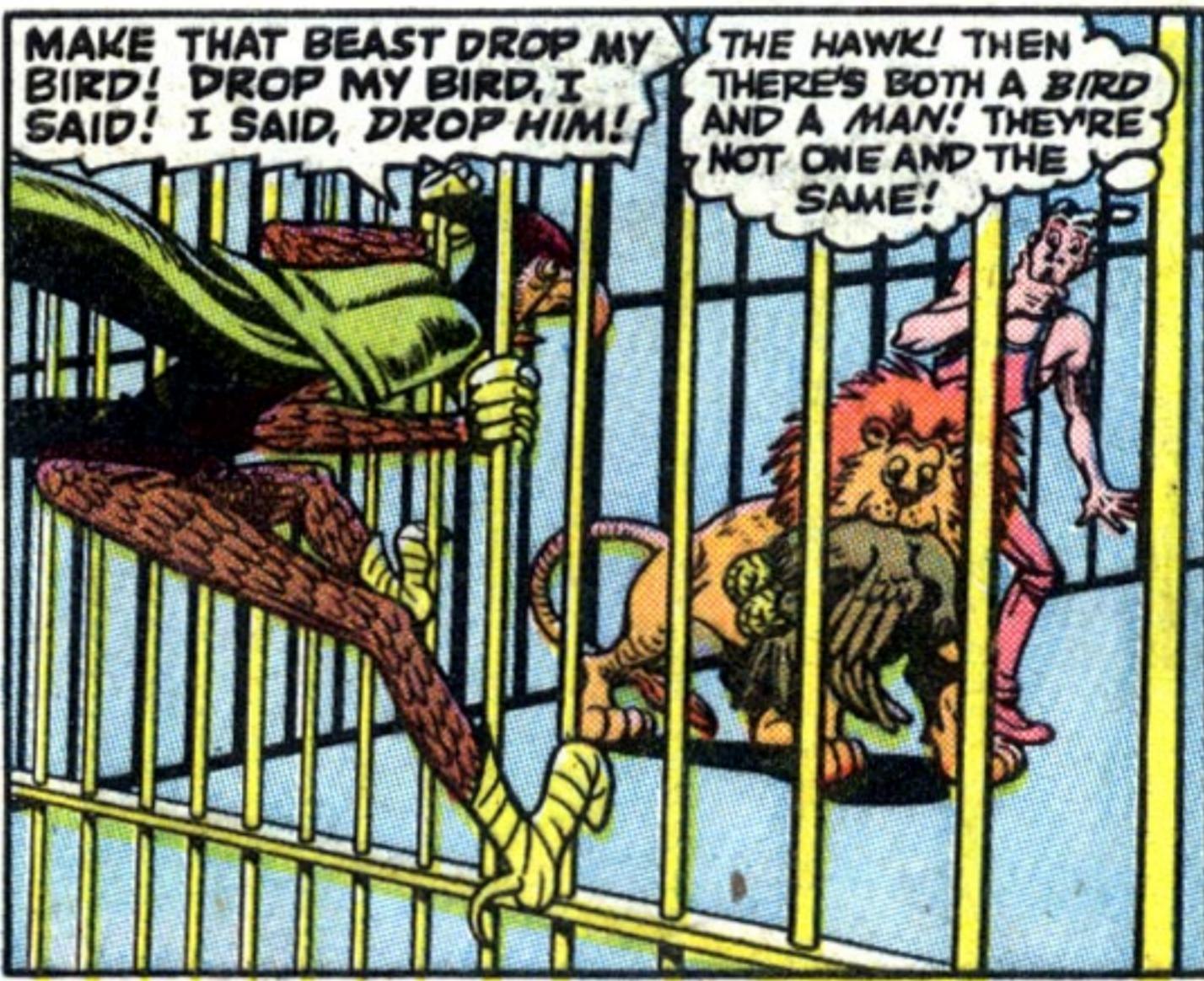
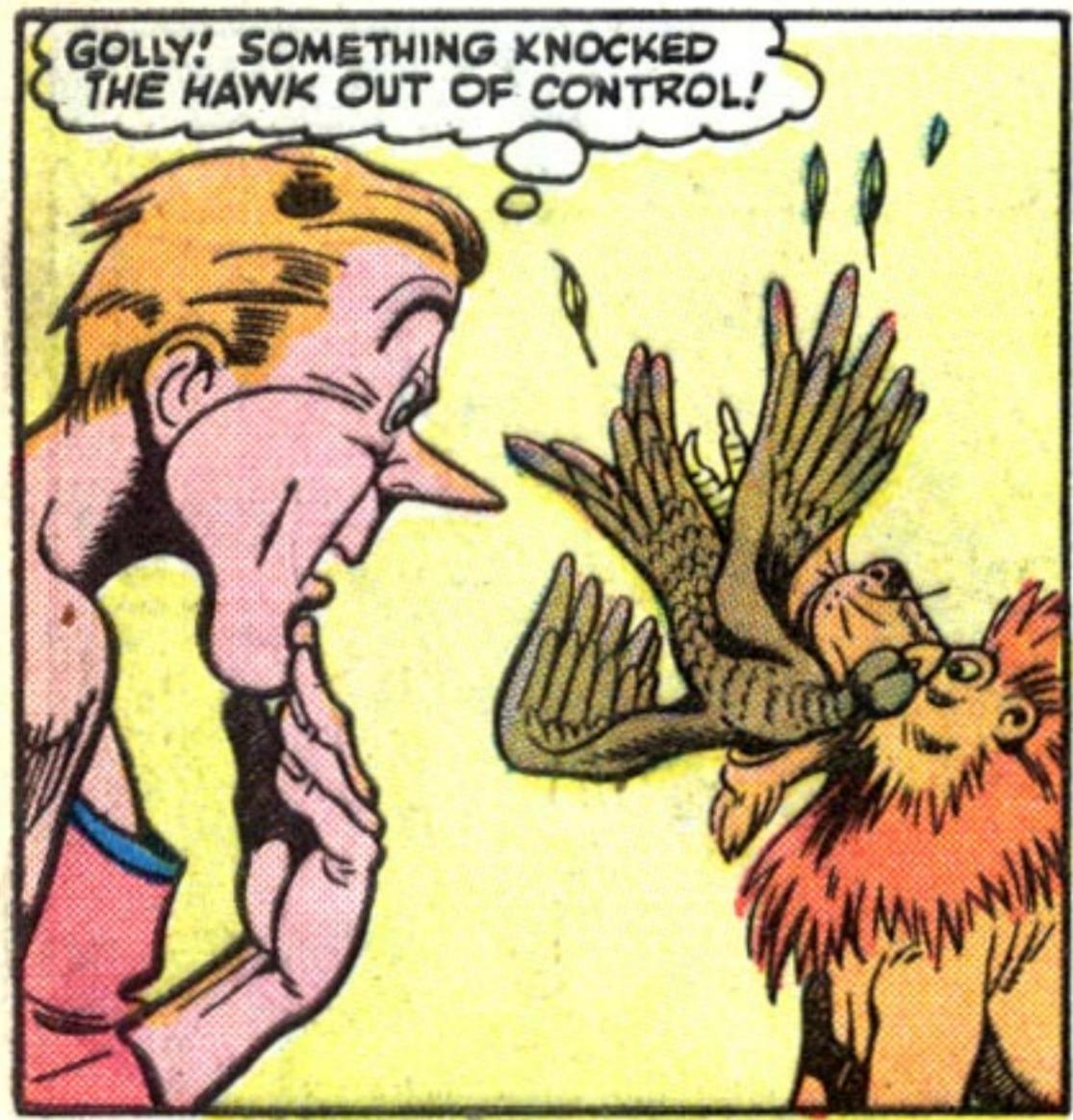
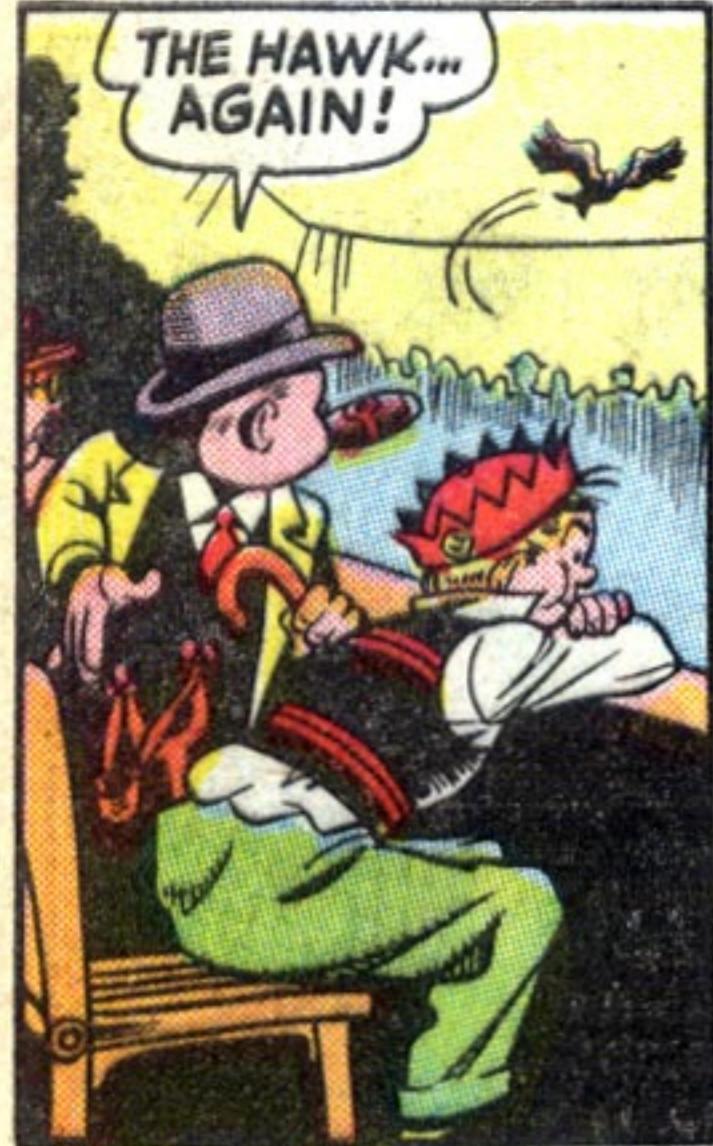
The  
Show  
goes  
on...

THERE HE GOES OUT ON THE  
HIGH WIRE... BEN WILLS OF  
THE DAREDEVIL  
WILLS  
BROTHERS!

CARNIE!

NATIONAL COMICS

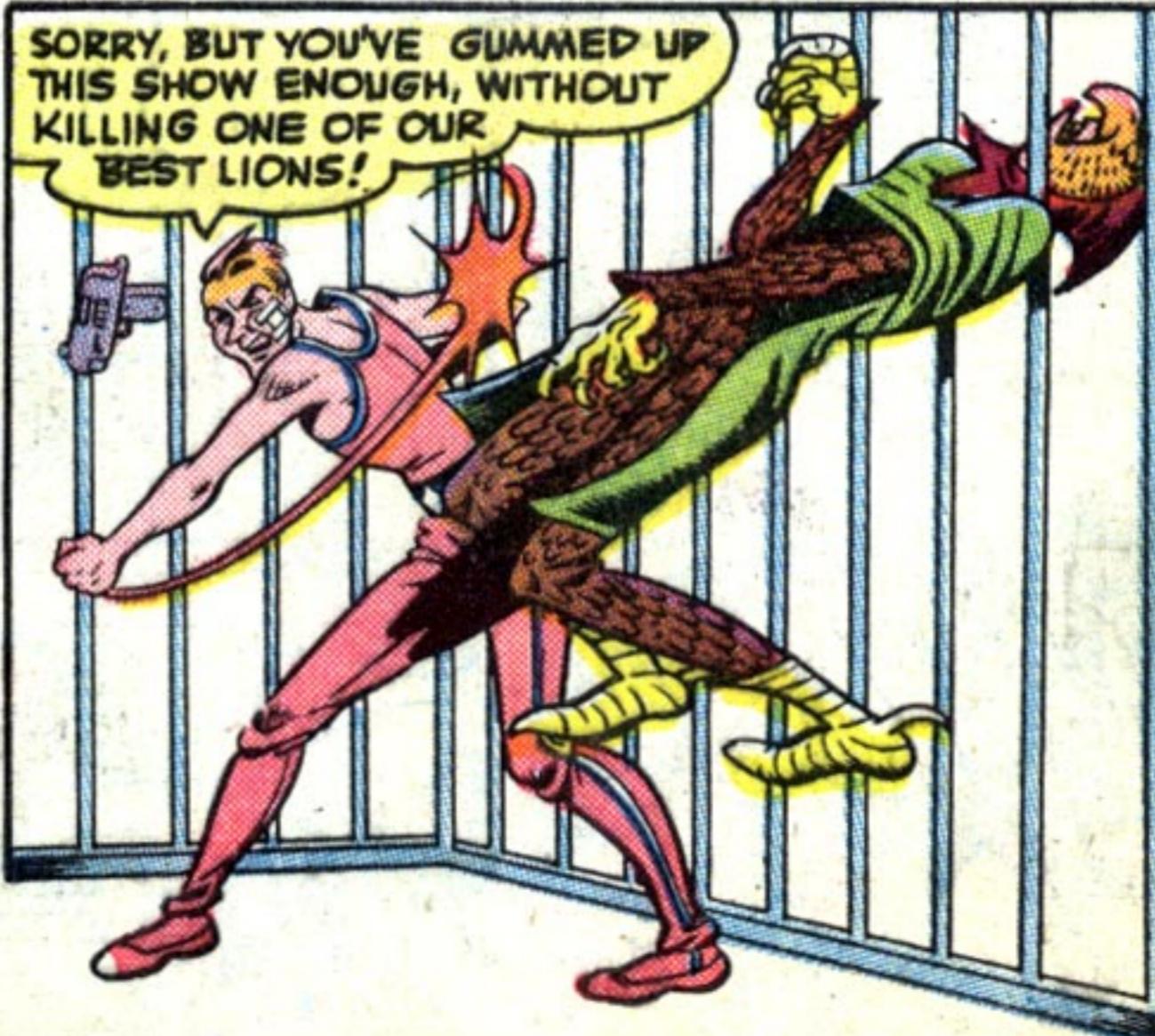


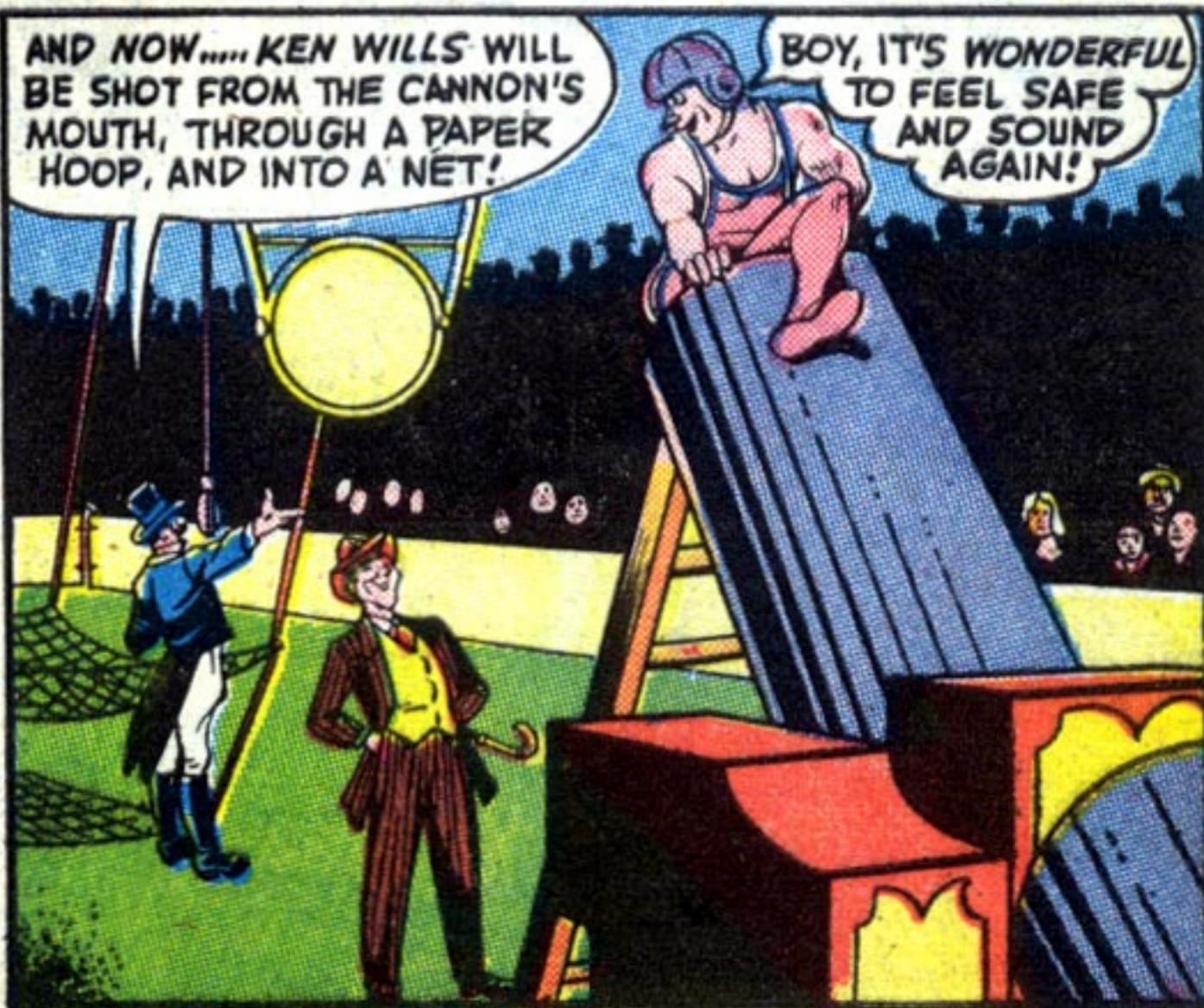
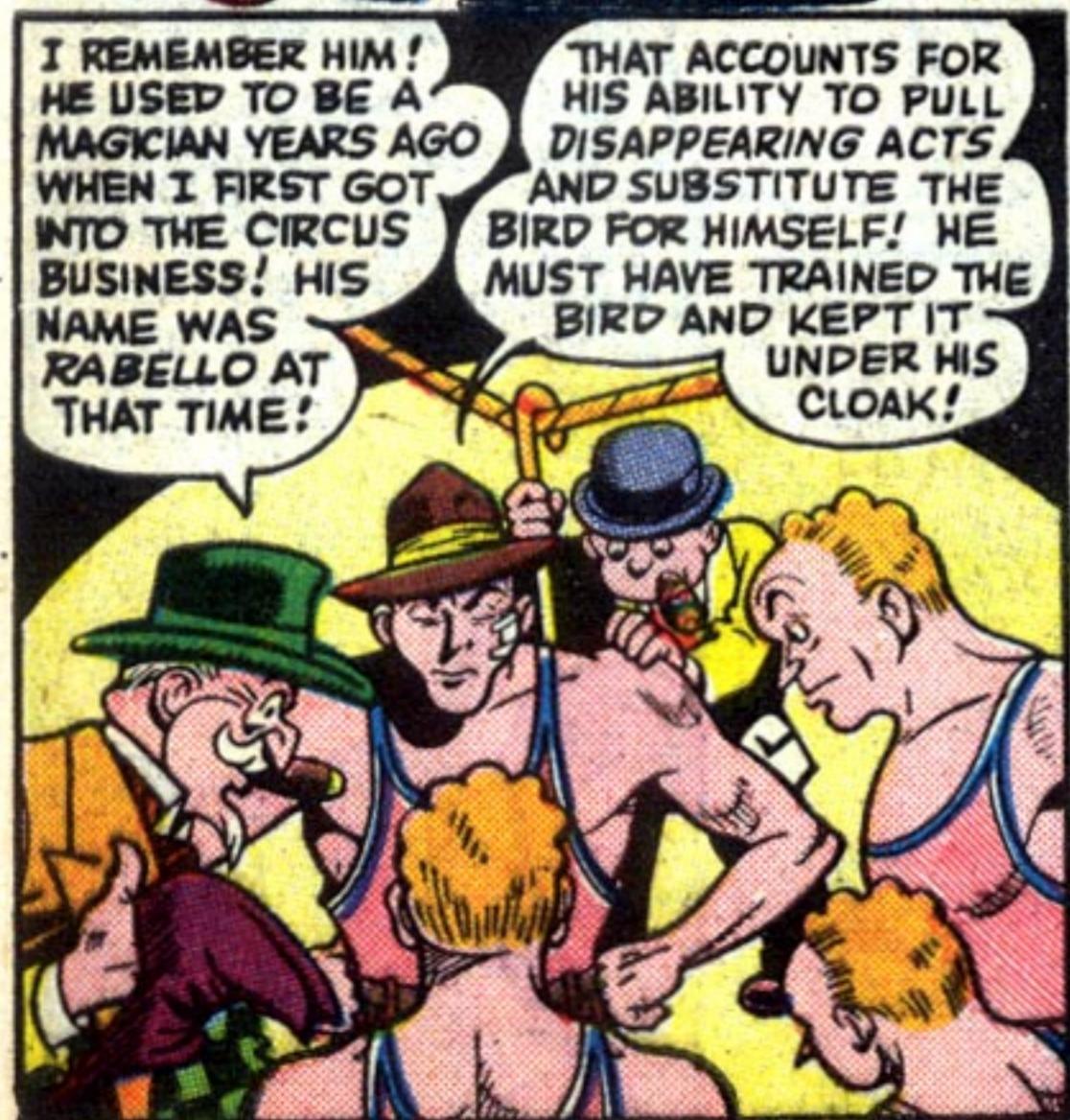
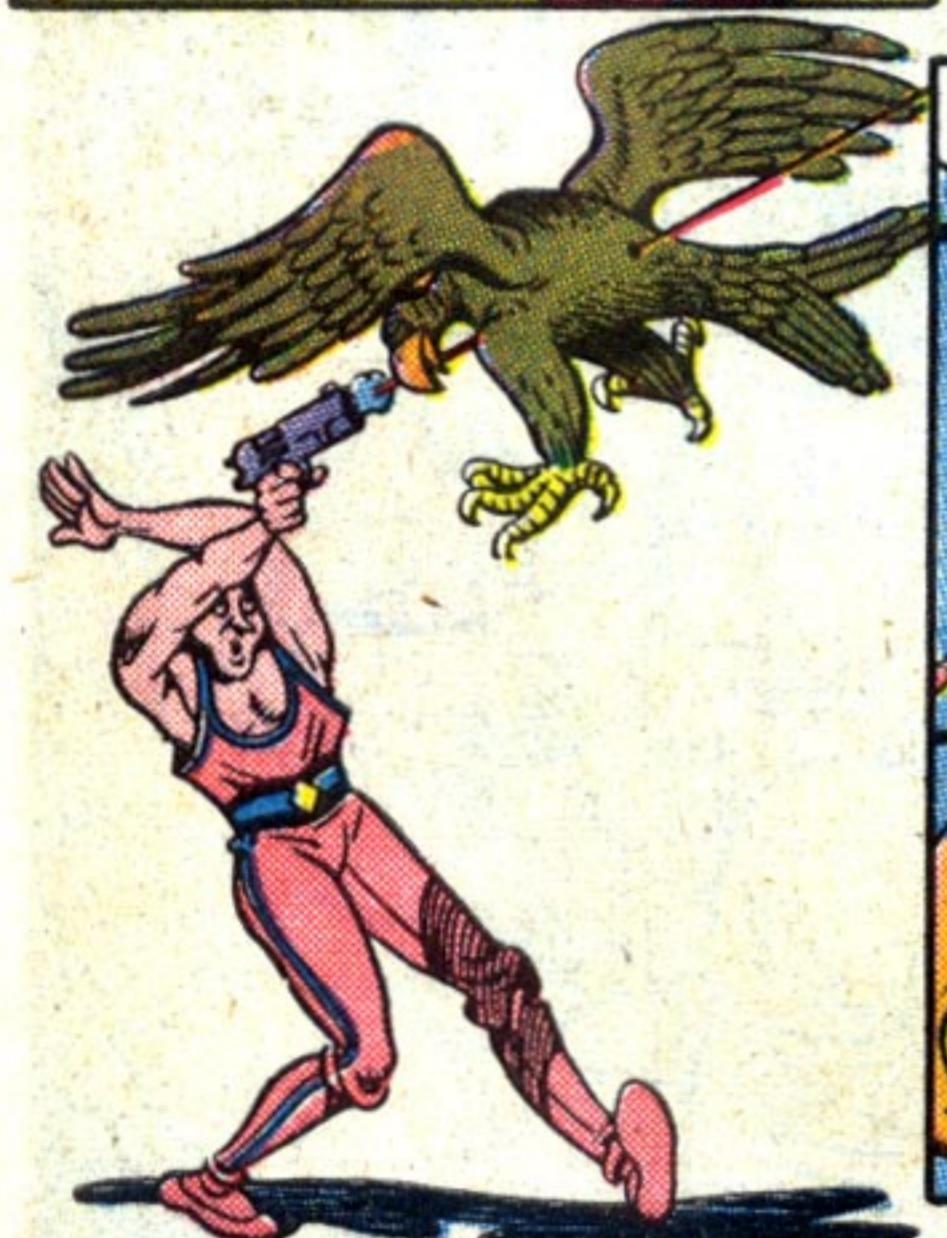


THE HAWK! THEN THERE'S BOTH A BIRD AND A MAN! THEY'RE NOT ONE AND THE SAME!



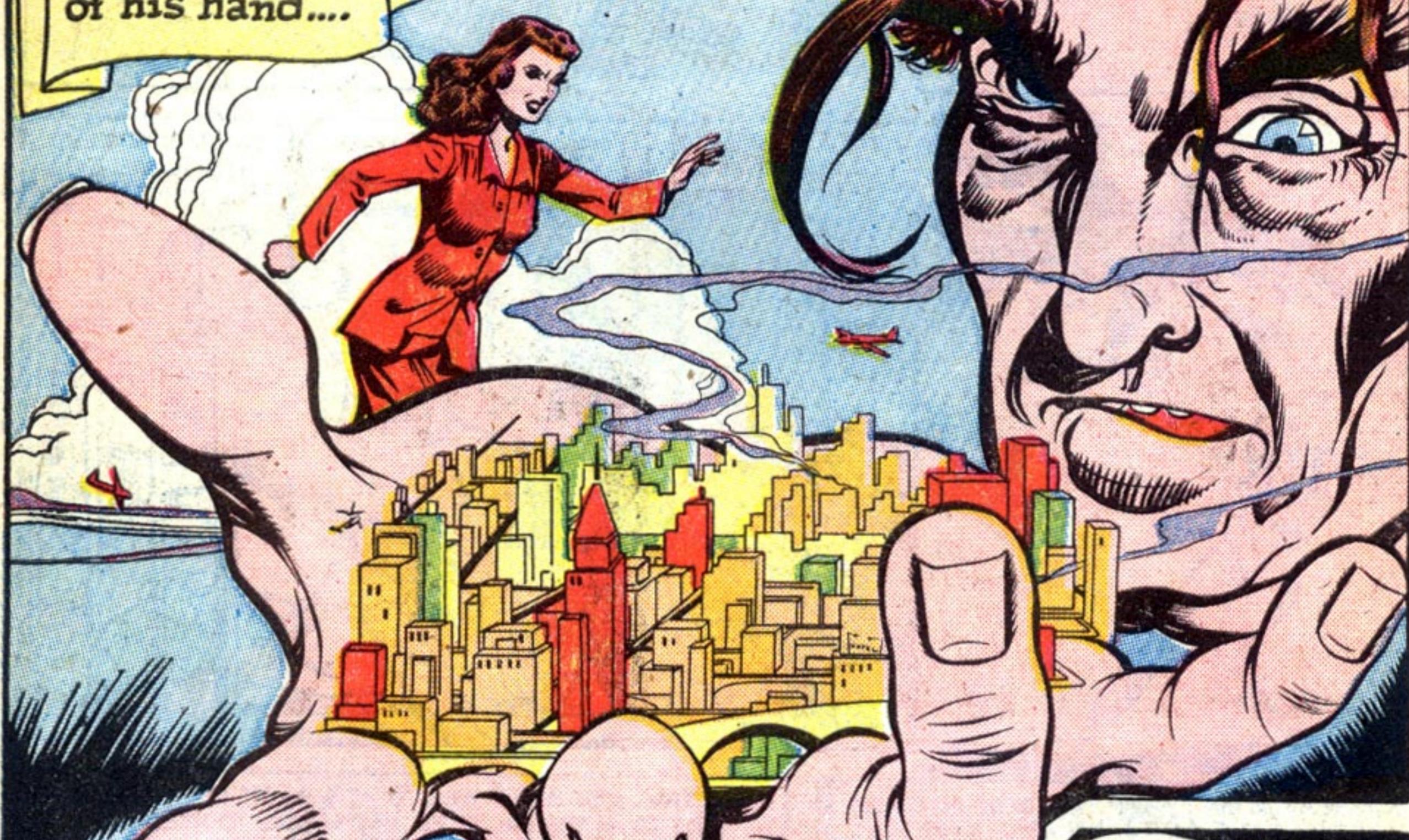
COME RIGHT IN AND STRAIGHTEN THE SITUATION OUT YOURSELF, HAWK! YOU BROUGHT IT ON!





# Sally O'NEIL

ONCE a man boasted that he held a great city in the palm of his hand....



At police headquarters...

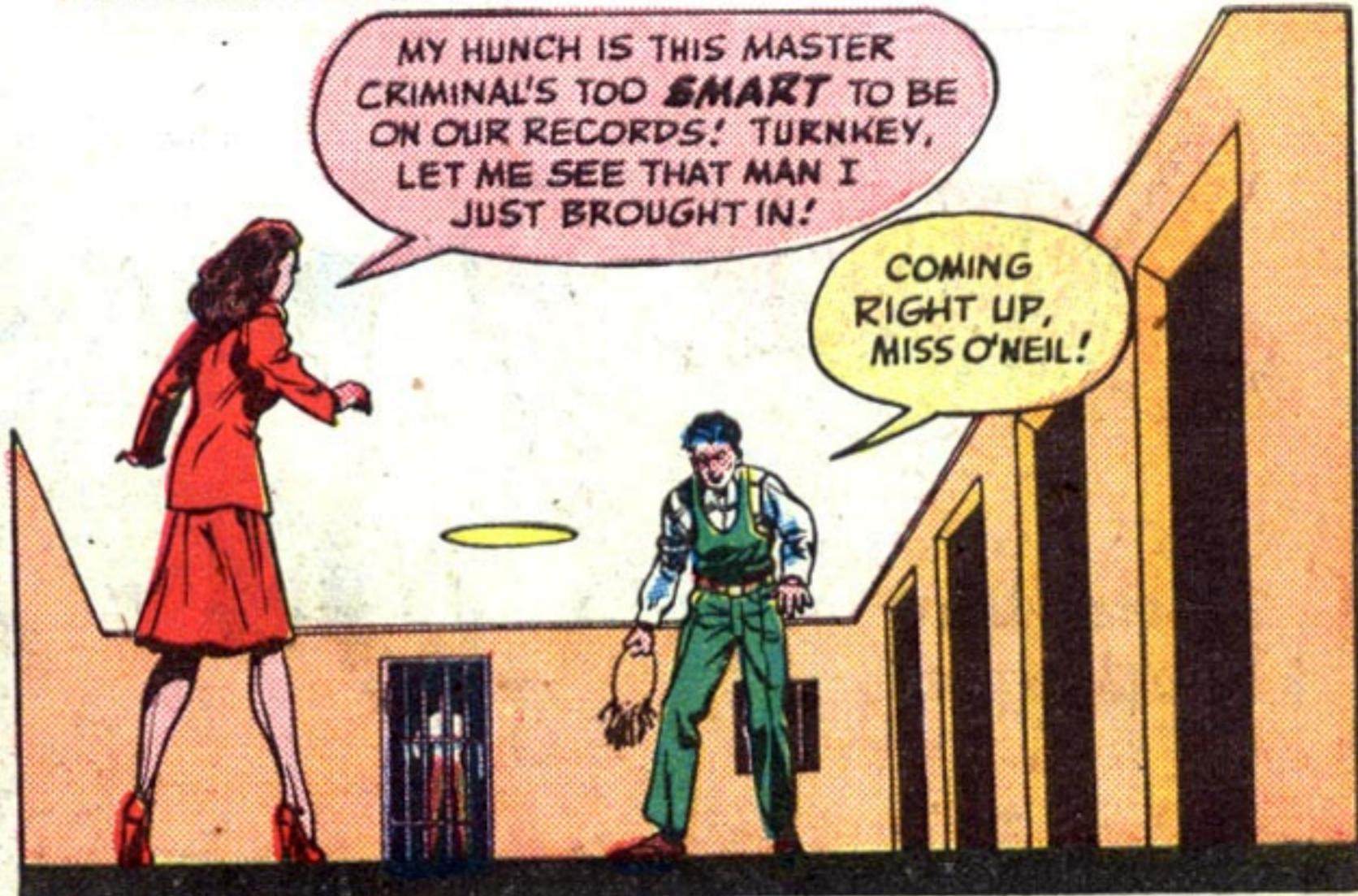
YOU GOT THE MAN WHO ROBBED THE JEWELLER AND KILLED THE GUARD? **THAT SEEDY SAP?** WHY, HE COULDN'T PLAN SUCH A JOB!

MAYBE HE DIDN'T PLAN IT, BUT HE **DID IT!**

ANOTHER SMALL-TIME CROOK IN BIG-TIME STUFF! WE'VE CAUGHT A DOZEN LIKE THAT!

BUT THEY KEEP QUIET AND SERVE THEIR TIME! THEY HAVE SOME **MASTER MIND** BACK OF THEM— AND THEY DON'T DARE NAME HIM!

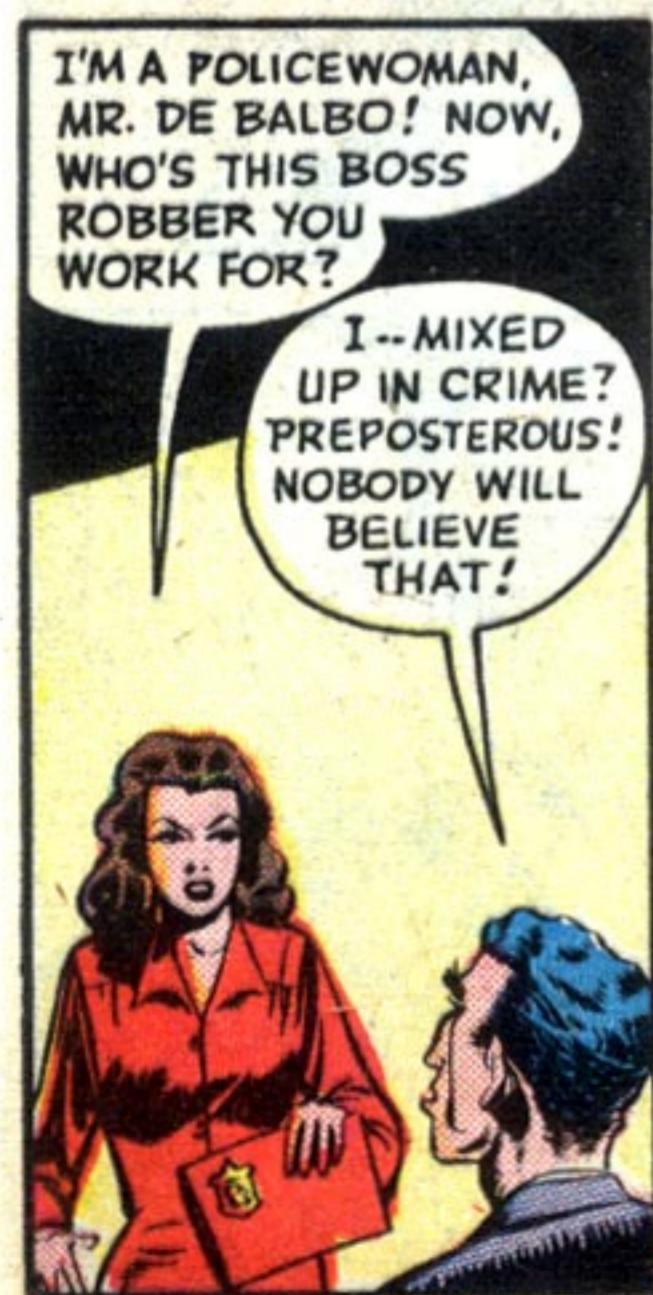






Several  
hours  
later...

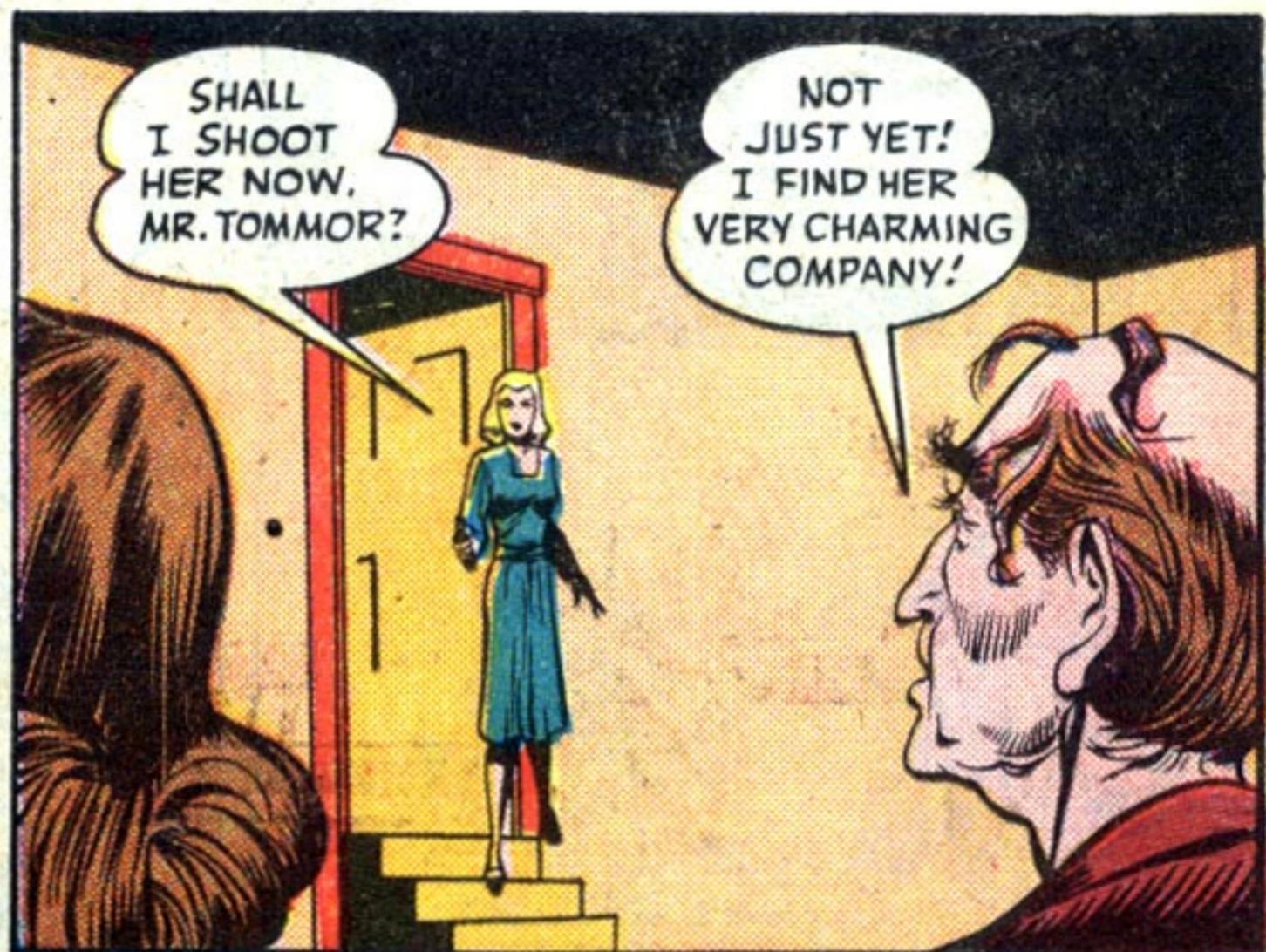






COME ALONG, MR. DE BALBO!  
SHOW ME WHAT'S AT THE  
END OF THE WIRE!





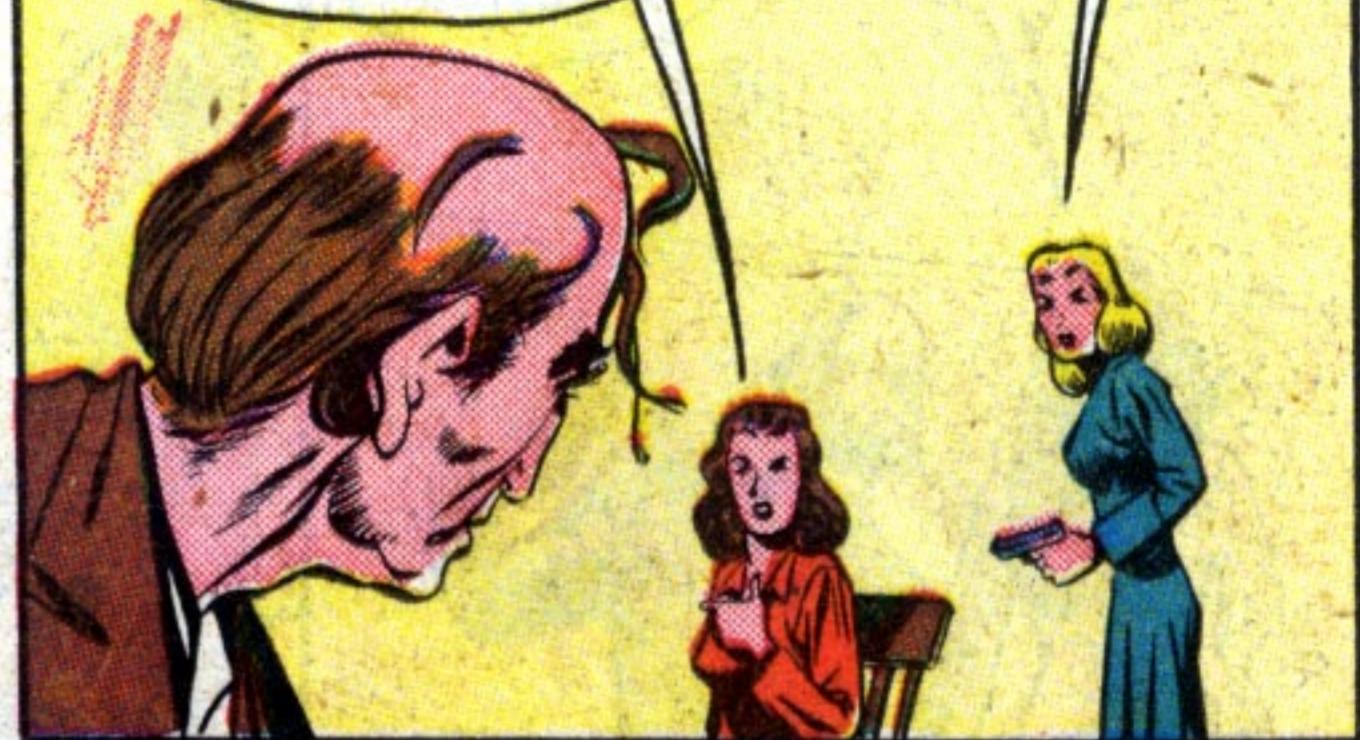
THIS ACID...VERY EFFECTIVE—  
SHE'LL DIE, AND HER FACE WILL  
BE UNRECOGNIZABLE  
WHEN THEY FIND HER!

AREN'T  
YOU  
FORGETTING  
SOMETHING,  
TOMMOR?



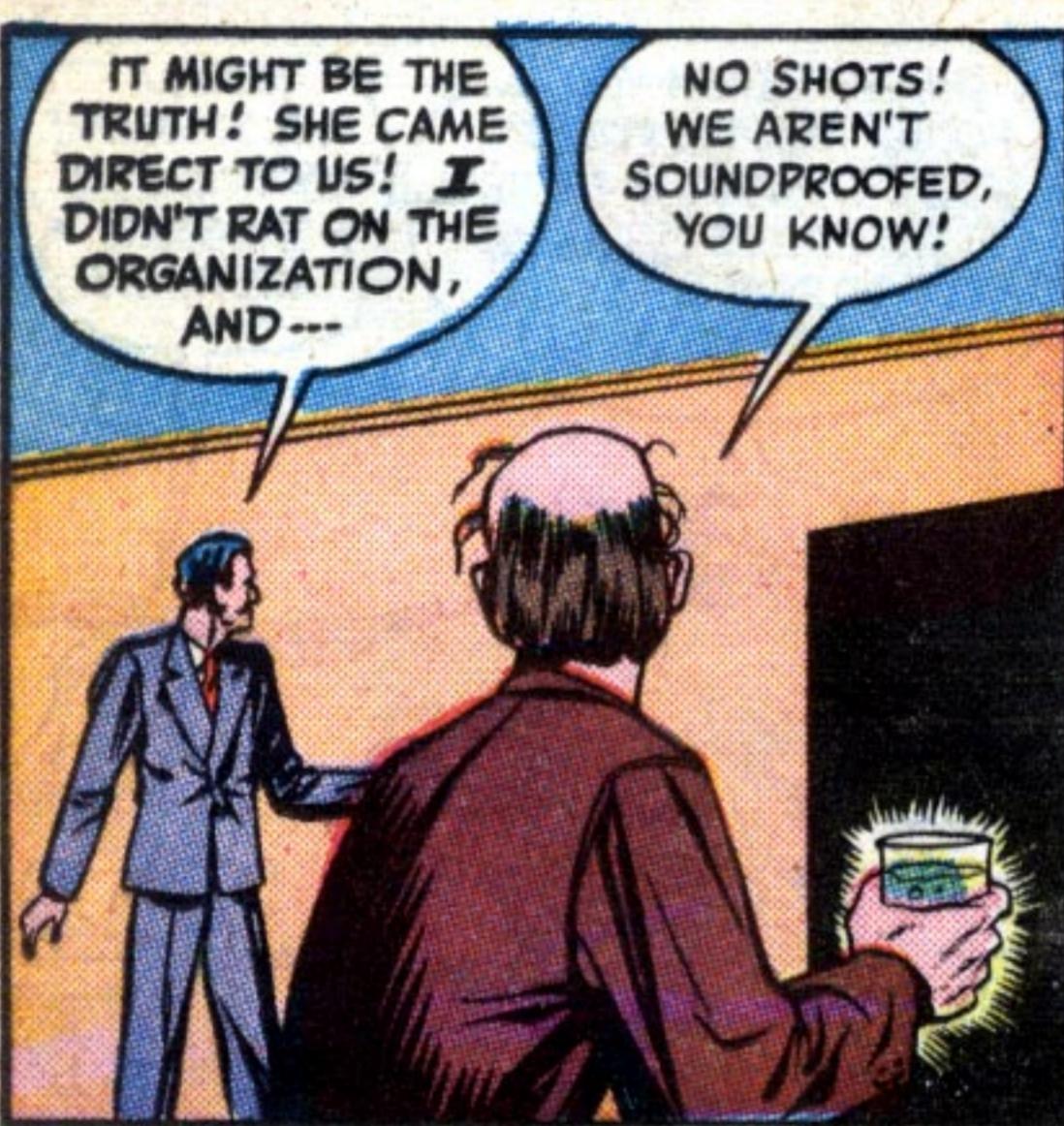
YOU'LL BE BETRAYED  
IF YOU KILL ME! THIS  
LADY WAS THE ONE  
WHO TIPPED ME OFF  
YOU WERE HERE!

THAT'S  
A LIE!



IT MIGHT BE THE  
TRUTH! SHE CAME  
DIRECT TO US! I  
DIDN'T RAT ON THE  
ORGANIZATION,  
AND ---

NO SHOTS!  
WE AREN'T  
SOUNDPROOFED,  
YOU KNOW!



IF ANYBODY  
TALKED, IT WAS  
DE BALBO!

I DOUBT  
IF IT WAS  
EITHER OF  
YOU!

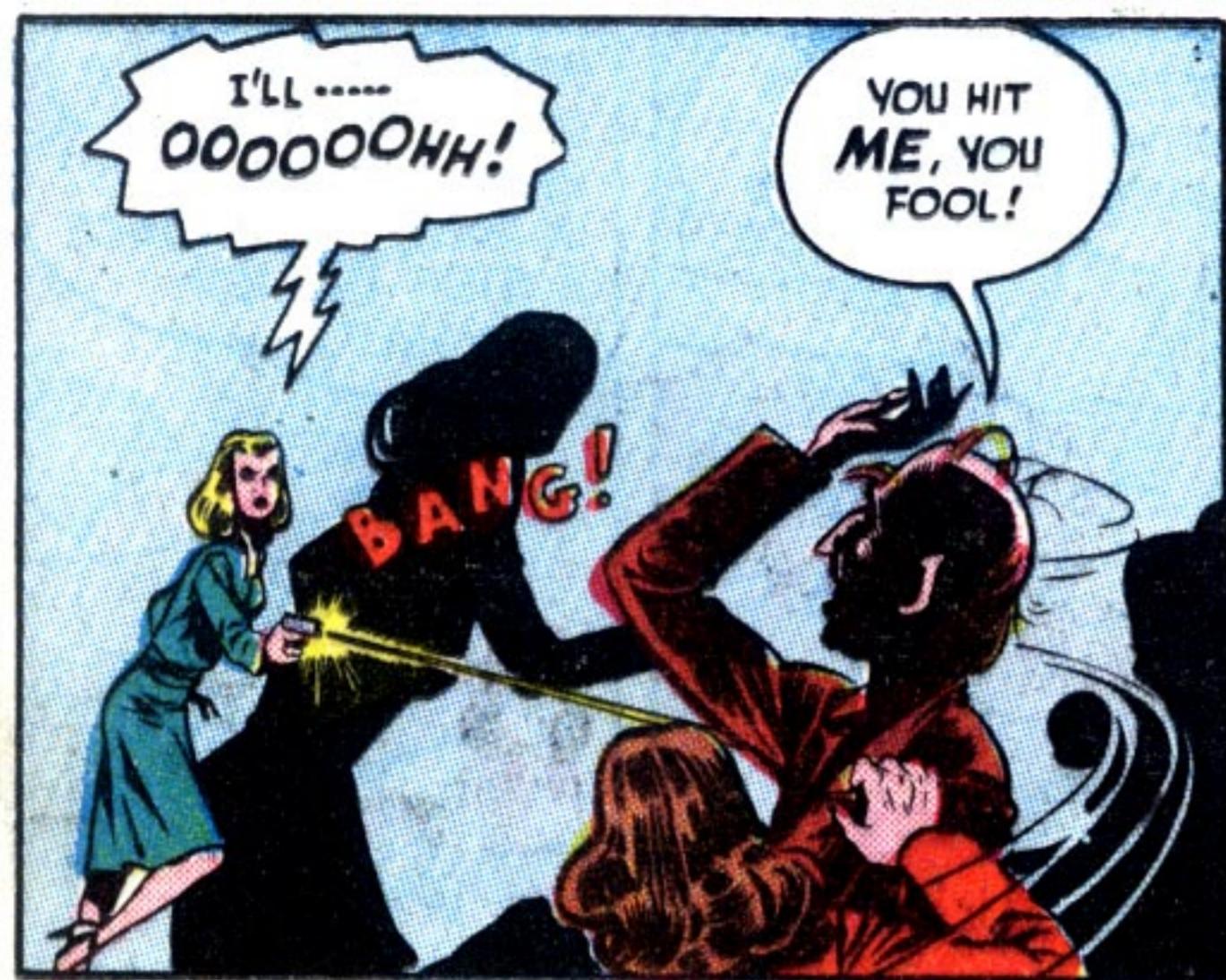


RIGHT, TOMMOR!  
BUT THIS SQUABBLE  
TOOK YOUR ATTENTION  
OFF OF ME!

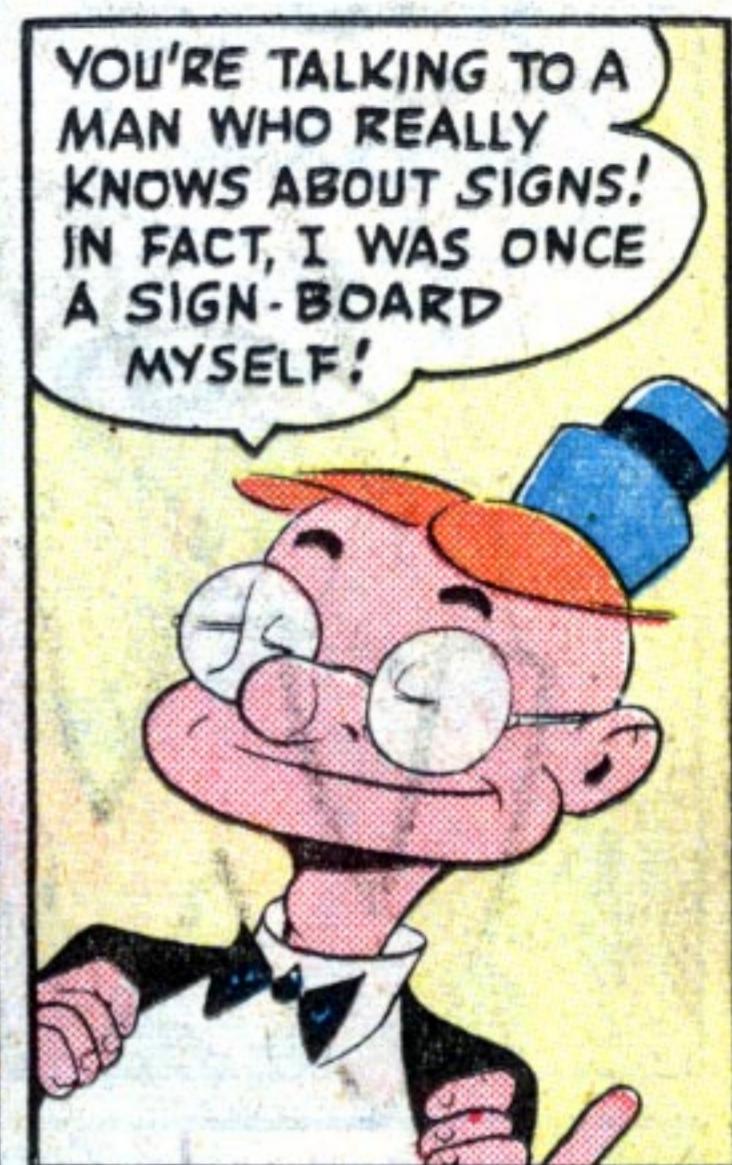
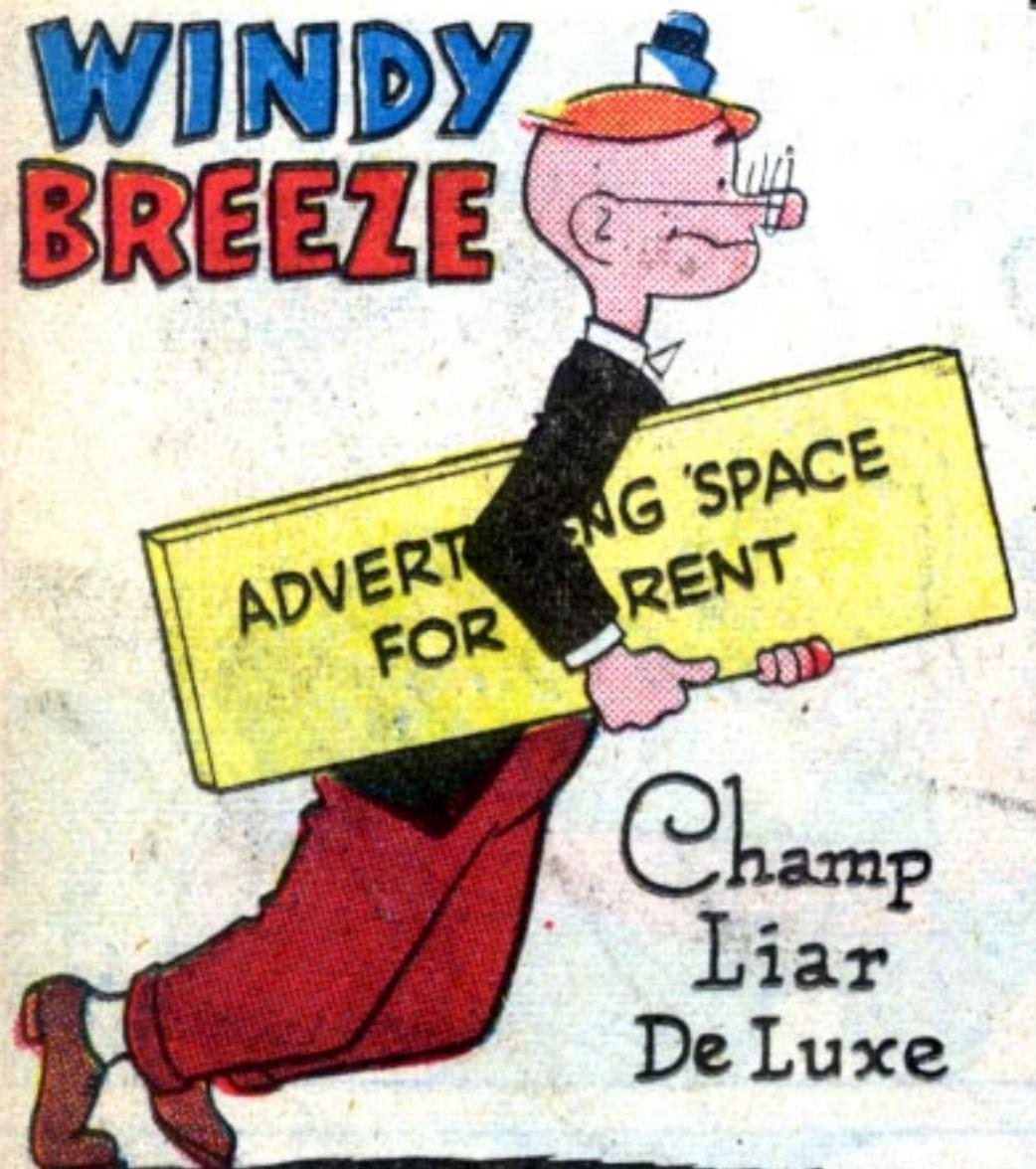


DE BALBO'S  
FINISHED---BY  
THAT ACID! SHOOT  
HER! NEVER MIND  
WHO HEARS  
YOU!





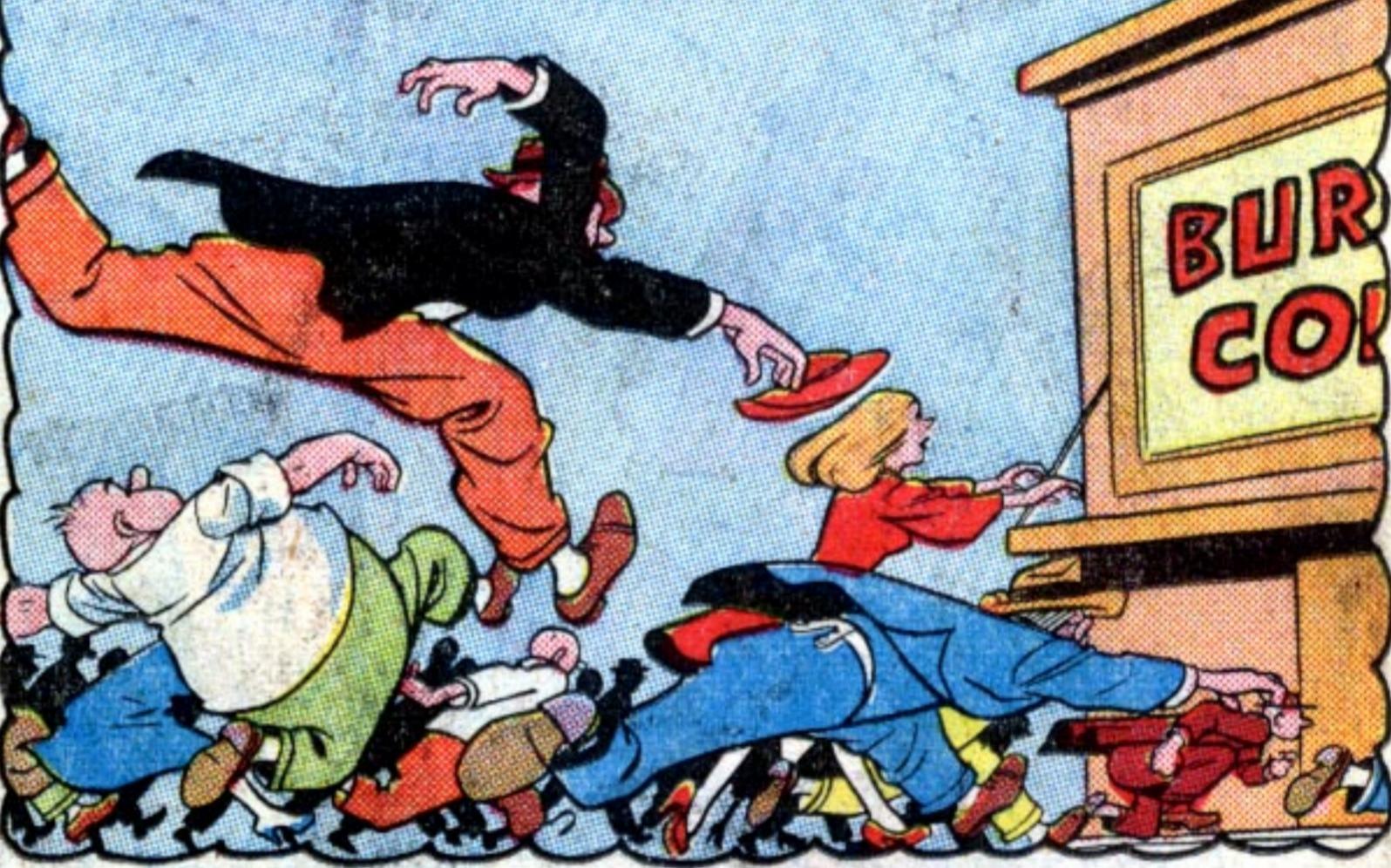
## WINDY BREEZE

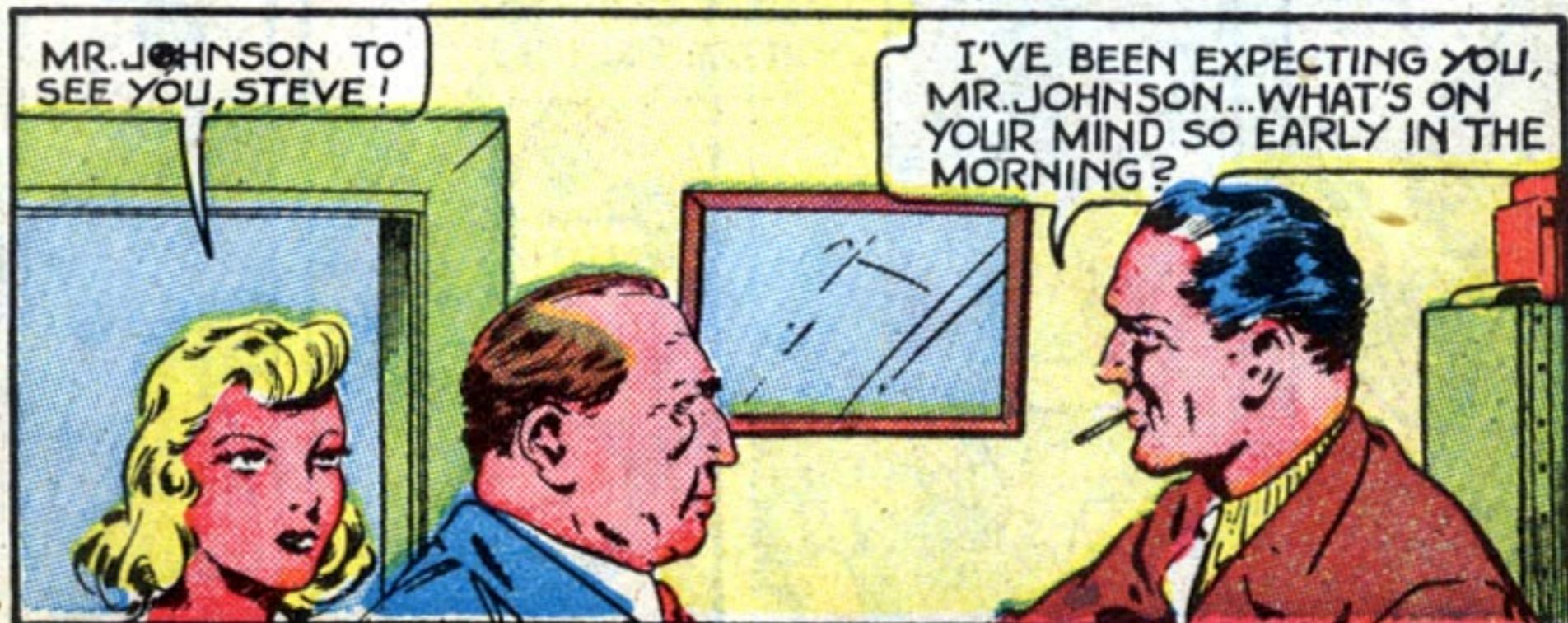
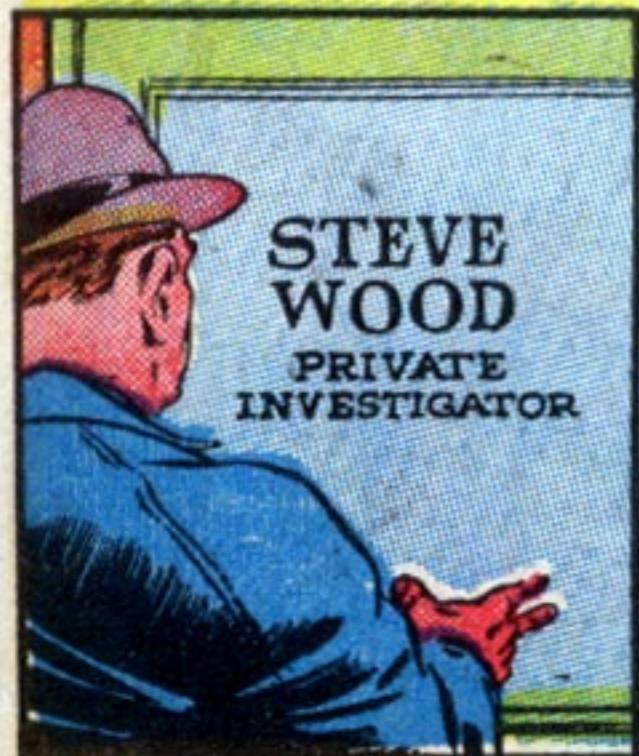
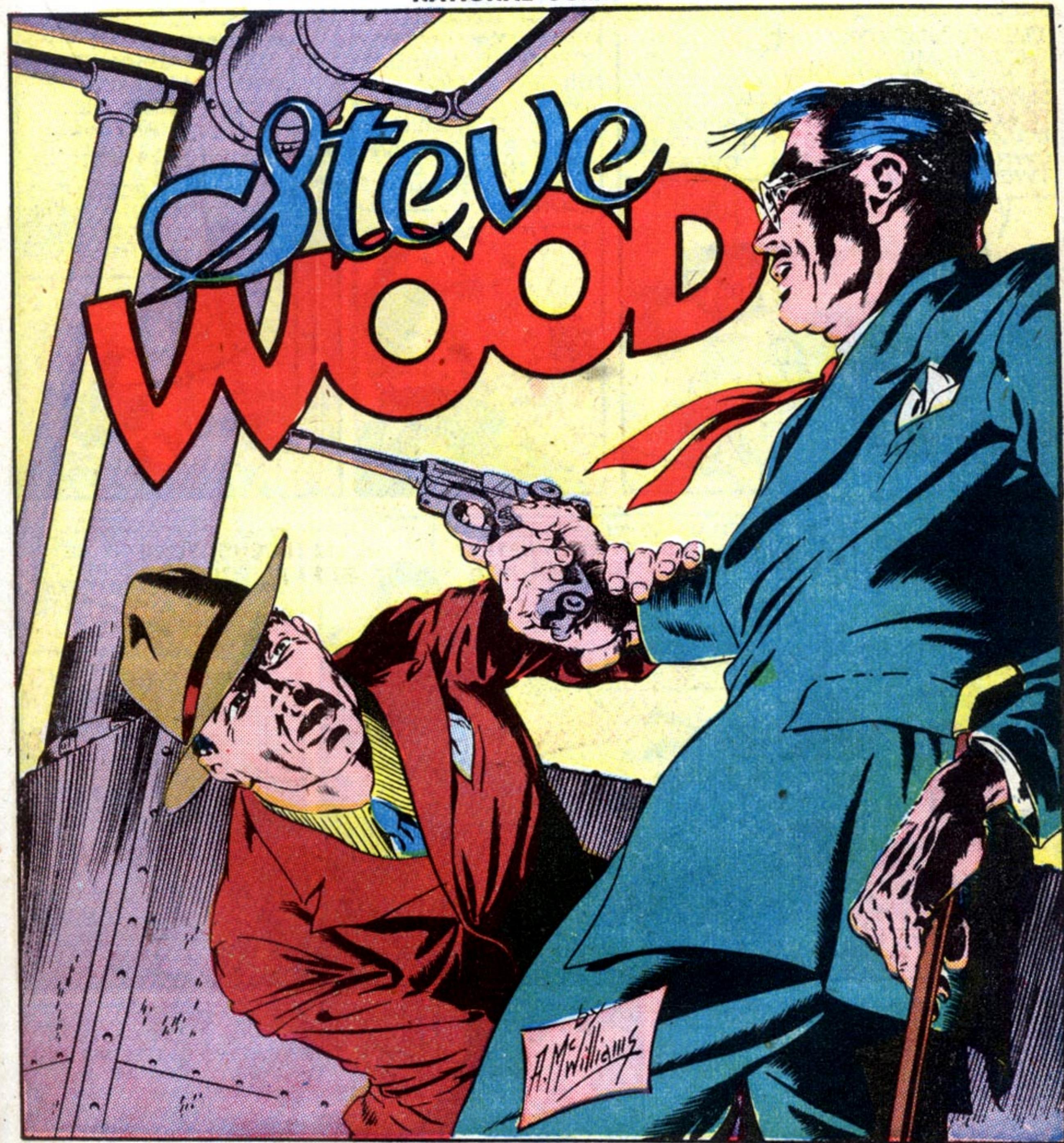


BEING A CRACK HYPNOTIST, I WAS HIRED BY THE BURPSI COLA COMPANY TO ADVERTISE THEIR PRODUCT...



IN TWO WEEKS I HYPNOTIZED EVERYONE IN TOWN INTO BUYING BURPSI COLA!





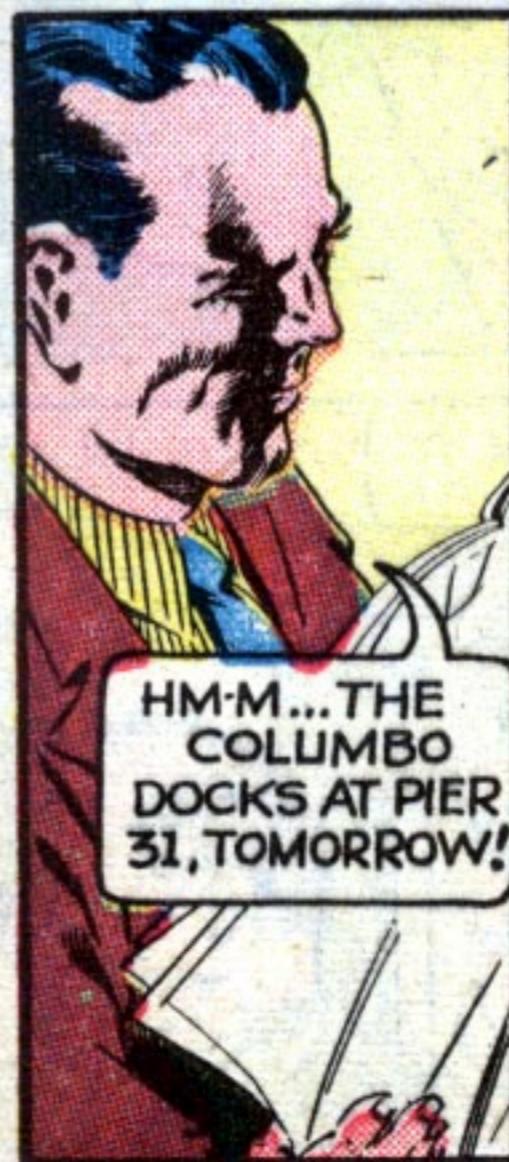
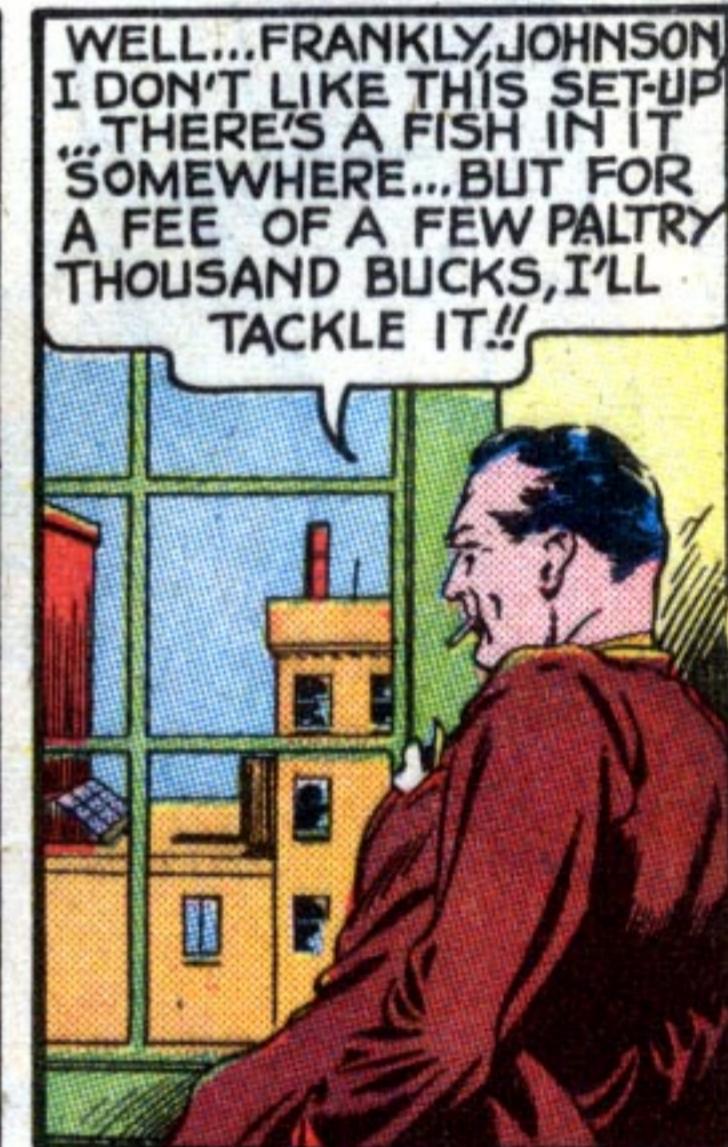
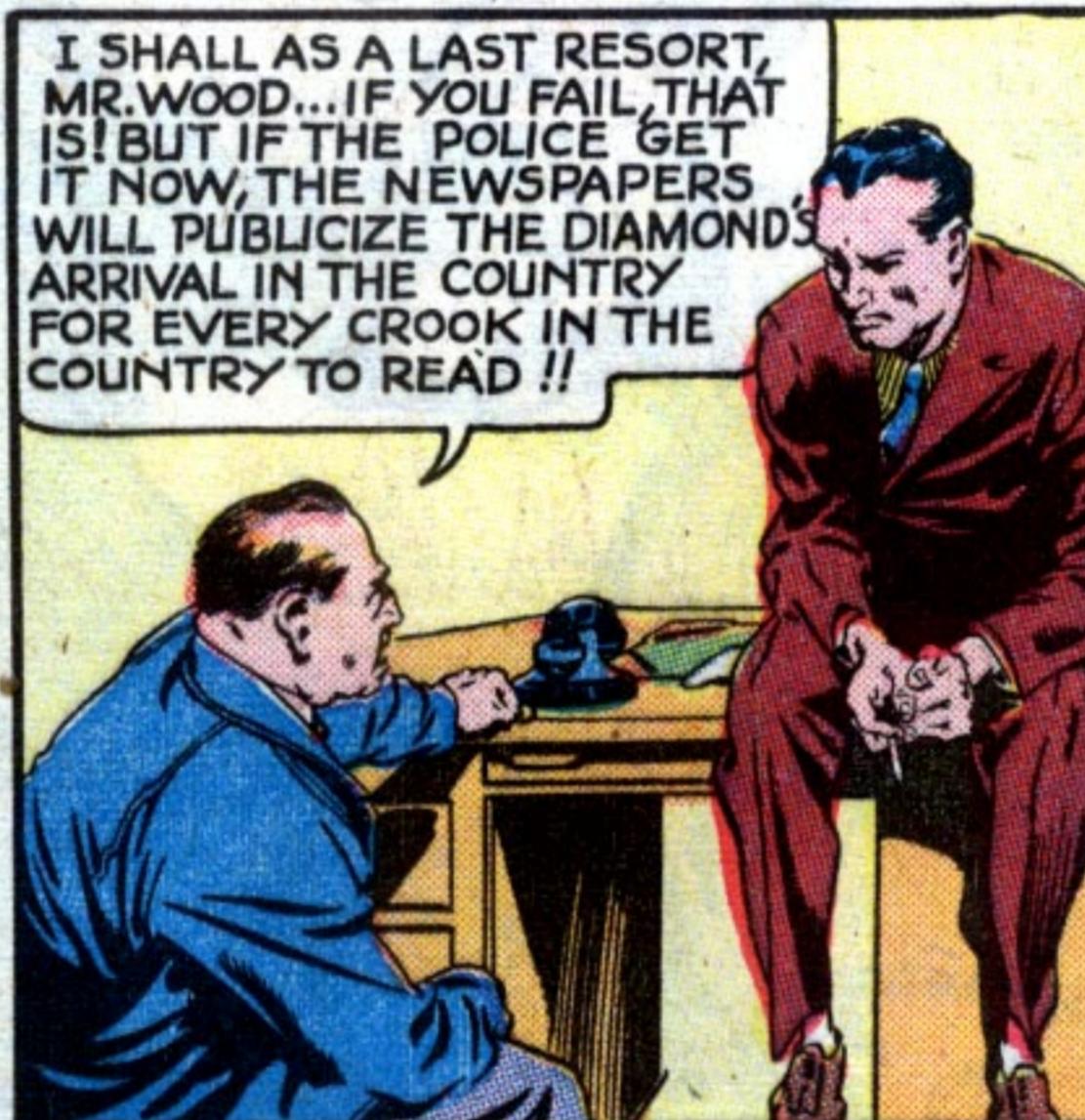
I'LL NOT BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, MR. WOOD.... I WISH TO RETAIN YOUR SERVICES AS A DETECTIVE TO RECOVER THE PUNJAB DIAMOND WHICH I'VE OWNED FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS....

THE PUNJAB DIAMOND! WHY THAT'S FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER!!

EXACTLY, AND DURING THE WAR IT HAS BEEN HIDDEN IN ITALY, SAFE FROM THE NAZIS... I LET IT REMAIN THERE RATHER THAN TAKE THE RISK OF MOVING IT TO THIS COUNTRY....

...AND NOW IT'S BEEN PINCHED?

YES, BUT MY ASSOCIATES IN EUROPE HAVE WIRED ME THAT THOSE WHO STOLE IT ARE KNOWN TO BE ABOARD THE FREIGHTER, COLUMBO, BOUND FOR THE STATES.



## NATIONAL COMICS

I CAN ALWAYS TELL WHEN NEWS IS SCARCE... THE TRIBUNAL'S FAMOUS SOB-SISTER, PEGGY ALLEN, VISITS US IN HOPES OF PICKING UP A STORY !!

OH, NO! I COME TO SEE ONLY YOU, STEVE !!



WELL, THERE HE GOES.... WE'RE OFF AGAIN!

WHERE IS MY FAVORITE SHERLOCK HEADING FOR, SALLY?



PEG, IF I WERE TO AH, RECEIVE THAT EXTRA PAIR OF NYLONS WHICH I KNOW YOU HAVE...WHY I'D SAY KEEP AN EYE ON PIER 31 TOMORROW!

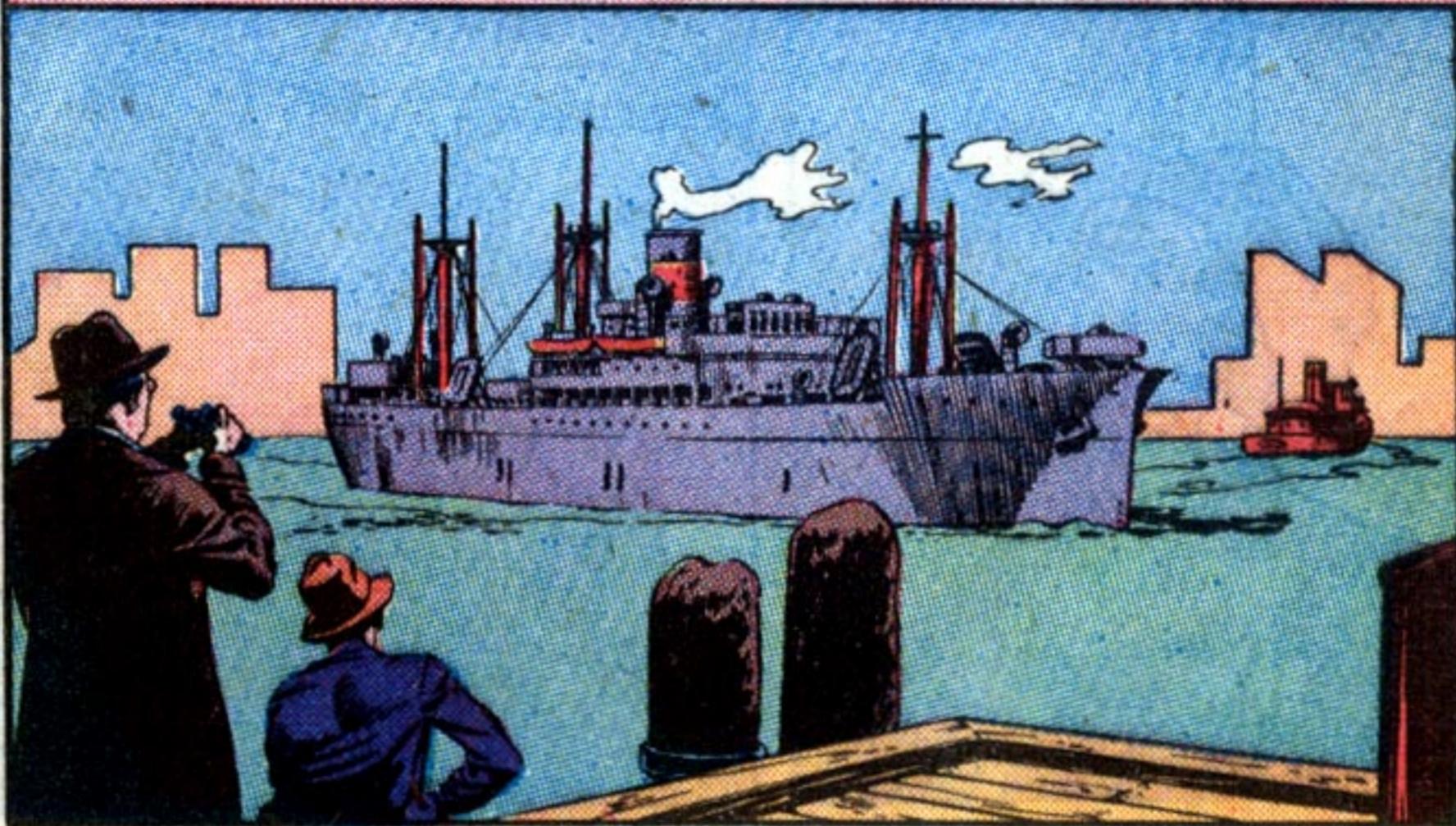


OKAY, YOU WIN! I BUY CLOTHES...AND YOU WEAR 'EM...WHY DO I COME UP HERE ?

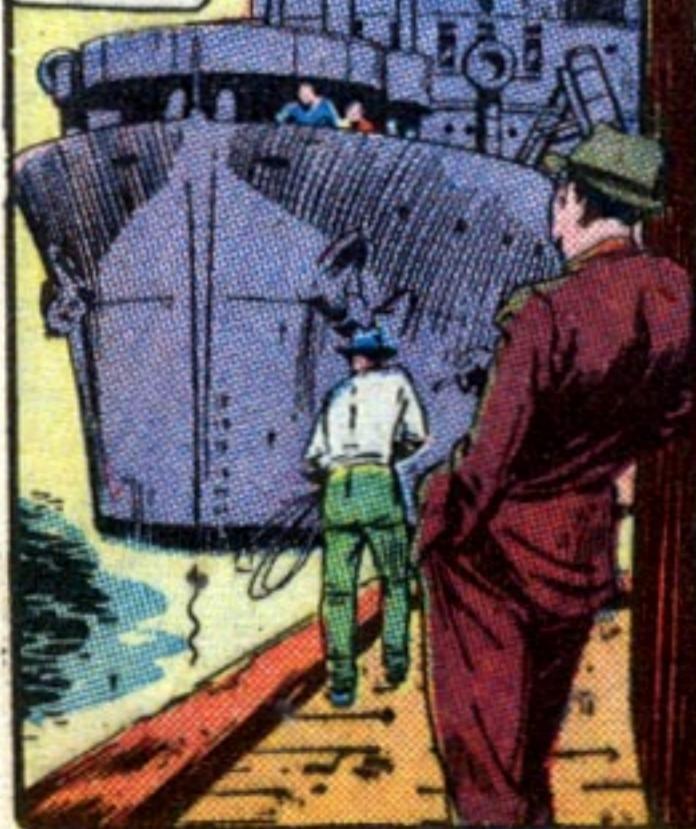
GOOD-BYE, DEARIE!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE FREIGHTER COLUMBO MOVES SLOWLY UP THE HARBOR, WATCHED BY STEVE AND A FEW OTHERS



FINDING THE PUNJAB DIAMOND ABOARD THAT TUB WILL BE LIKE FINDING A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!



AS STEVE APPROACHES THE GANGPLANK, TWO OTHER FIGURES GO UP IT AHEAD OF HIM--



I DON'T KNOW THE FIRST ONE...BUT THAT SECOND BIRD IS LOUIE SCANELLI, WHO NEVER DOES A THING UNLESS THERE'S CASH INVOLVED! I THINK I'LL TRAIL FRIEND LOUIE!



THEY DISAPPEARED INTO THE STATEROOM SECTION AMIDSHIPS... SO I'LL SEE IF I CAN LOCATE THE ROOM WITHOUT BEING NOTICED!!



GUESS THE CREW ISN'T IN ON THE PLOT OR I'D HAVE BEEN STOPPED BY NOW!



AH-HA... THE OLD WOOD HUNTING INSTINCT ISN'T DEAD YET! THERE'S THE PLUMP LAD WITH THE GLASSES ENTERING THAT STATEROOM!!



WELL, HERE GOES WOOD!!



DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A DEAL WITH ME, LOUIE!! YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT... SO HAND IT OVER!

AFTER GETTING THE DIAMOND THIS FAR? YOU'RE CRAZY!



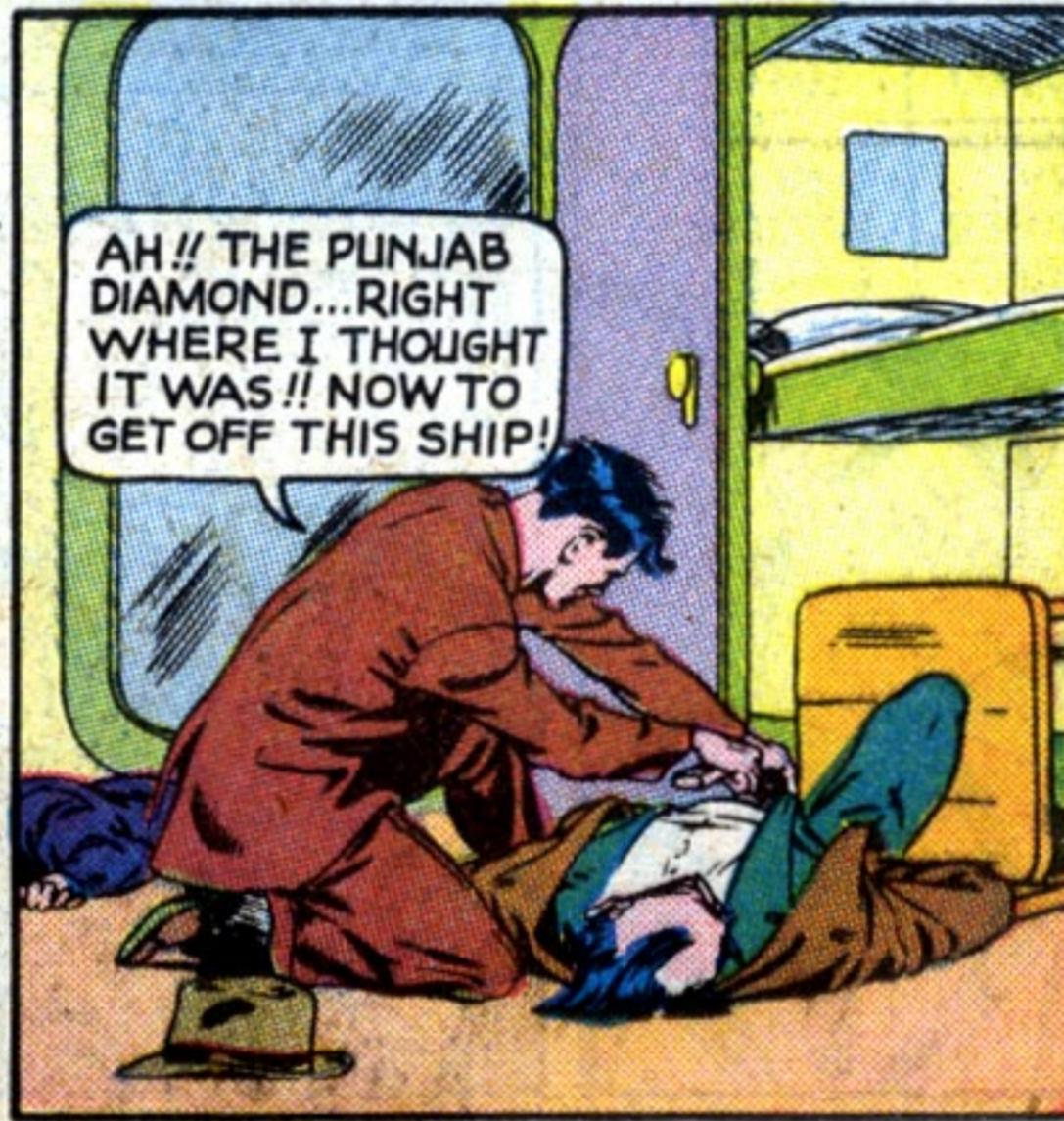
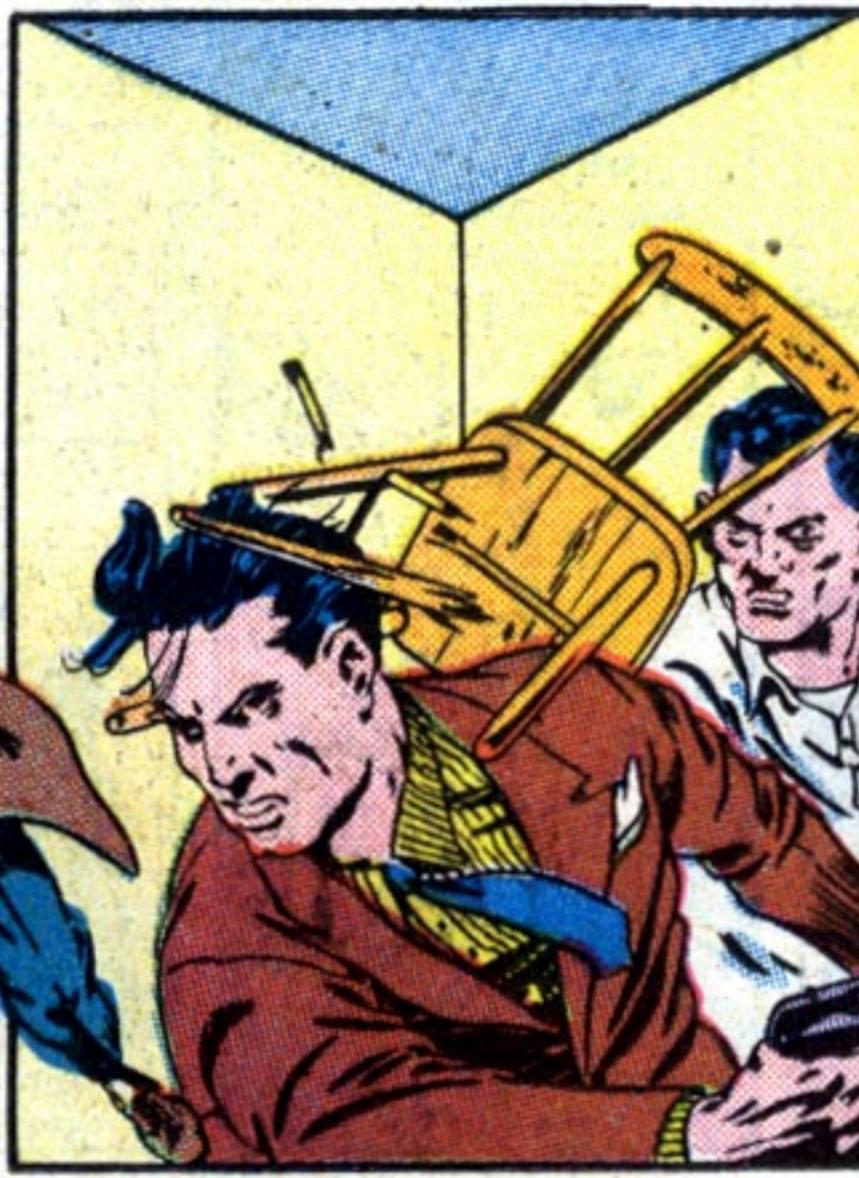
A GUY NAMED JOHNSON WANTS HIS DIAMOND BACK, BOYS... AND I'M NOT PLAYING!!



....AND NEITHER ARE WE!! TAKE 'IM, JERRY!... HE DOESN'T DARE SHOOT!!



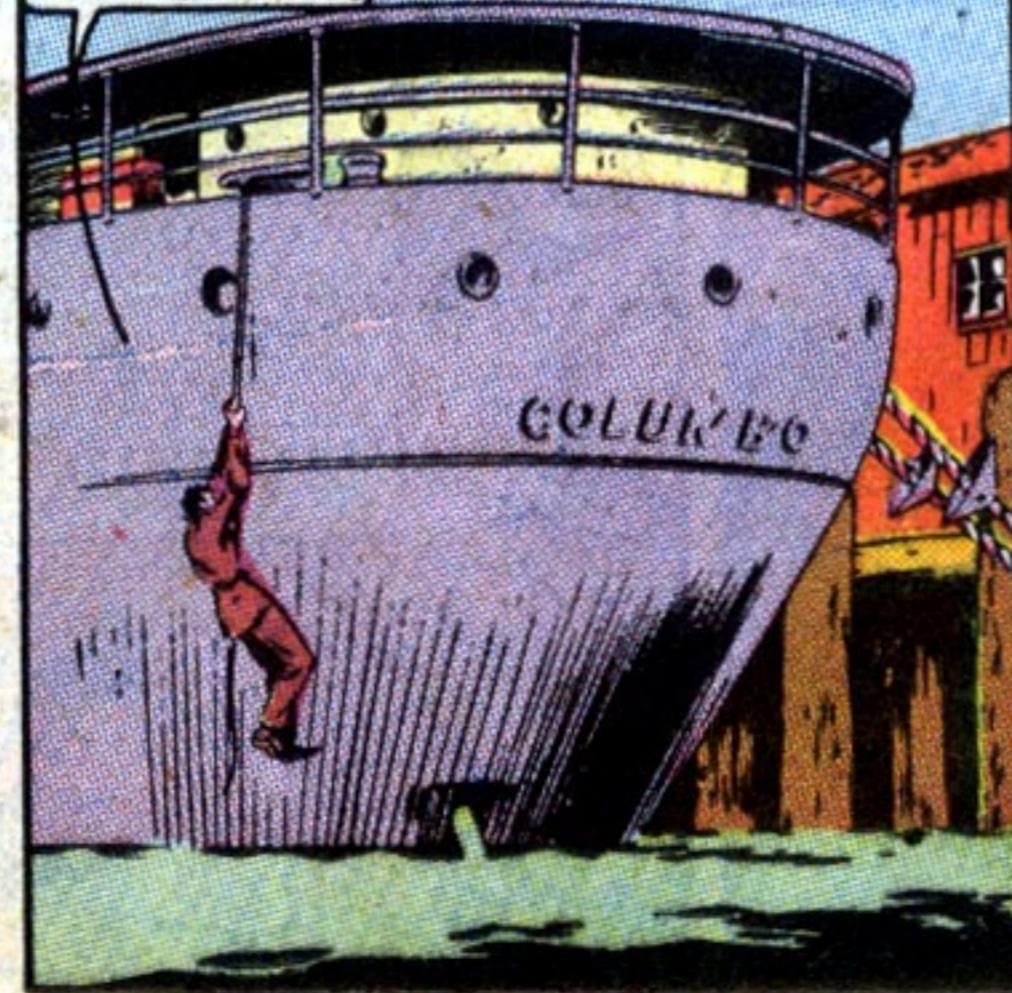
I DON'T HAVE  
TO SHOOT, BIG  
BOY!!



OH, OH! CUSTOMS AGENTS!!  
I FORGOT ABOUT THEM...AND  
THEY'LL BE WATCHING THE  
GANGPLANK TOO...LOOKS  
LIKE I TAKE A SWIM!!



...AND CLOTHES ARE SO  
HARD TO GET THESE  
DAYS, TOO!!



NOW TO GET AWAY  
WITHOUT SOME GUY  
GETTING CURIOUS!



# NATIONAL COMICS

STEVE TAKES A CAB STRAIGHT TO JOHNSON'S APARTMENT....

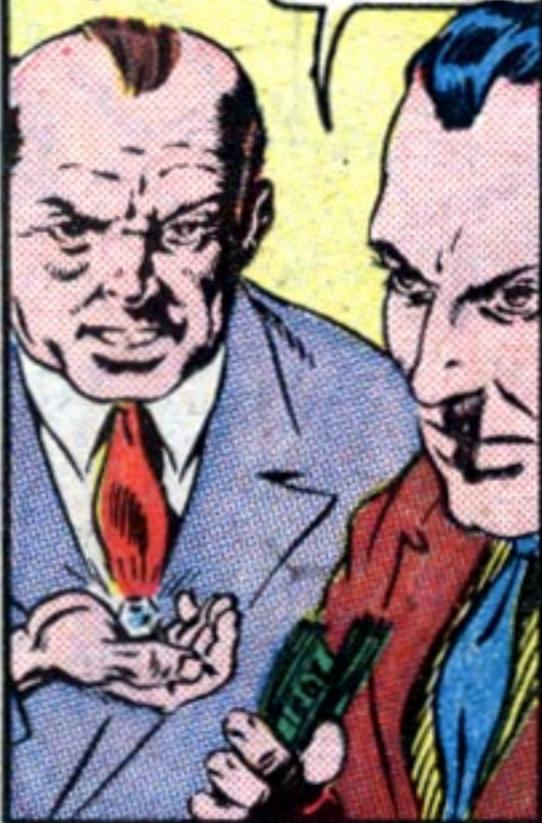
WOOD....YOU HAVE IT?

RIGHT, BUT FIRST SHOW ME YOUR MONEY, JOHNSON!



HERE'S THE CASH...AH! THAT'S THE STONE, MY DIAMOND!!

THANKS! NOW I'M GOING TO GET INTO SOME DRY CLOTHES!



MEANWHILE, AT PIER 31, CUSTOMS AGENTS AND POLICE MAKE AN INTERESTING HAUL...

CUSTOMS MEN FOUND 'EM ABOARD...THEY APPARENTLY HAD A FIGHT AND THEY KEEP YELLING SOME GUY NAMED JOHNSON HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED THEM

IS INSPECTOR FLANAGAN TAKING THEM IN FOR ROUTINE QUESTIONING?



THAT'S RIGHT, MISS PEG, AND, BY THE WAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW THERE WOULD BE A STORY HERE FOR YOUR PAPER, HUH?

OH, I T, UH, WAS JUST MY WOMANLY INTUITION... I GUESS!



~AT HEADQUARTERS~

I..I'LL TELL YOU JOHNSON'S ADDRESS! WE WERE GOING TO SPLIT, BUT HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US...WANTED THE WHOLE THING FOR HIMSELF!!

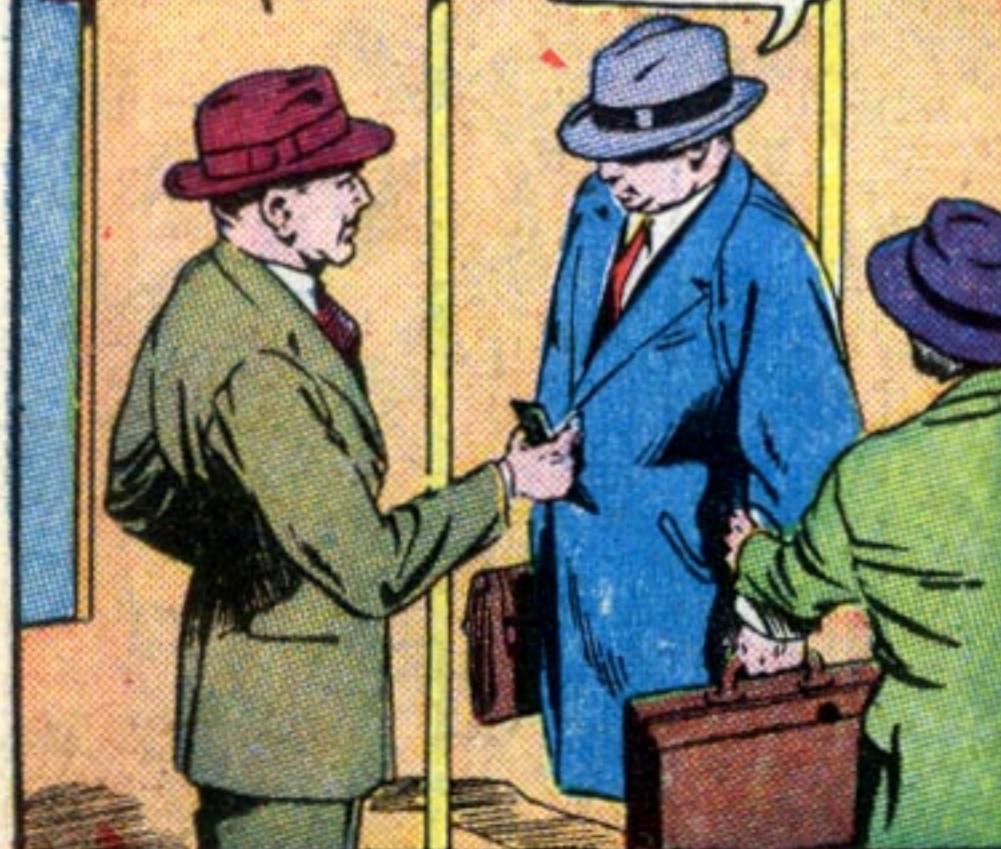


OH, OH... POLICE CARS PULLING UP IN FRONT OF JOHNSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING...AND THERE'S PEG IN HER CAR!! WONDER IF THEY ARE AFTER ME?



WELL, JOHNSON... LOOKS LIKE WE'RE JUST IN TIME! NOT GOING OUT OF TOWN, WERE YOU...?

WHY...WHY...HOW DID.....?



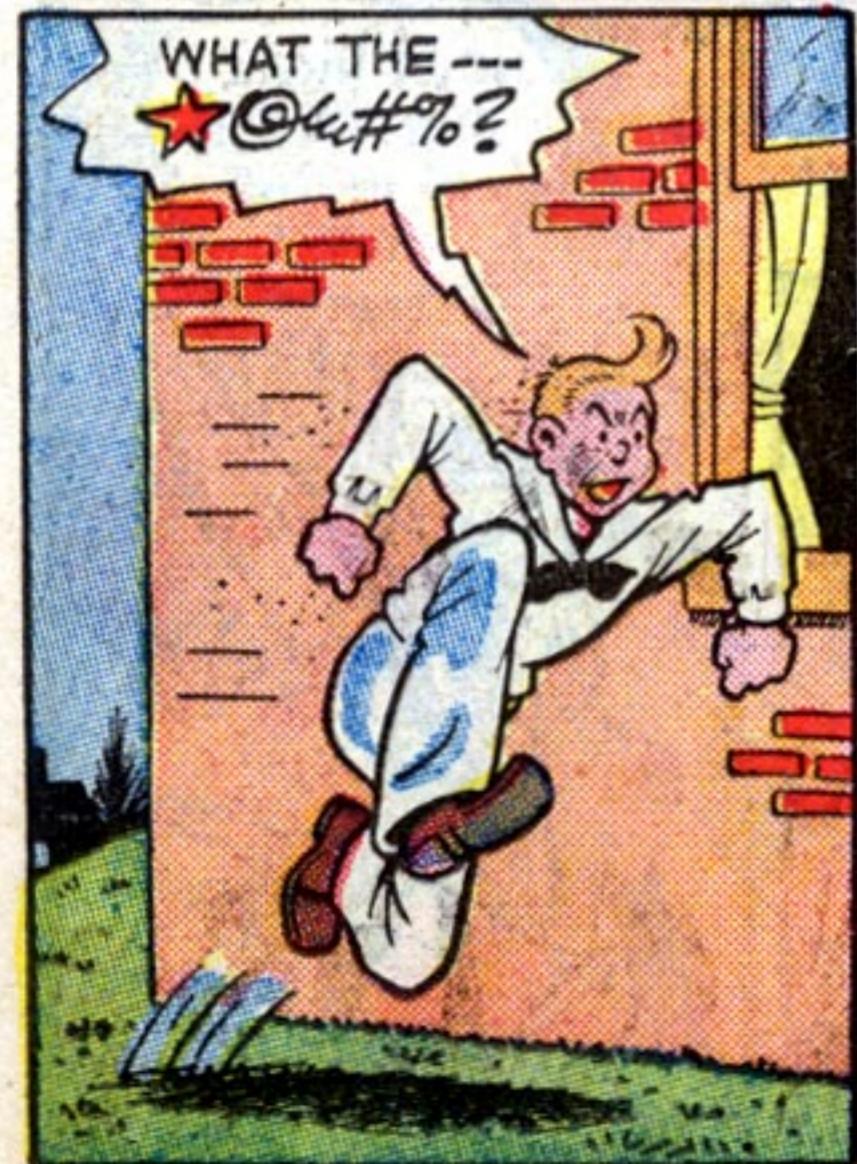
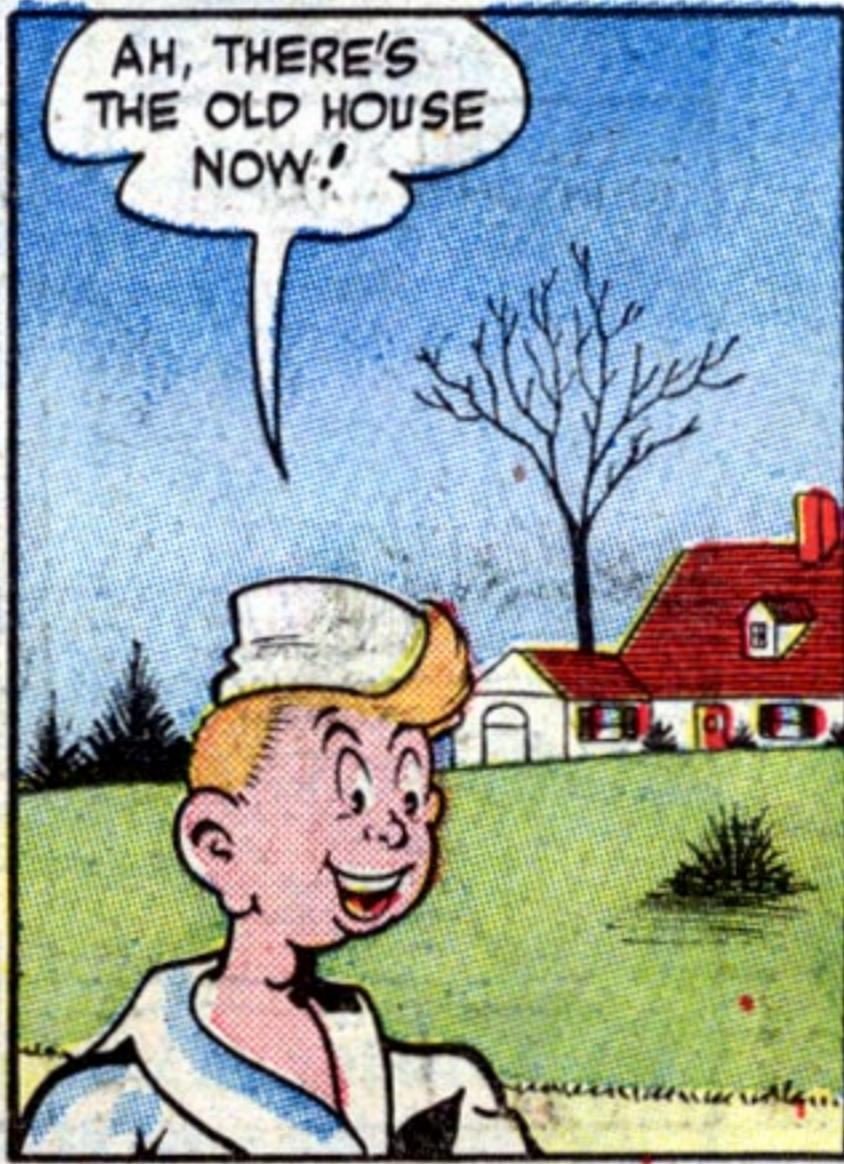
PEG, WHAT'S THE STORY?

OH, HELLO, MY PET SLEUTH! HOW'S THIS FOR A STORY... THE INSPECTOR HAS BEEN TRYING TO CATCH JOHNSON FOR YEARS. HE'S A NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF. THE PUNJAB STONE WAS STOLEN FROM A PARIS EXHIBIT WHEN WAR BROKE OUT... HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET IT HERE EVER SINCE!



MY GOSH!! ...AND YOU, STEVE MY LAMB, HAD BETTER THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS YOU'RE NOT IN JAIL WITH HIM! WHAT A STORY I CAN WRITE, AND IF I MENTION YOUR PART IN IT, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN WILL SKIN YOU ALIVE...!!





# TINKER TOM

by AL STAHL

NOW,  
TINKER, I  
DON'T WANT YOU  
TO **RUIN** OUR PICNIC  
WITH YOUR **CRAZY**  
**INVENTIONS!**

AW, MAMA ...  
PAPA SAYS  
HE'S A  
**GENIUS!**

TUT-TUT,  
M'DEAR!

BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE  
AHEAD!

FREE  
PICNIC  
GROUNDS!

The three  
Tinkers go  
on a Picnic ...  
Mama Tinker,  
Papa Tinker,  
and Little  
Junior Tinker!

TINKER  
SPECIAL

321

WELL, I JUST HAVE A  
FEELING THAT SOMETHING  
**WILL HAPPEN** TO  
**SPOIL** OUR OUTING!  
IT USUALLY DOES!

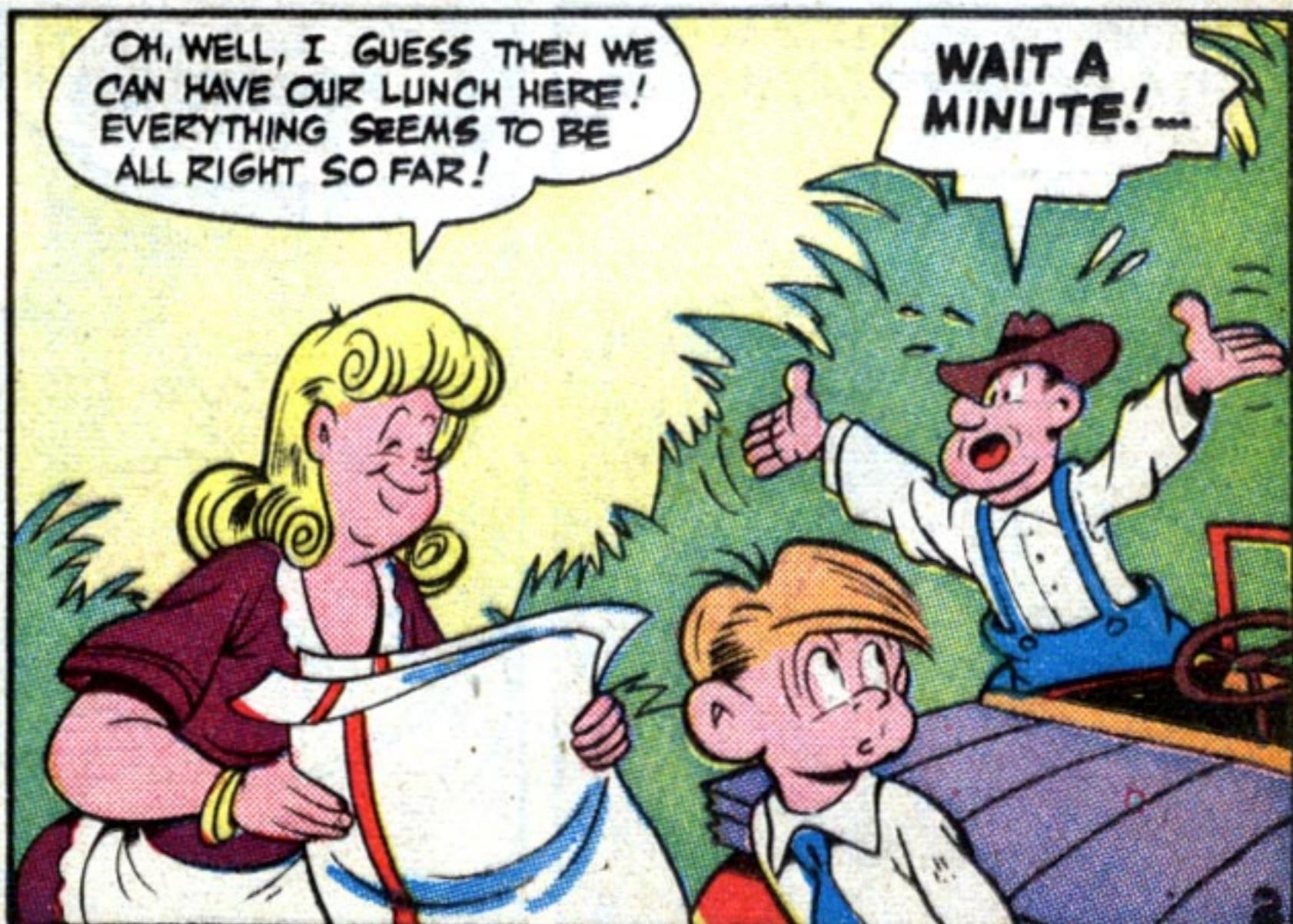
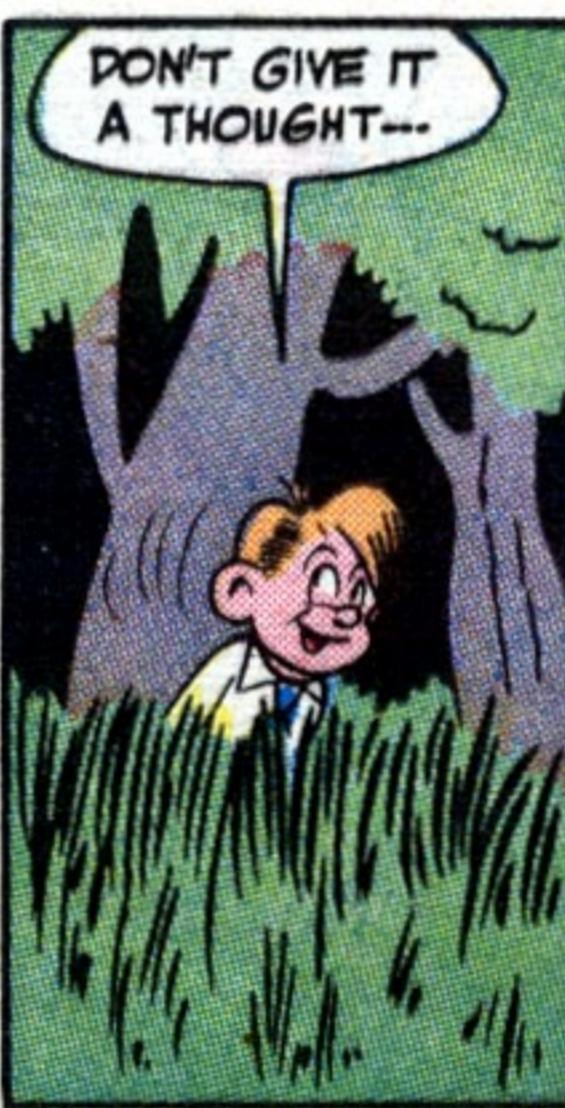
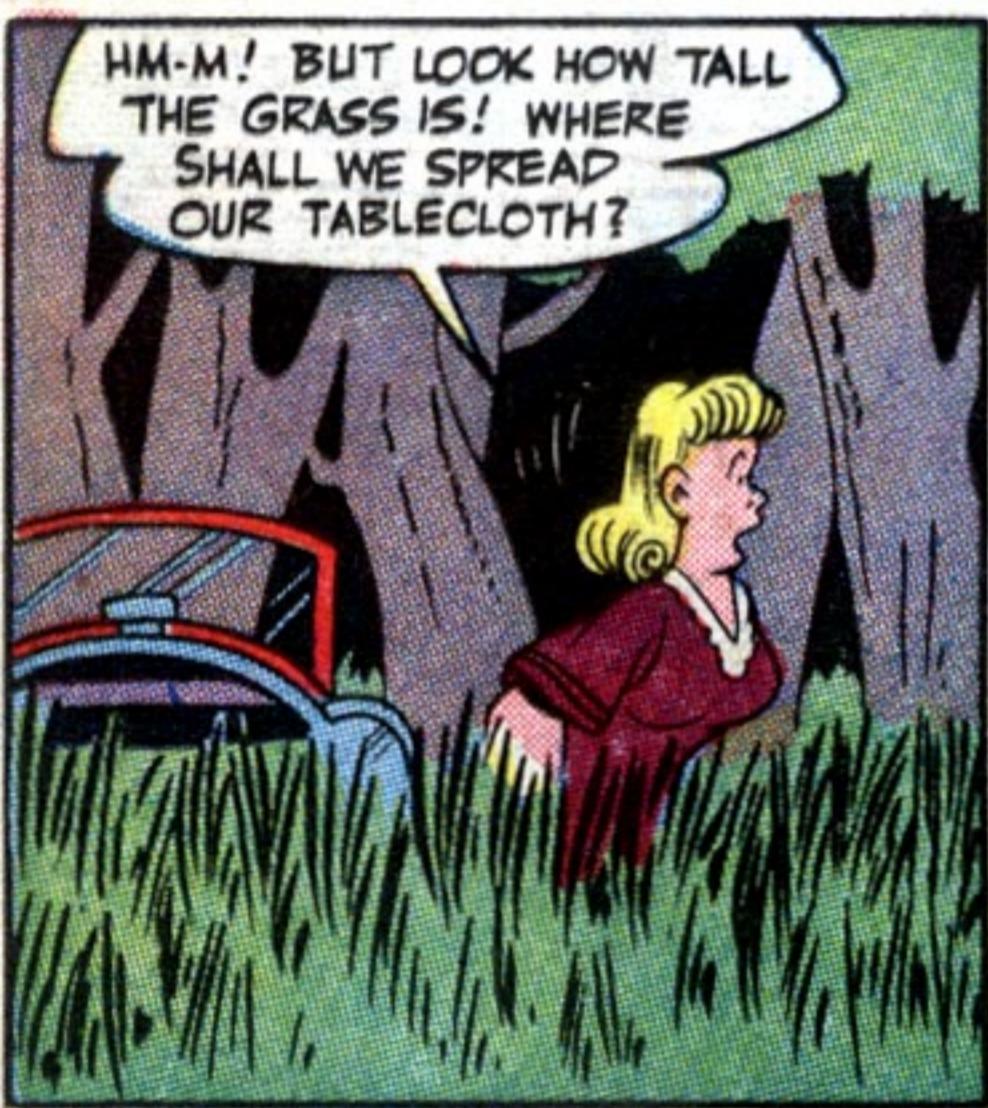
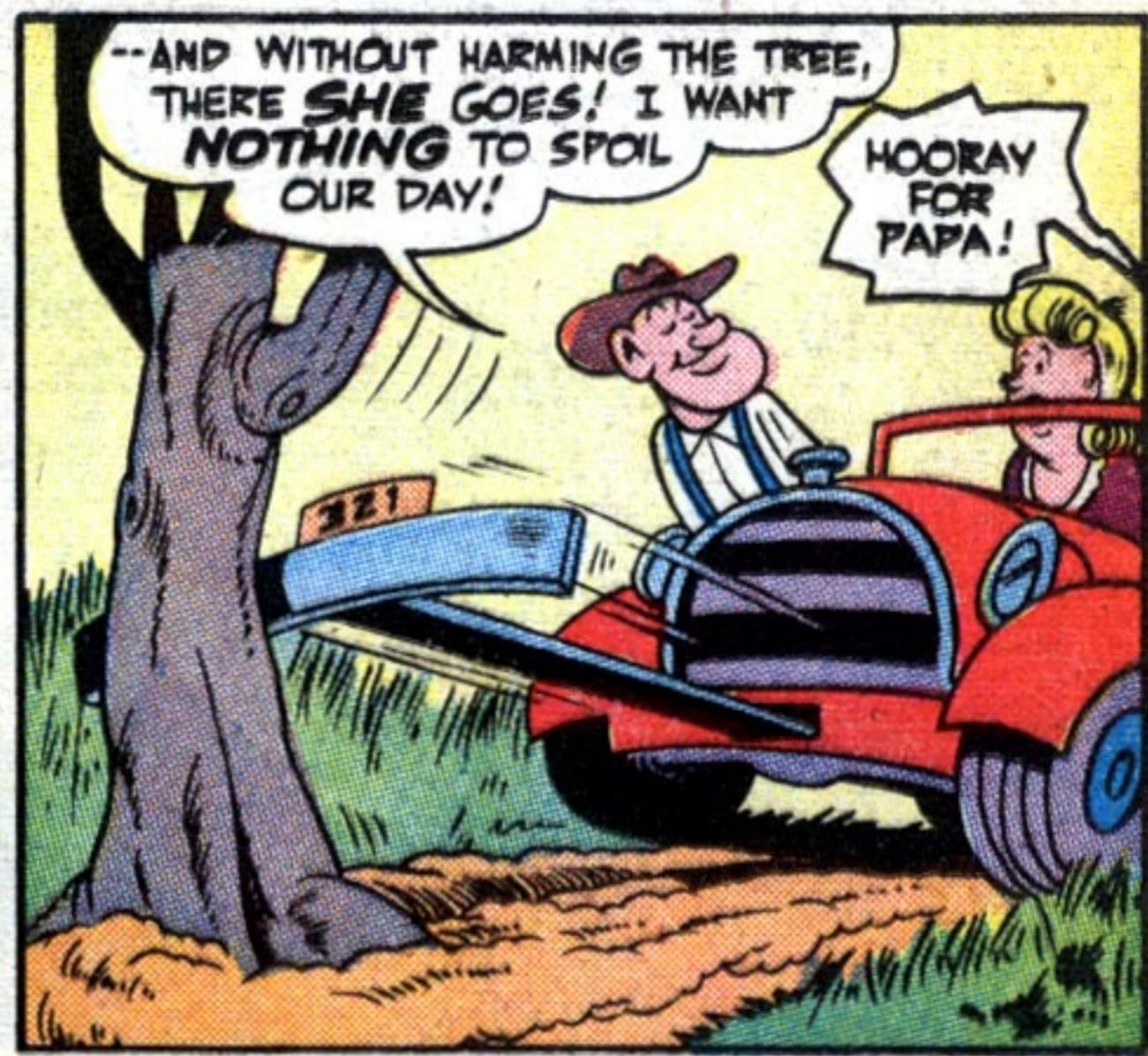
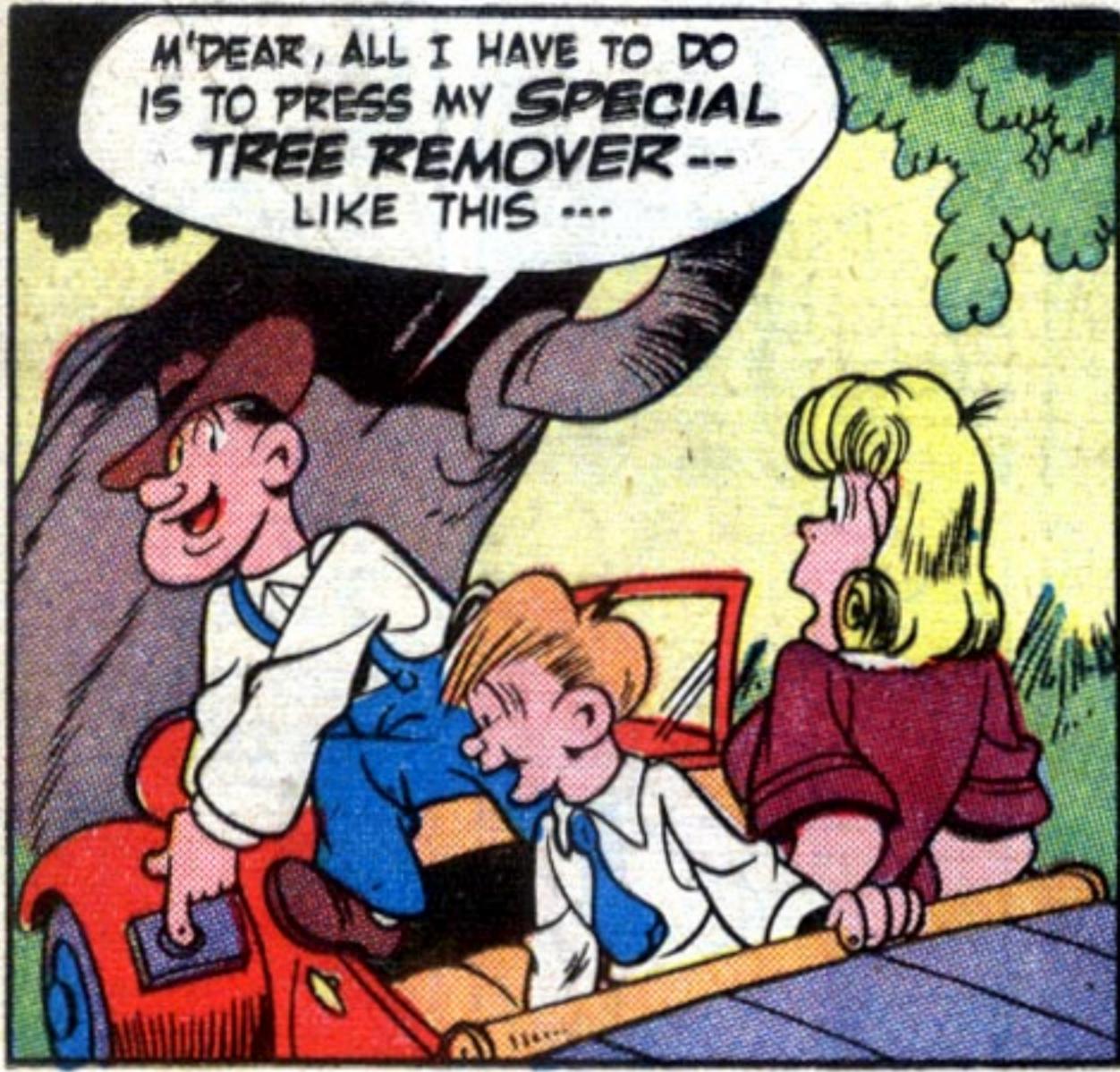
DON'T  
SAY THAT,  
MA!

**P**icking an ideal spot is usually a family  
matter - so, after a few miles ...

AH, WHAT  
A BEAUTIFUL  
VIEW!

LET'S  
STOP HERE,  
PAPA!

NO, TINKER,  
THE **TREE**  
IS IN THE  
WAY!



A PORTABLE FOLDING T-TABLE? DO YOU THINK WE CAN TRUST IT, JUNIOR?

GEE, MAMA, I GUESS SO!

ABSOLUTELY! WE WILL EAT IN STYLE!

NOW YOU CAN SPREAD YOUR CLOTH!

So far, so good ...

Nary a mishap!

So, the **Tinker Family** sits down to lunch...

GEE, MAMA, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE PICNIC'S A SUCCESS!

YEAH! BUT LOOK! WHAT'S THAT?

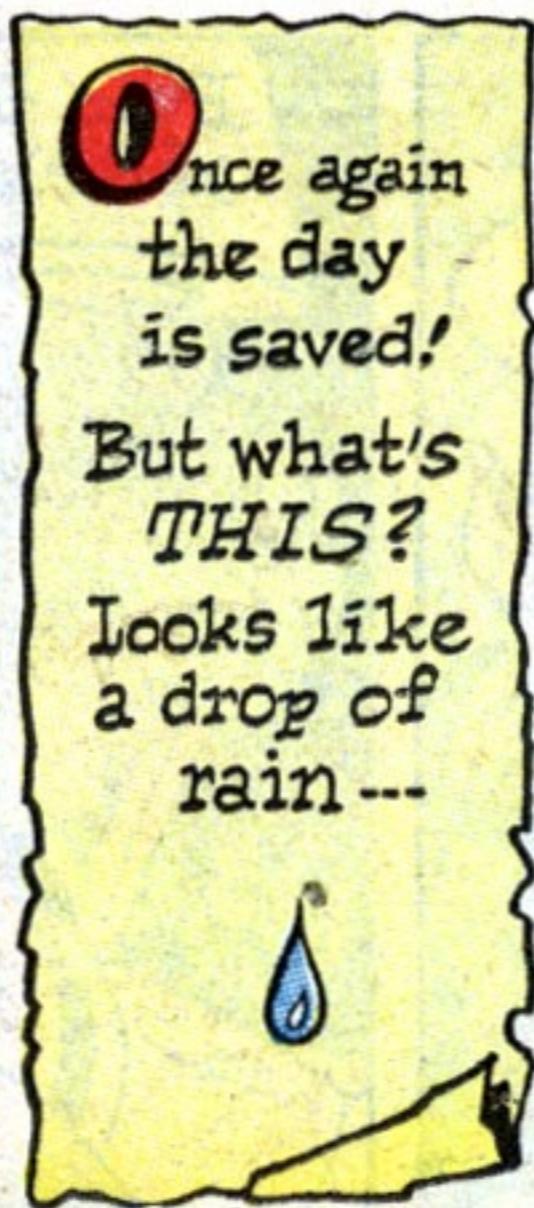
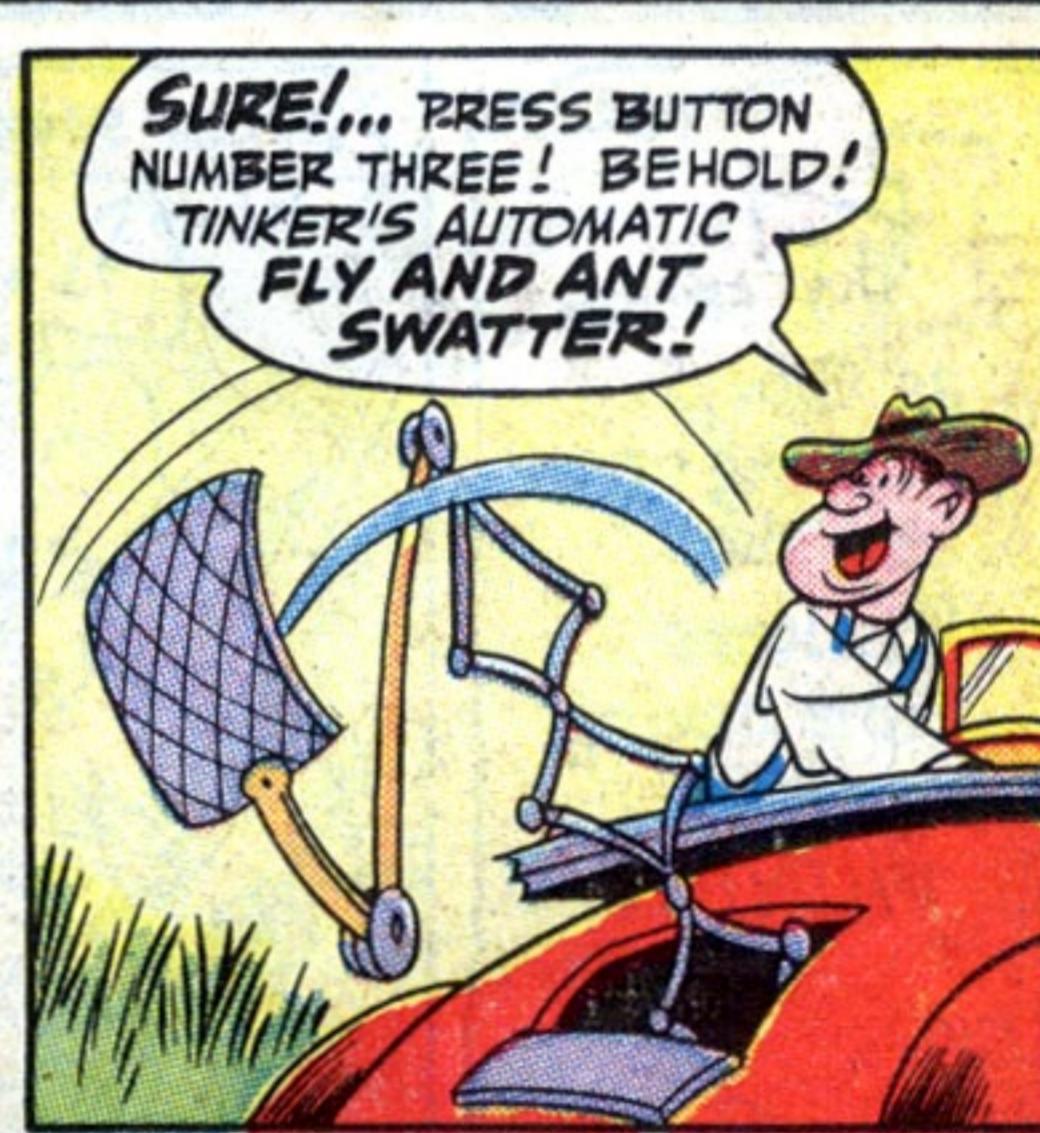
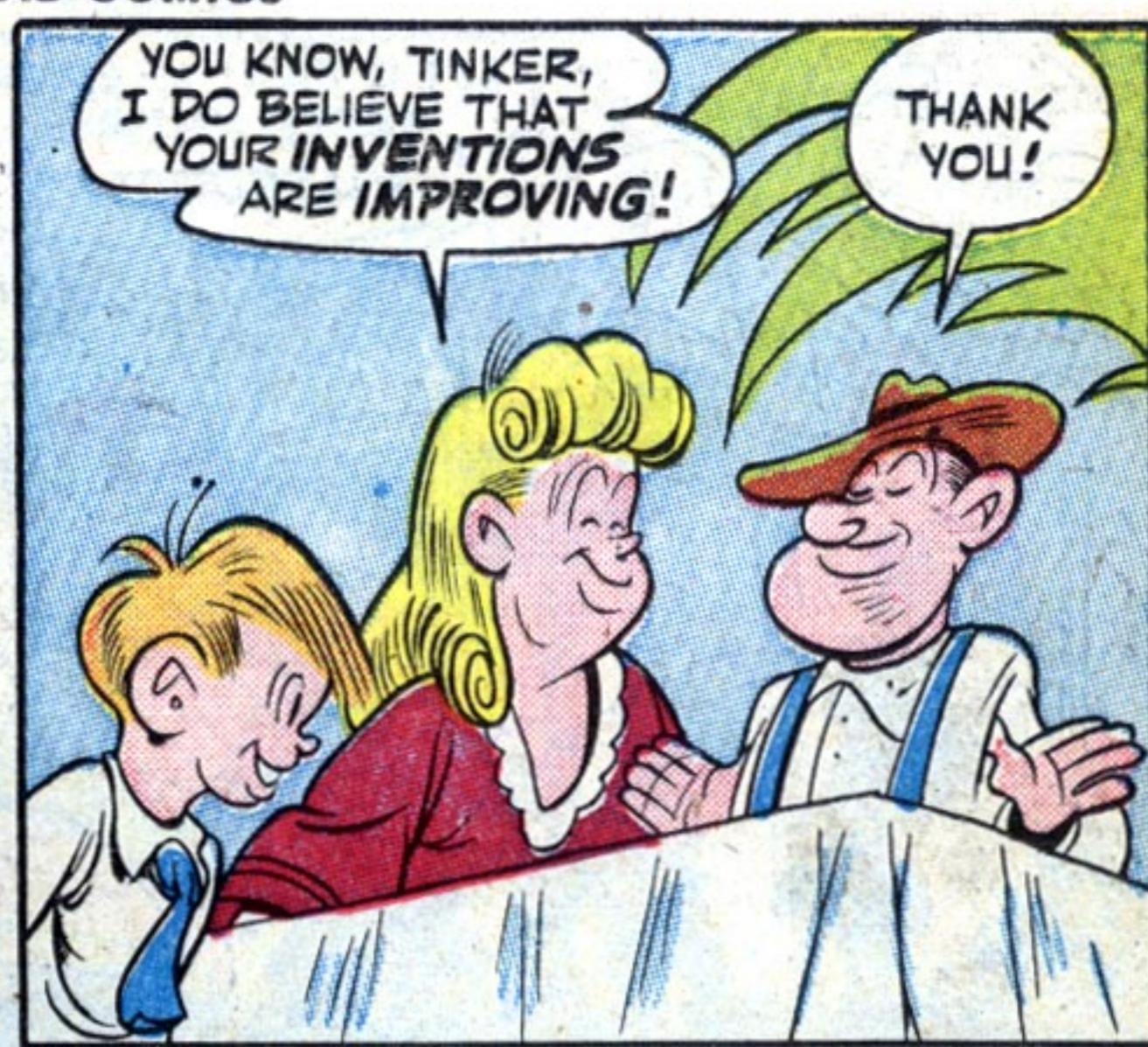
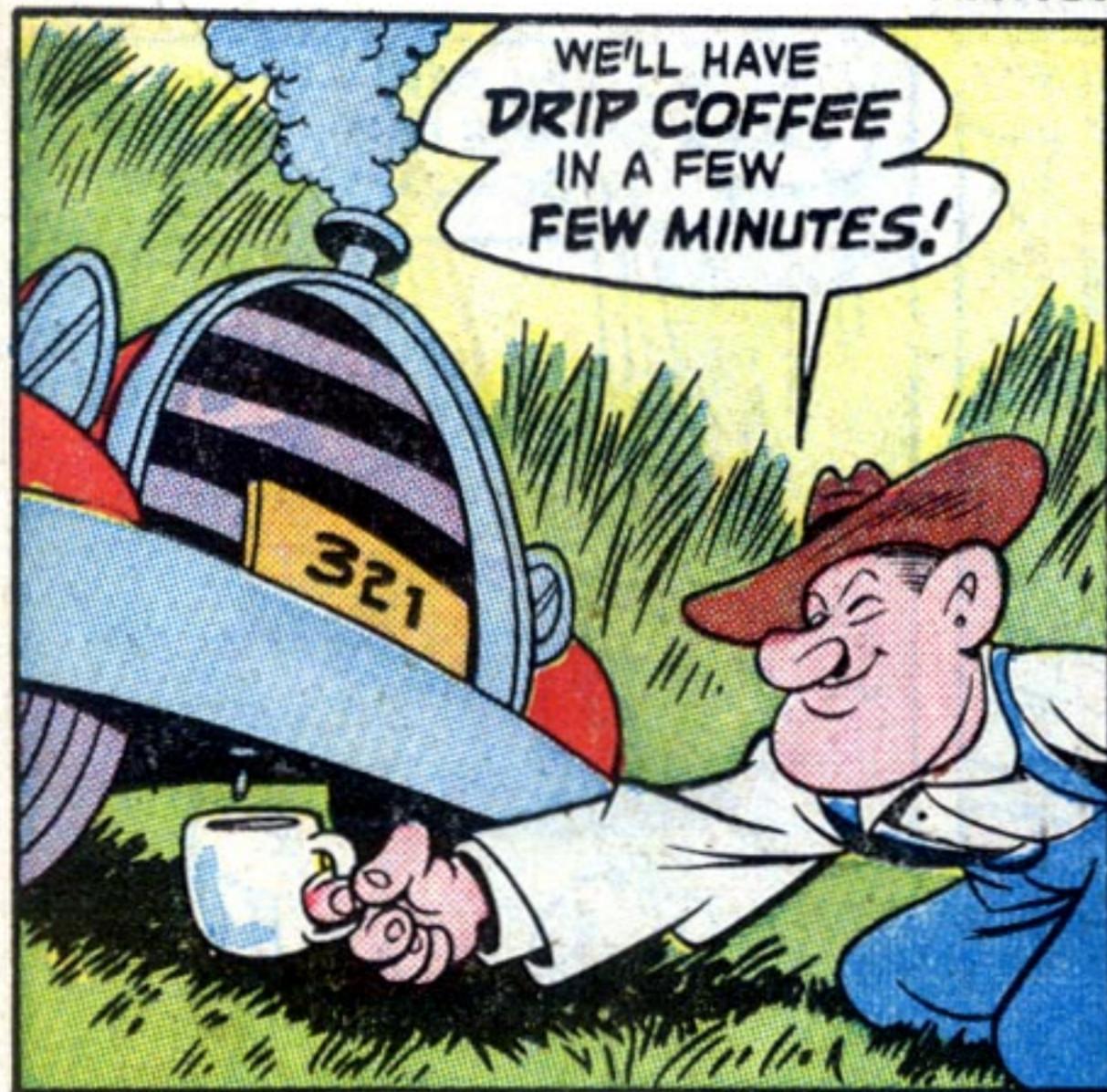
NOTHING AT ALL, DEAR! THE WATER IS READY!

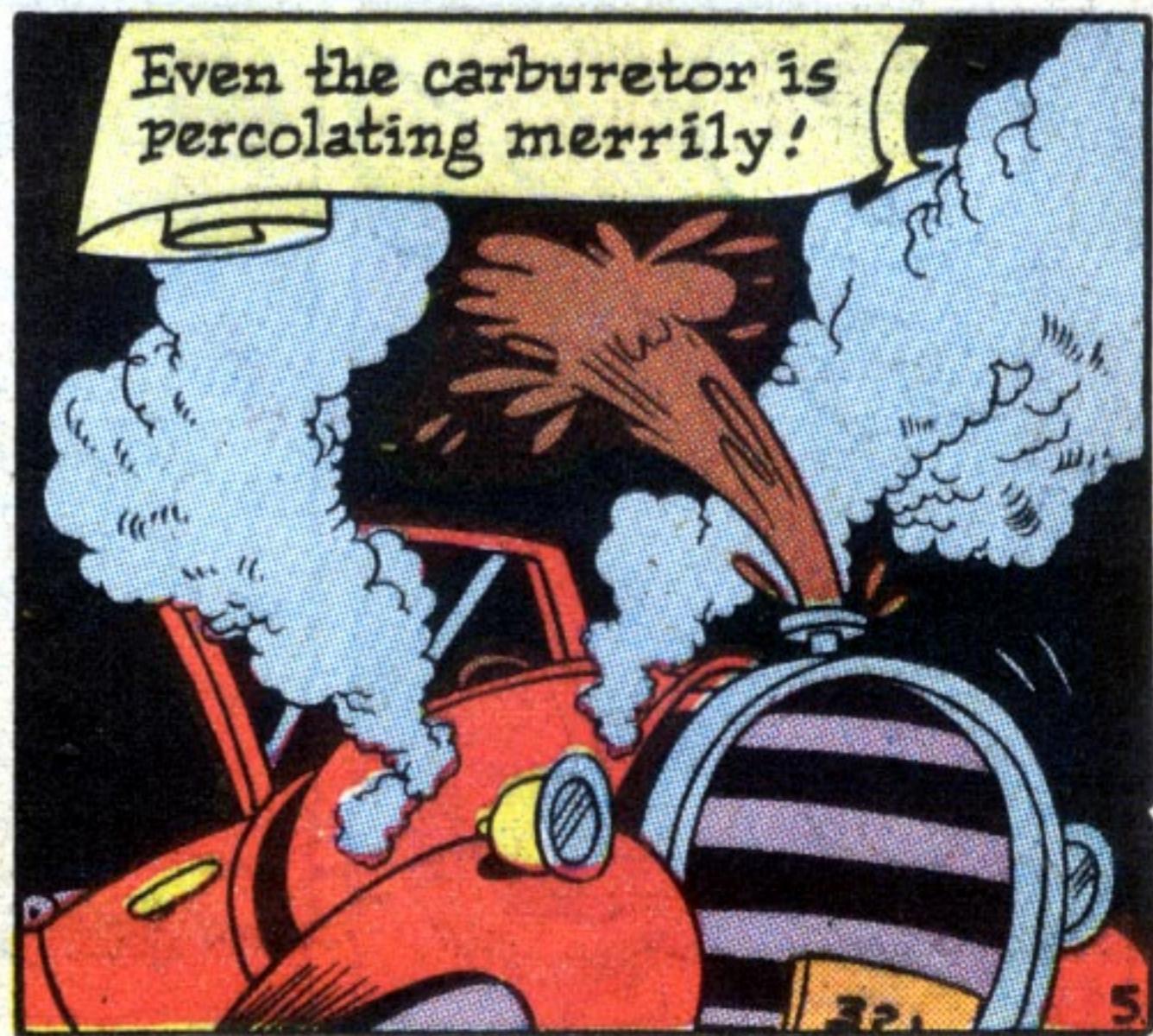
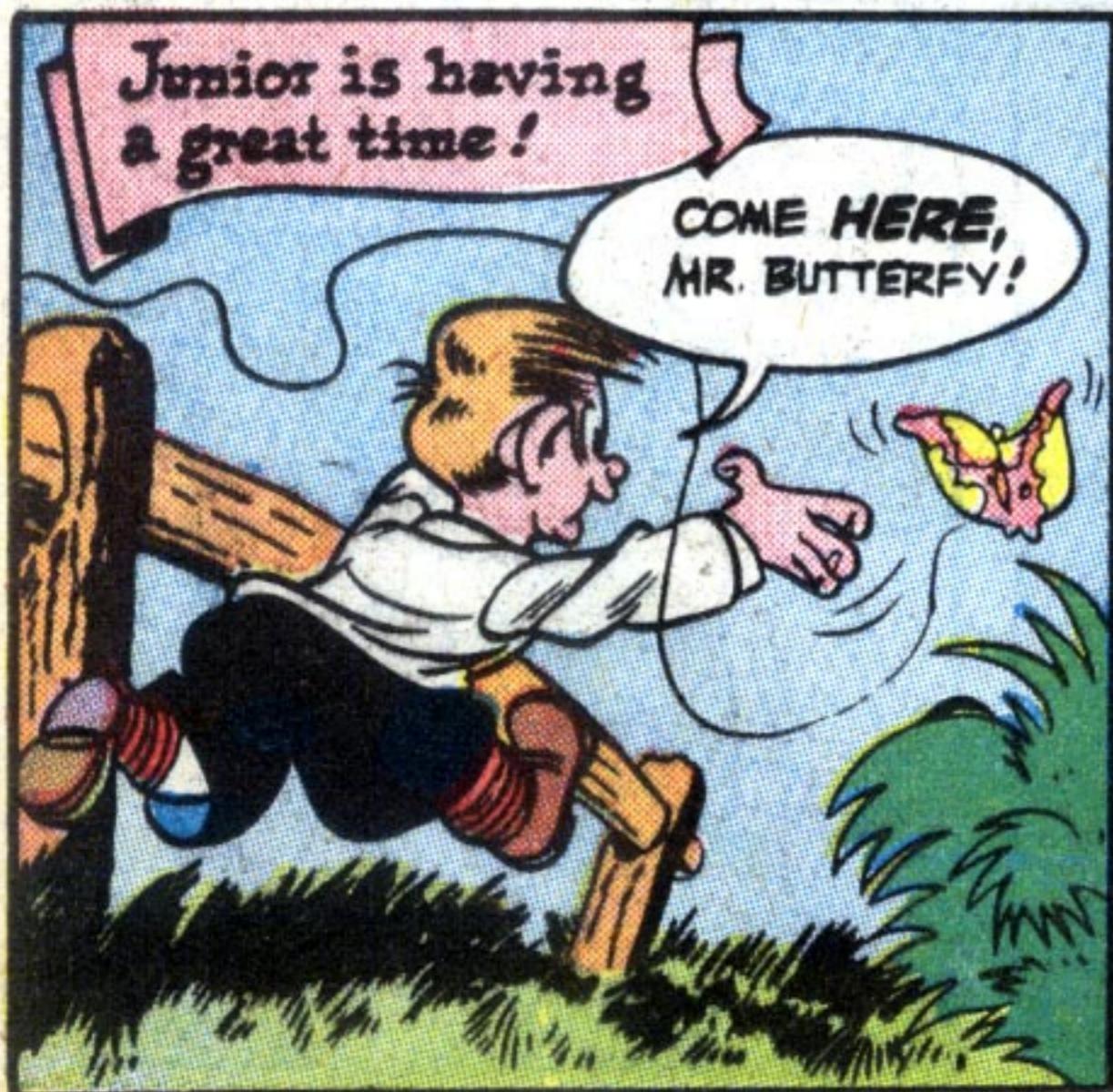
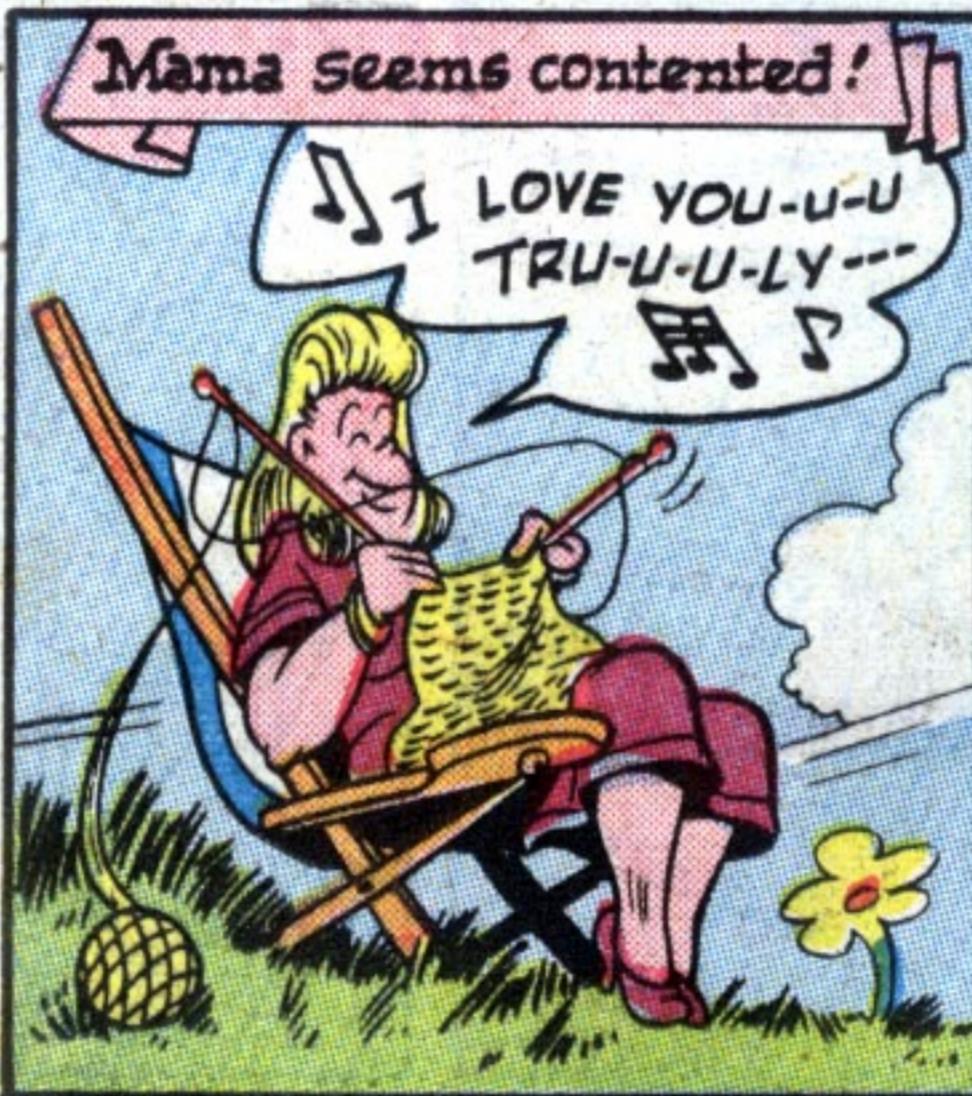
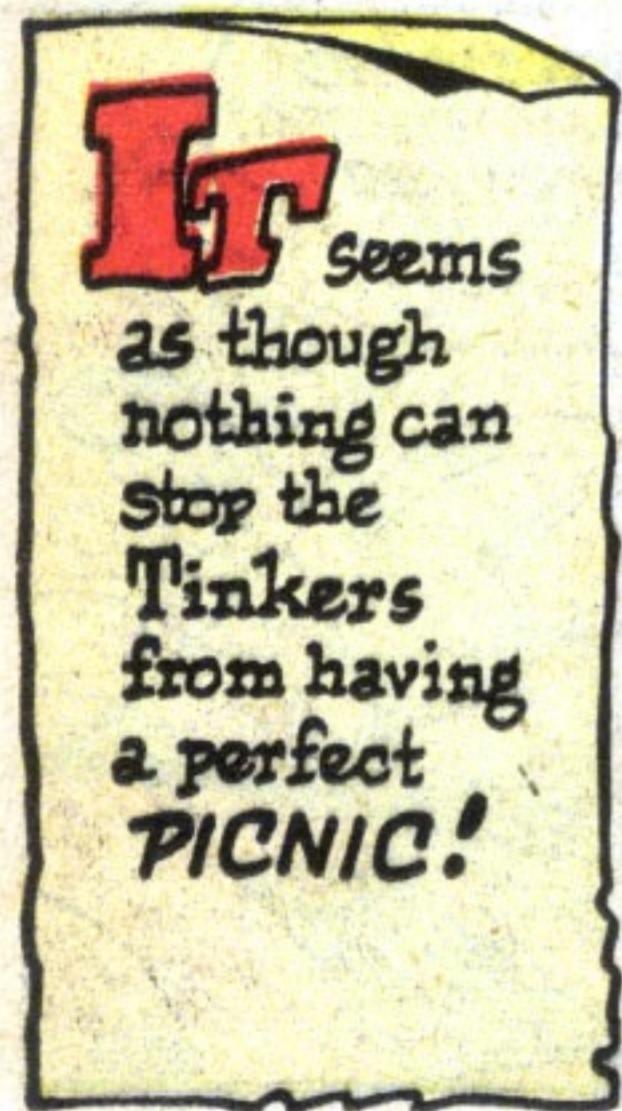
PLUNK!

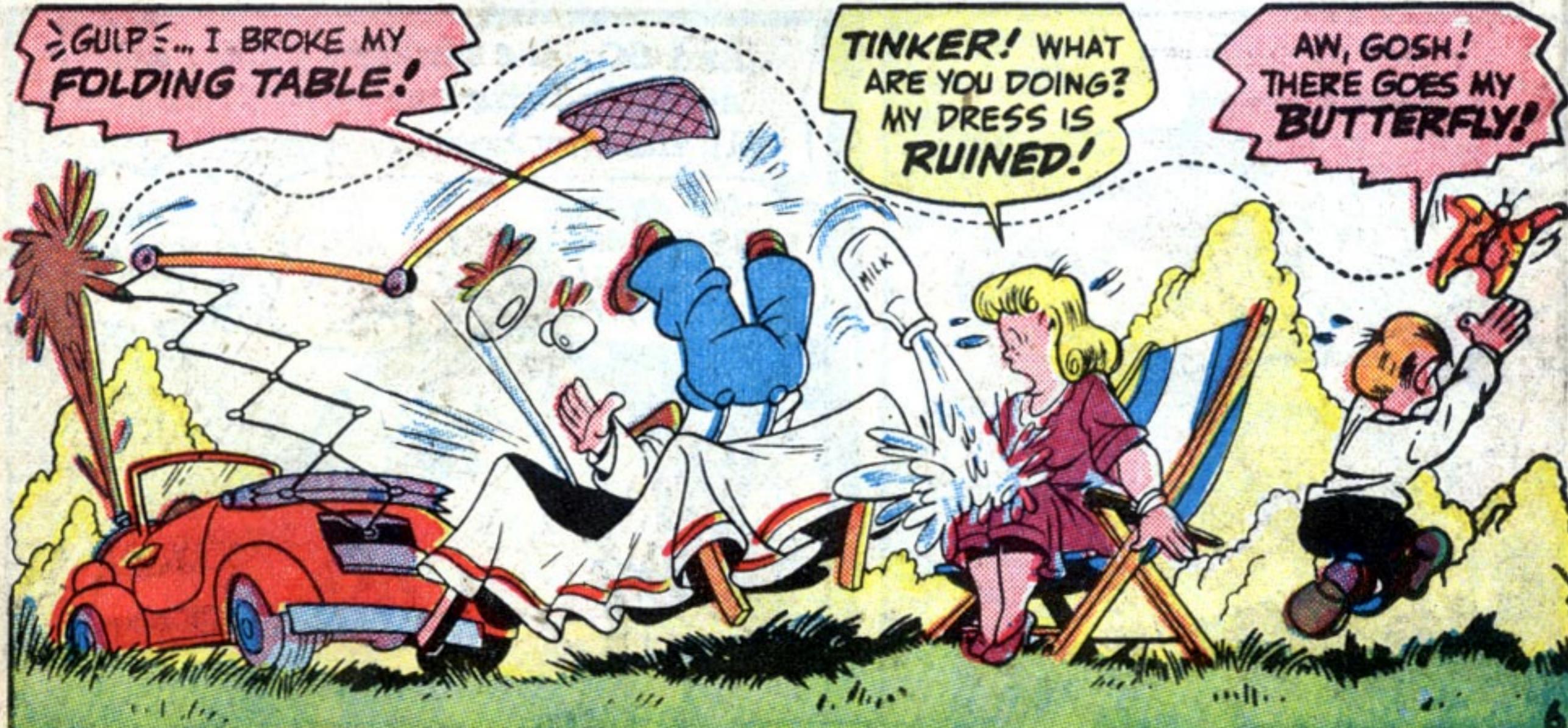
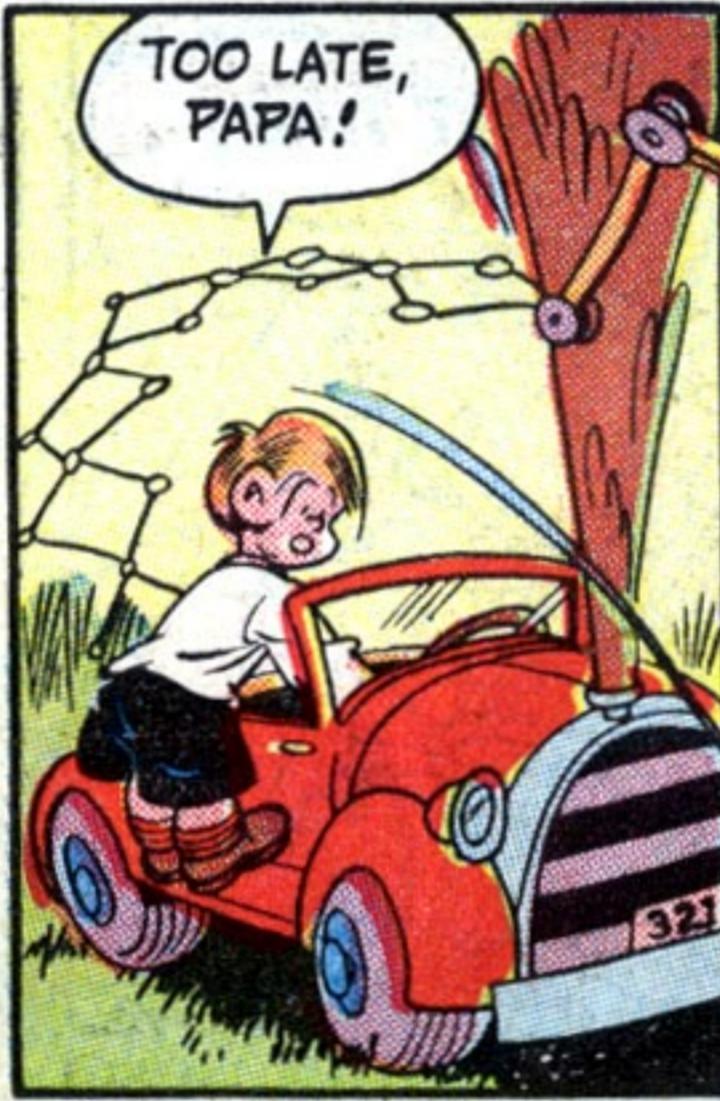
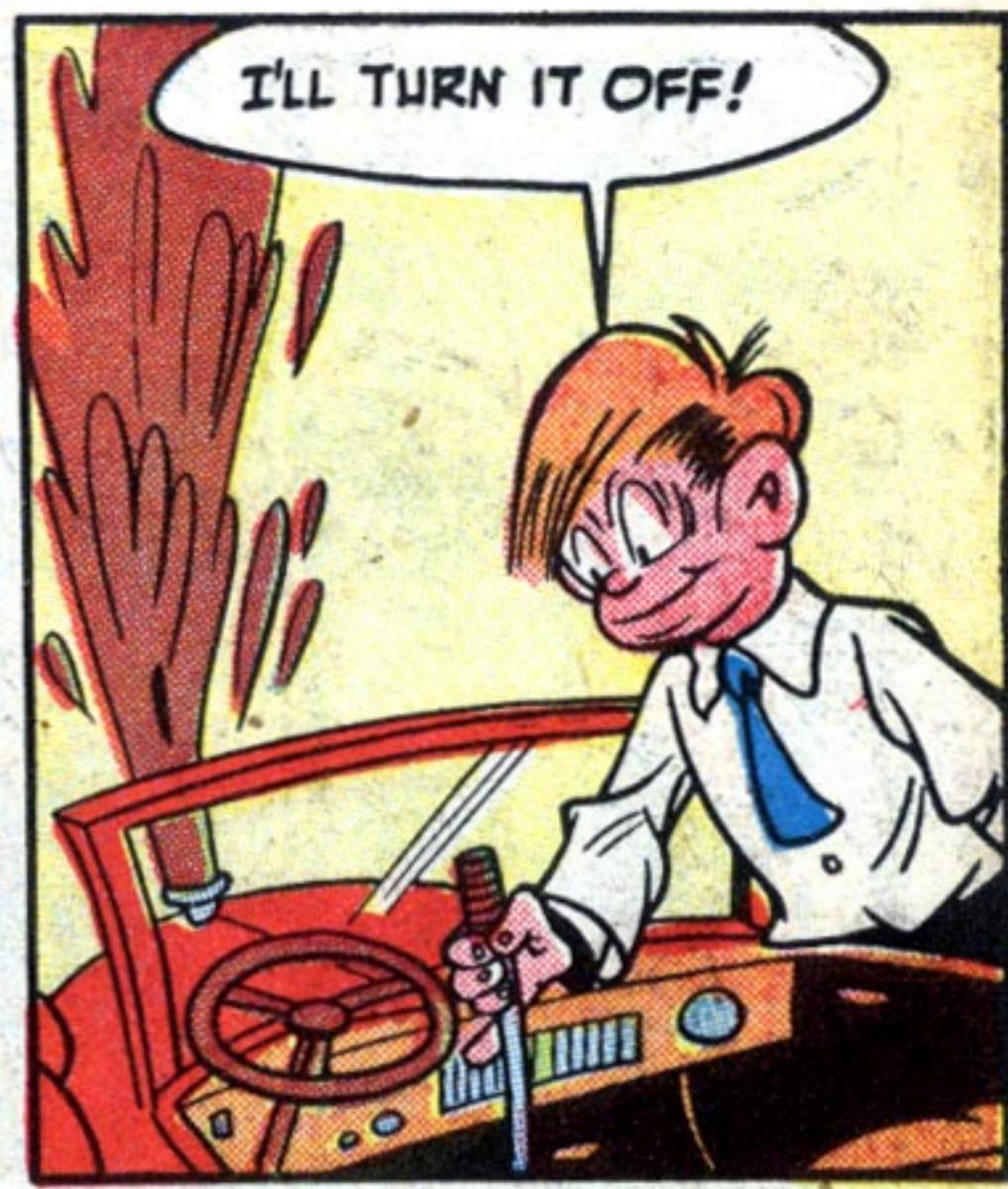
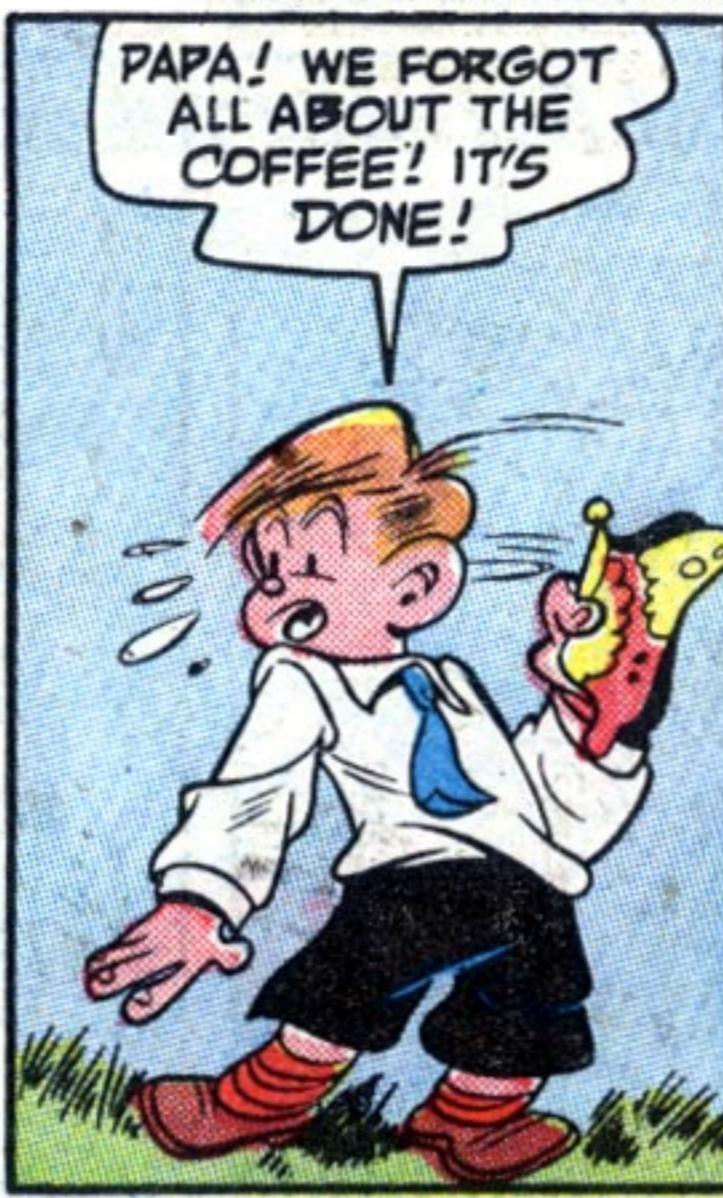
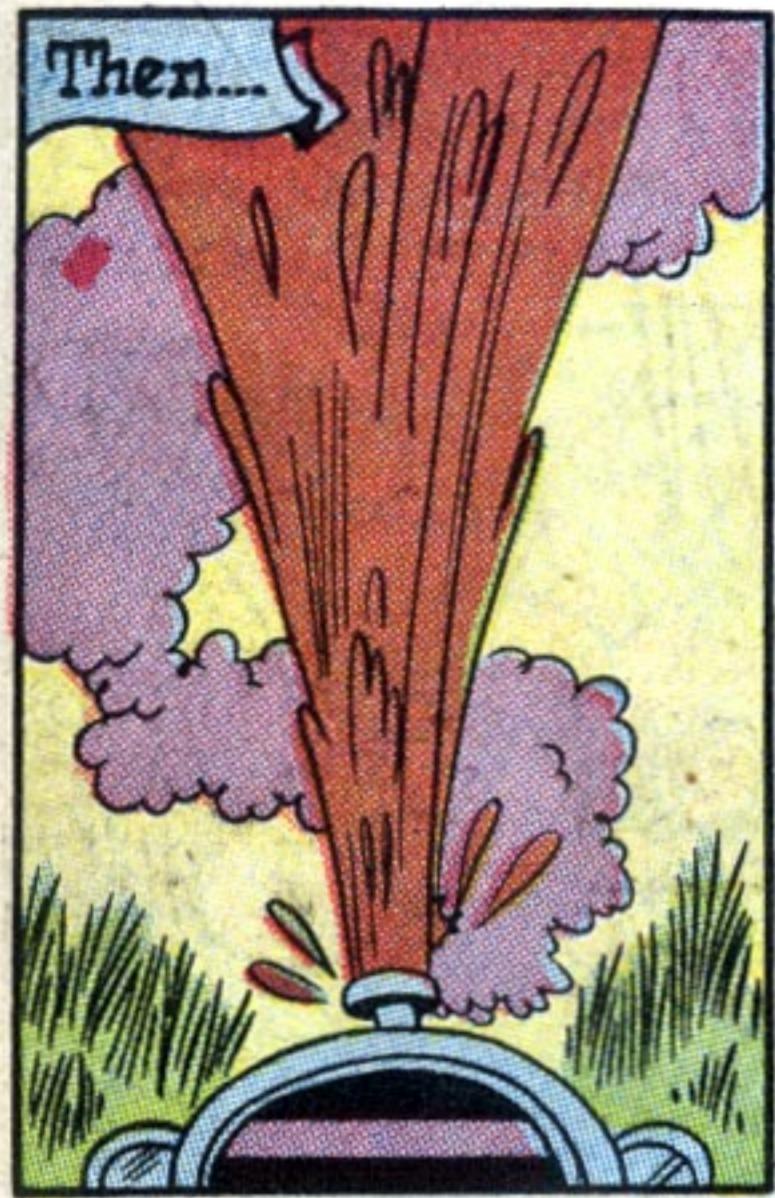
JUST WAIT TILL YOU TASTE MY TINKER CARBURETED COFFEE... A NEW INNOVATION!

I'LL JUST HELP IT PERCOLATE A LITTLE!





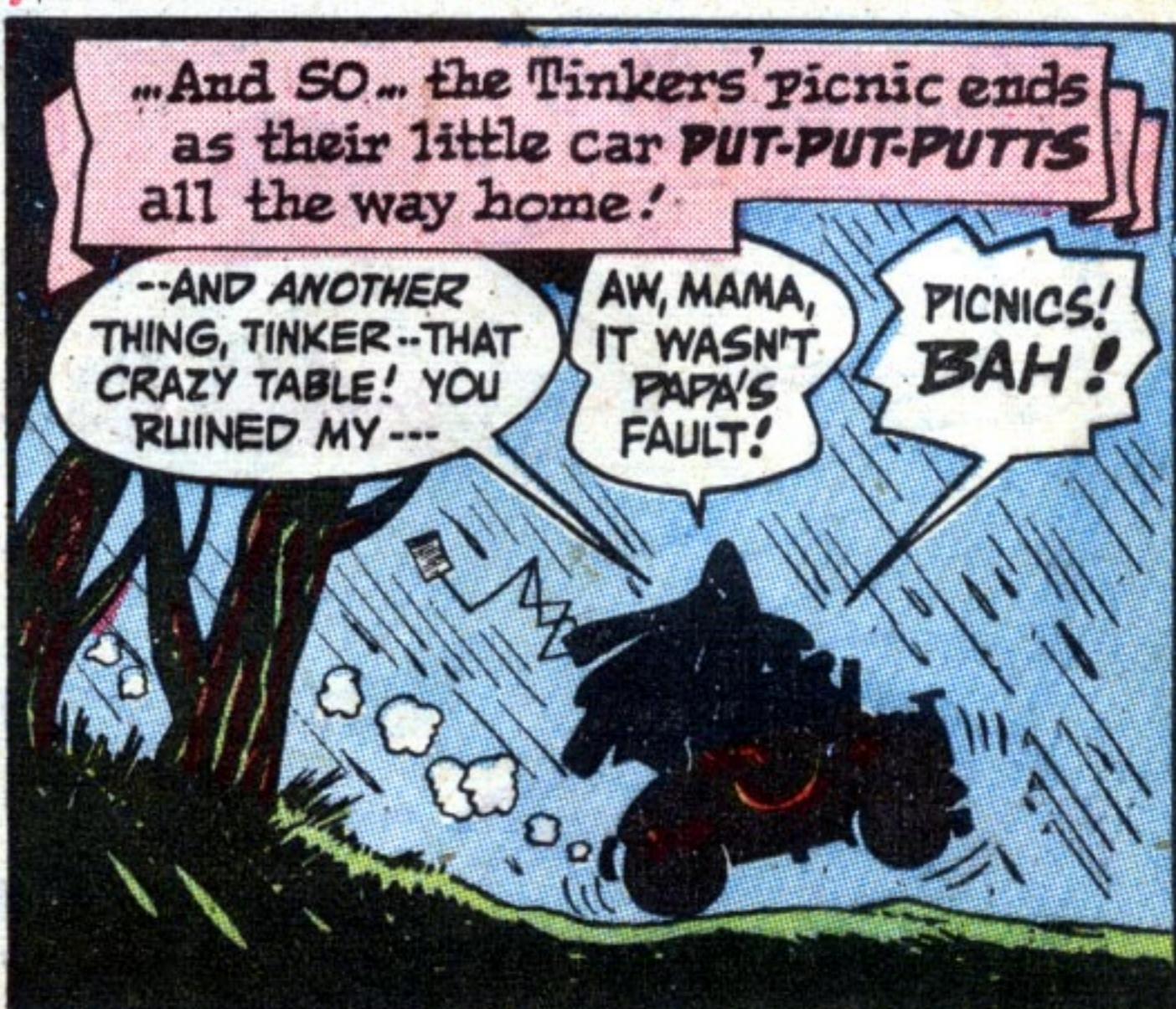
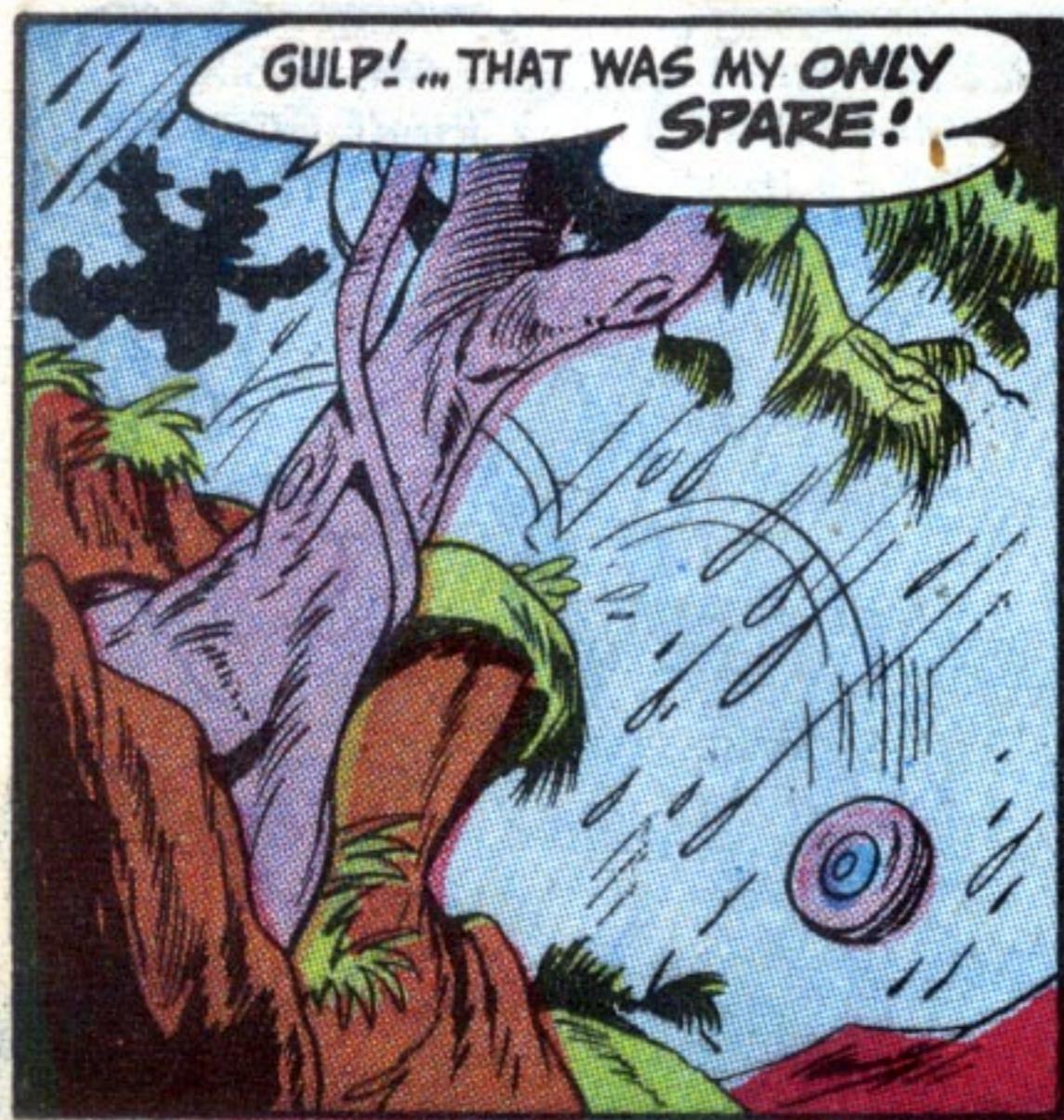
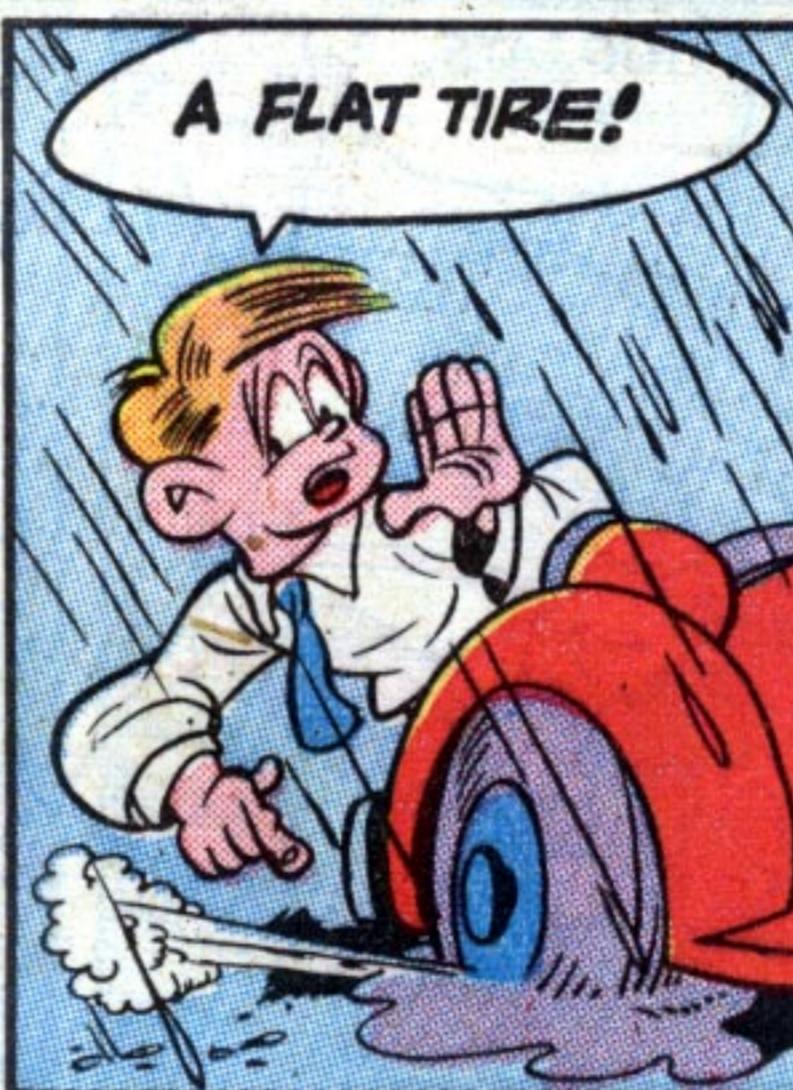
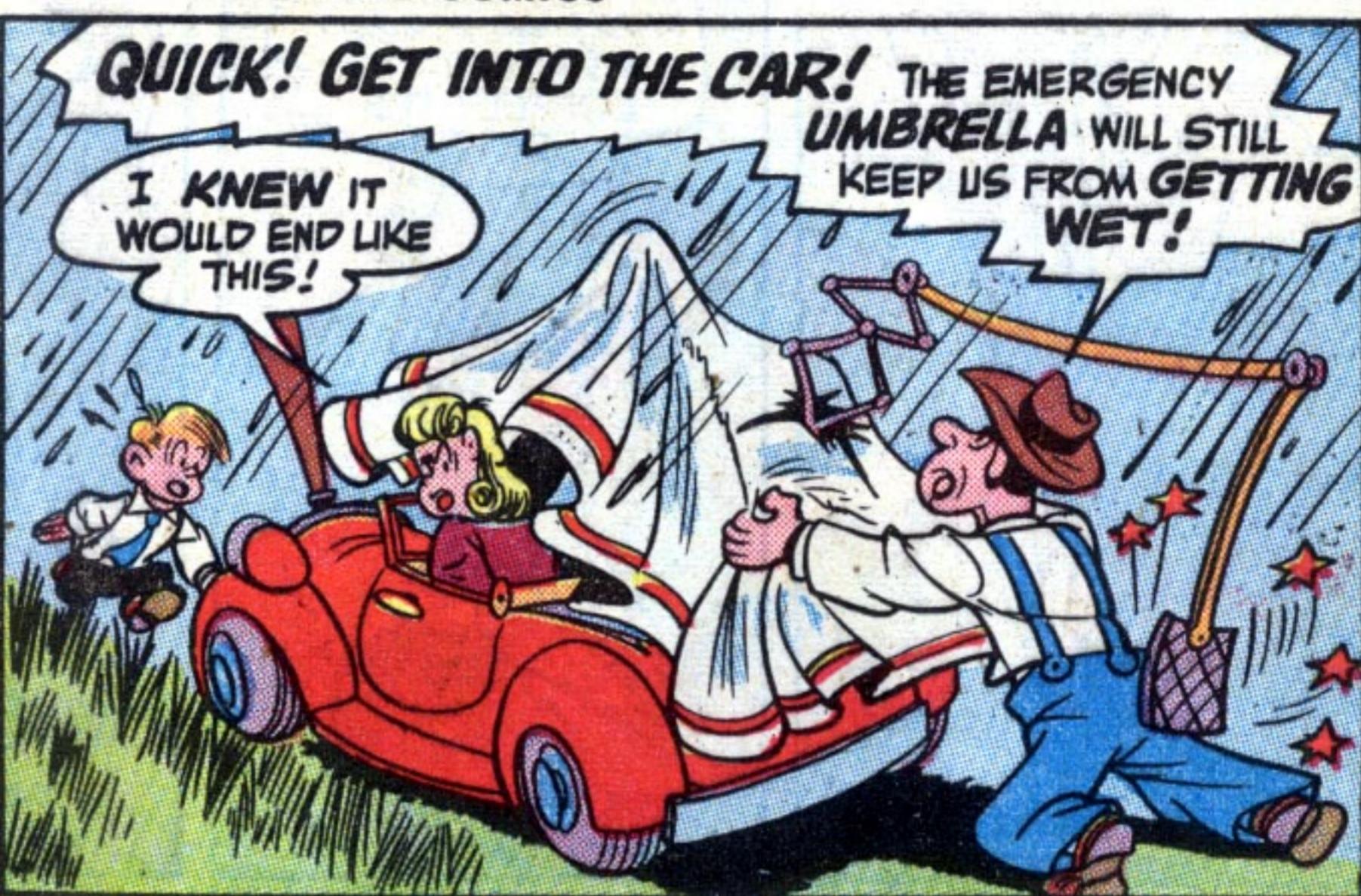




TINKER! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING?  
MY DRESS IS  
RUINED!

AW, GOSH!  
THERE GOES MY  
BUTTERFLY!

EVERYTHING is going **WRONG** -- and to make matters worse, out of the sky comes a **BOLT OF LIGHTNING!**



# LASSIE

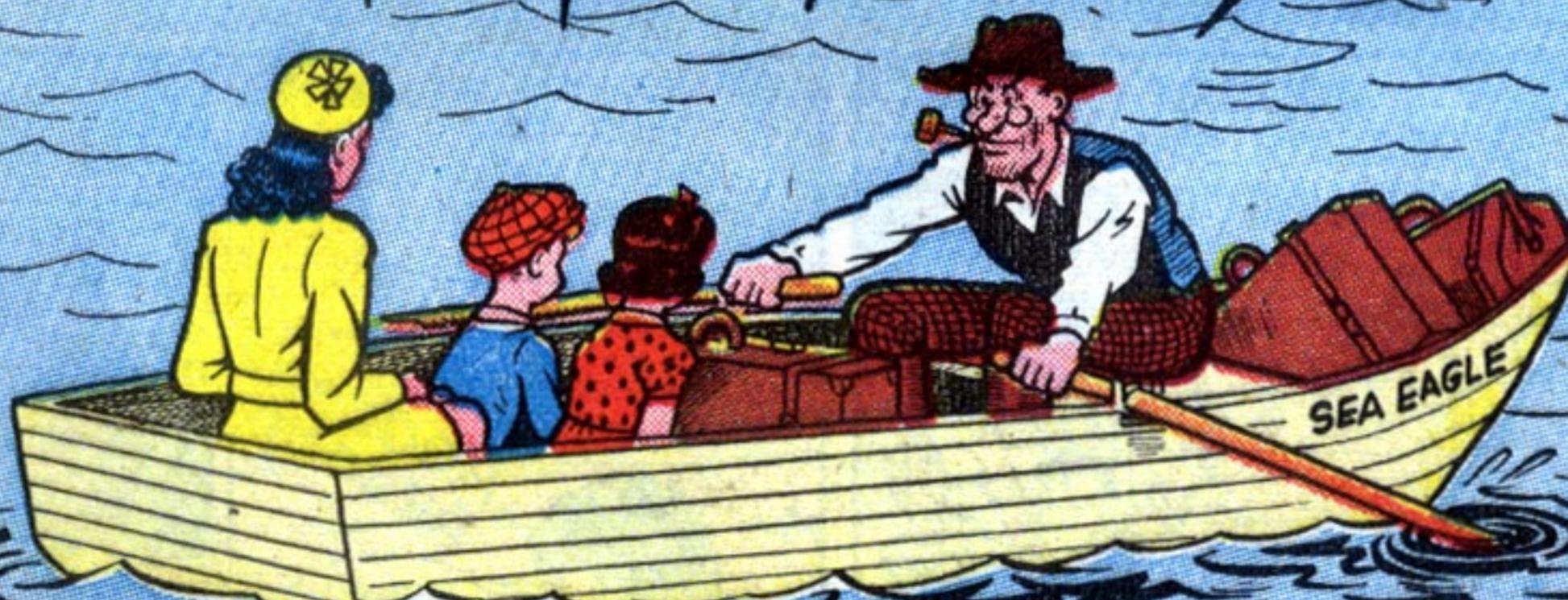
Roberta, Lassie and Laddie are en route to their uncle's mountain lodge, which they intend occupying alone for a short stay until the old gentleman himself takes it over for the Summer!

IT WAS NICE OF UNCLE BALTHAZAR, INVITING US TO OCCUPY HIS LODGE! BUT, MY GOODNESS, THAT ISLAND LOOKS WILD AND CREEPY IN THE TWILIGHT!

YEAH, IT DOES LOOK KINDA SPOOKY!

ARE THERE ANY WILD ANIMALS OVER THERE, MISTER?

MAYBE A FEW FOX AND SKUNK AND A B'AR OR TWO, BUT IT AIN'T THEM CRITTERS I'D BE A-FEARED OF! THAT ISLAND USED TO BE A BATTLEGROUND FOR IROQUOIS AND HURON INJUN TRIBES - AND THEY SAY GHOSTS OF SLAIN WARRIORS RAISE QUITE A RUMPLUS THAR AT NIGHTS, ONCE THEY GITS STARTED! A BODY'S LIFE AIN'T SAFE THAR AFTER DARK, IF Y' ASK ME... NOT THAT I MEAN T' WORRY Y' NONE, MUM!



WELL, HERE WE ARE, KIDS, BUT I MUST SAY I DON'T FEEL TOO OVERJOYED ABOUT IT!

BUCK UP, ROBERTA.... I THINK IT'LL BE EXCITING!

WE'LL PERTECK YA, ROBERTA!

WELL, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER! THAT HELPS!



WE'LL COOK A SNACK AND THEN YOU CHILDREN GO STRAIGHT TO BED! WE'RE ALL TIRED AFTER THAT LONG TRIP!

OKAY, ROBERTA!

Later...

YEAH!... SAY, DO YOU HEAR A FUNNY NOISE?

LADDIE! ARE YOU AWAKE?

HOOOO-OOO-OOO  
AROOOO-OOEEE ---!

MUST BE ONE O' THOSE INJUN GHOSTS!

ROBERTA! REDSKIN SPOOKS YOWLIN' OUT OUR WINDOW!

NO, KIDS, I DON'T THINK THAT'S ANY GHOSTLY WAR WHOOP THIS TIME!

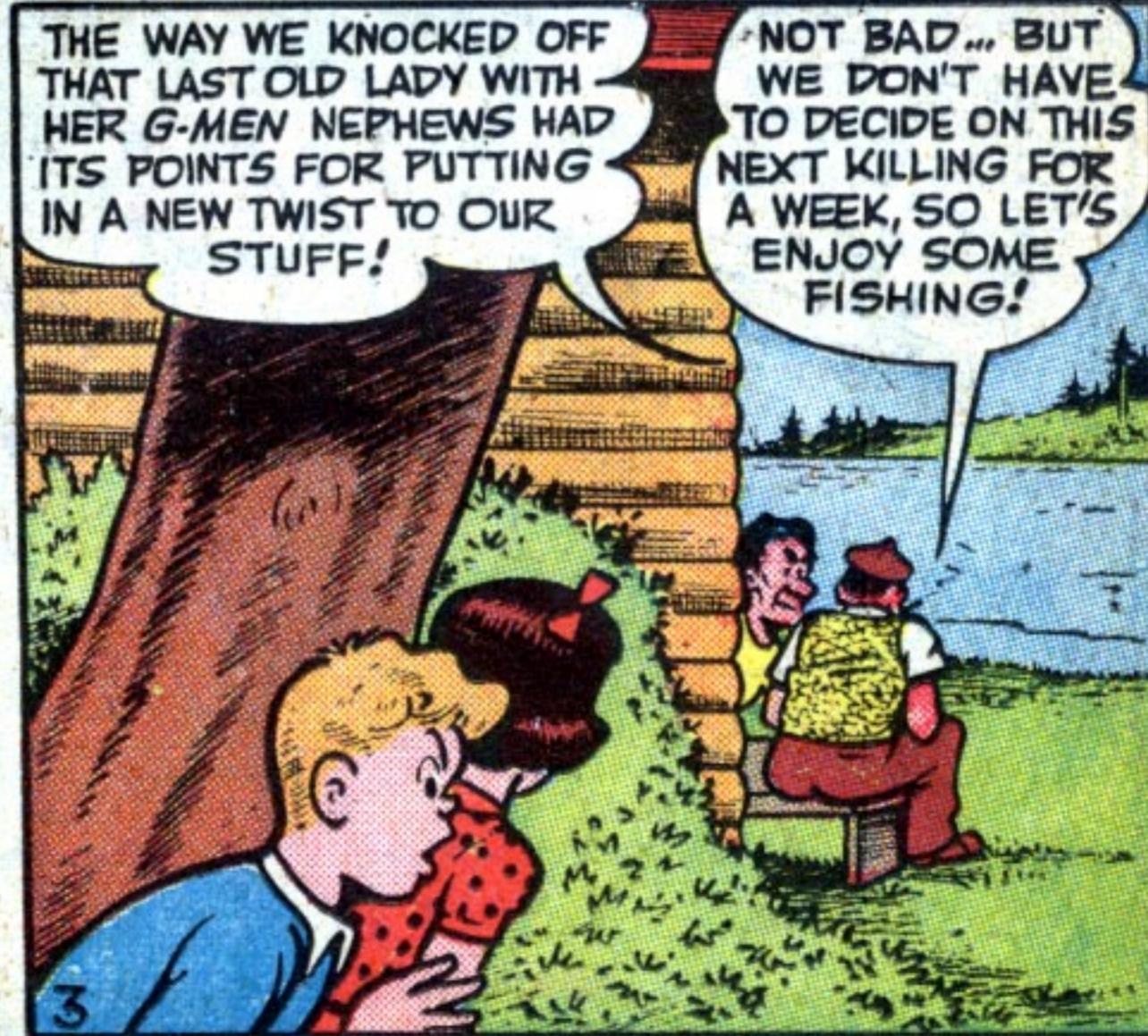
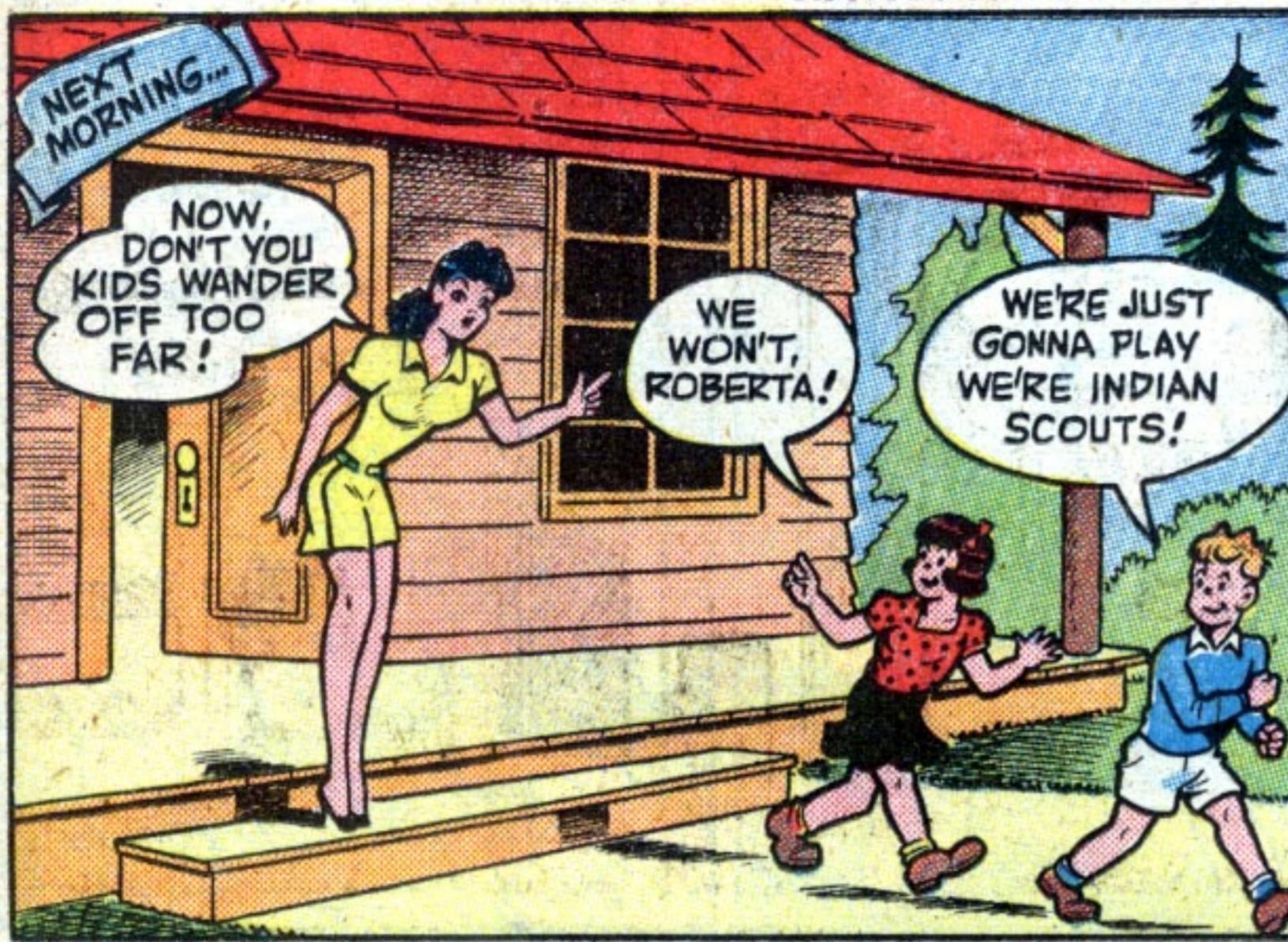
HOOOEEE!  
AEEOOOOO:

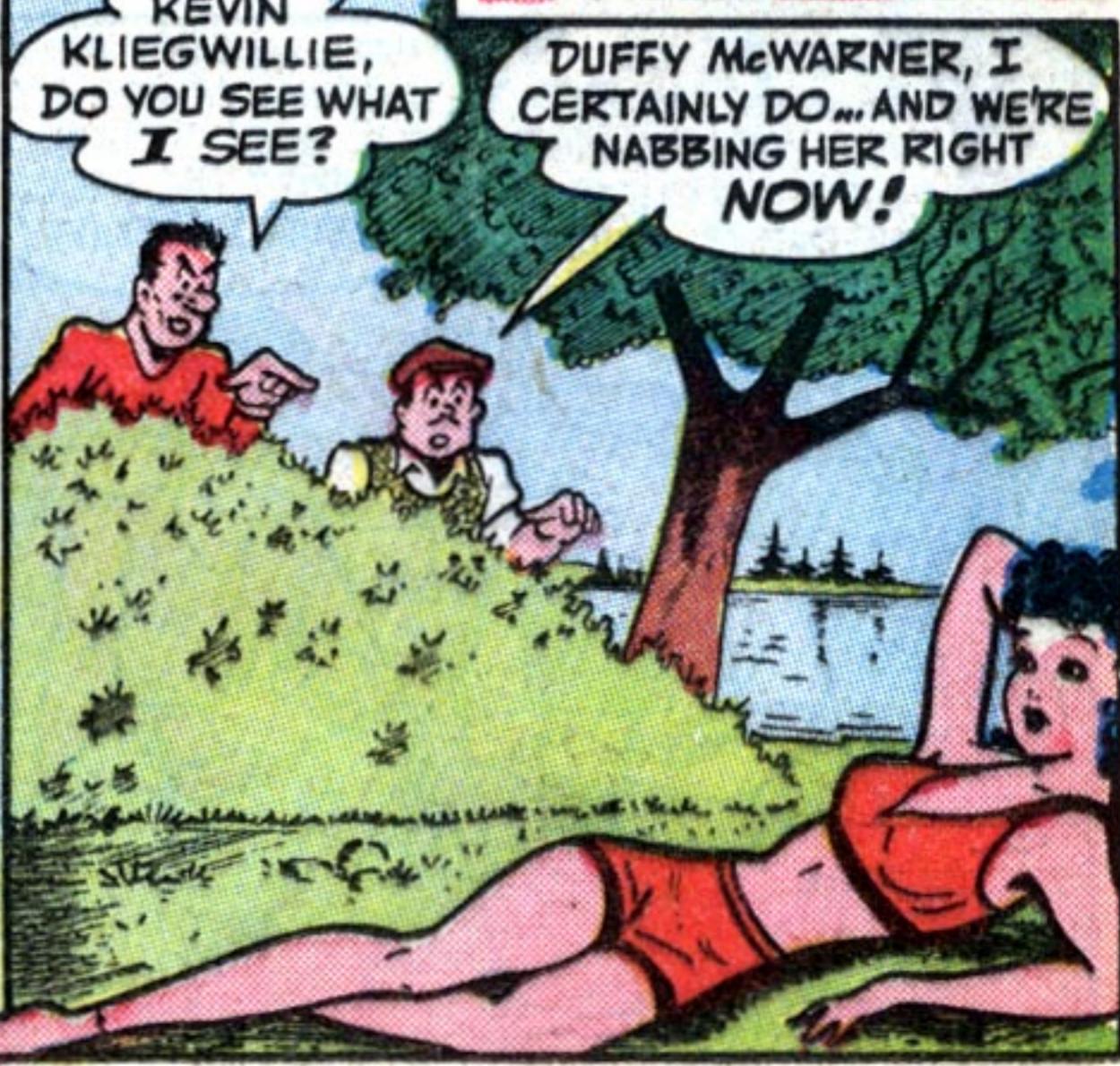
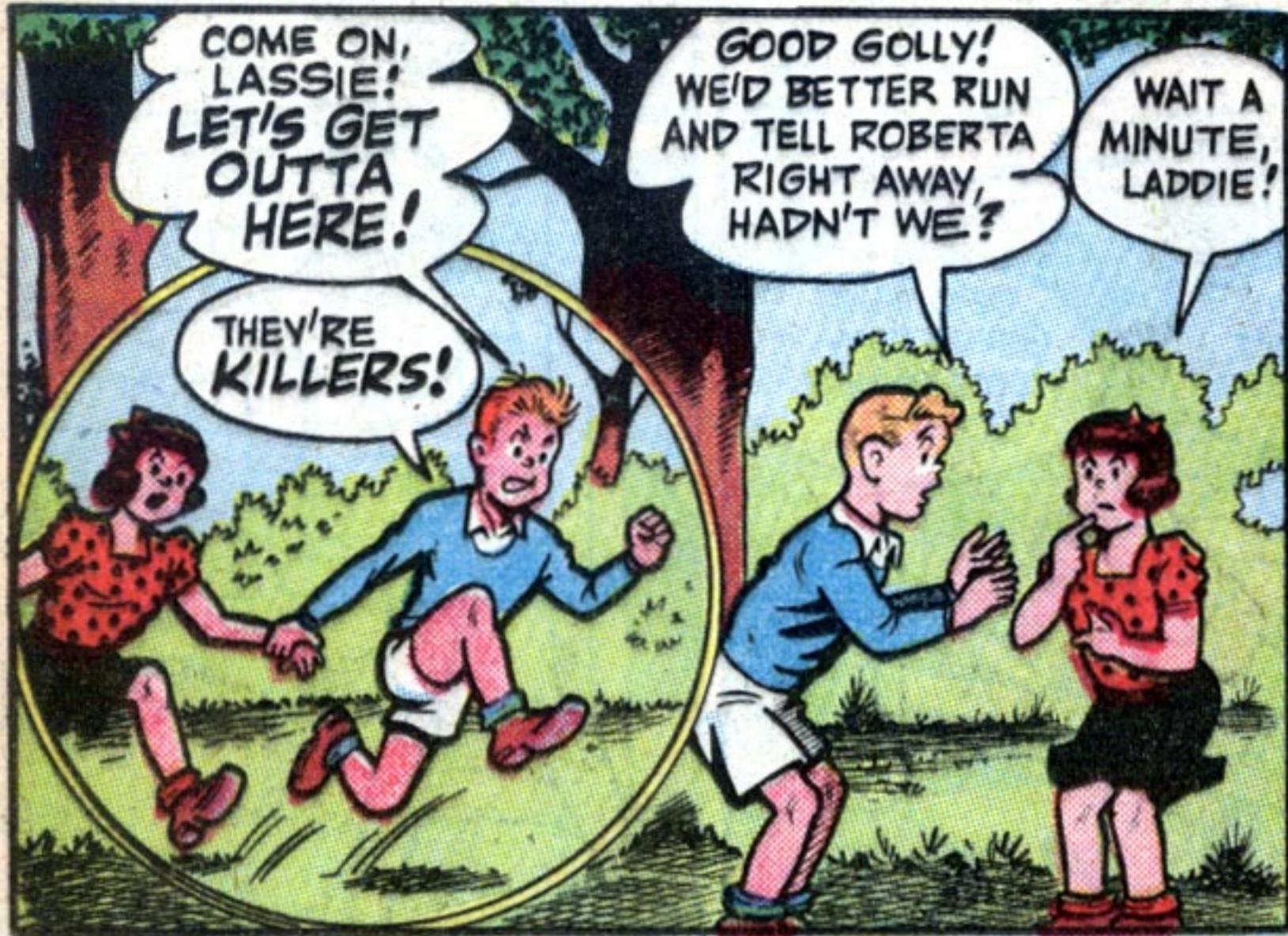


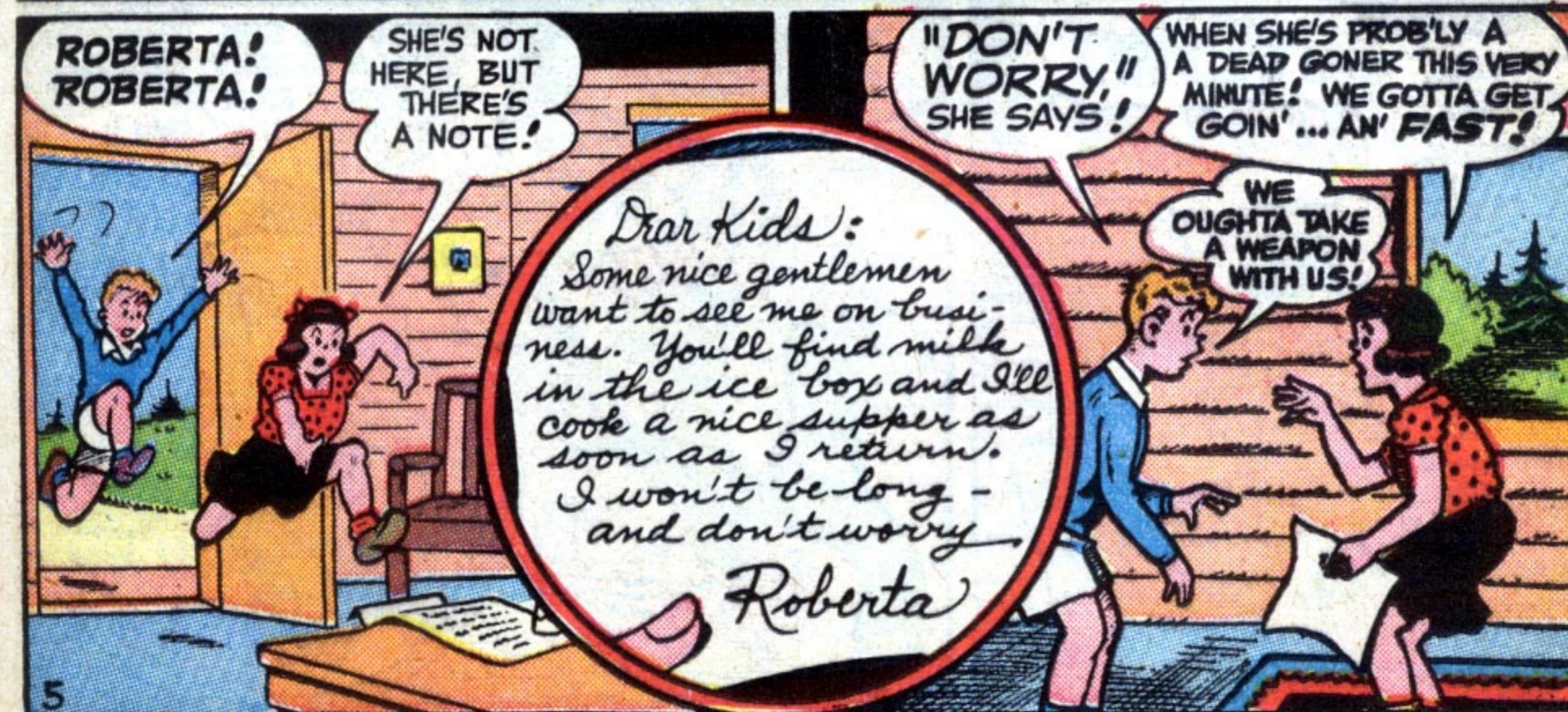
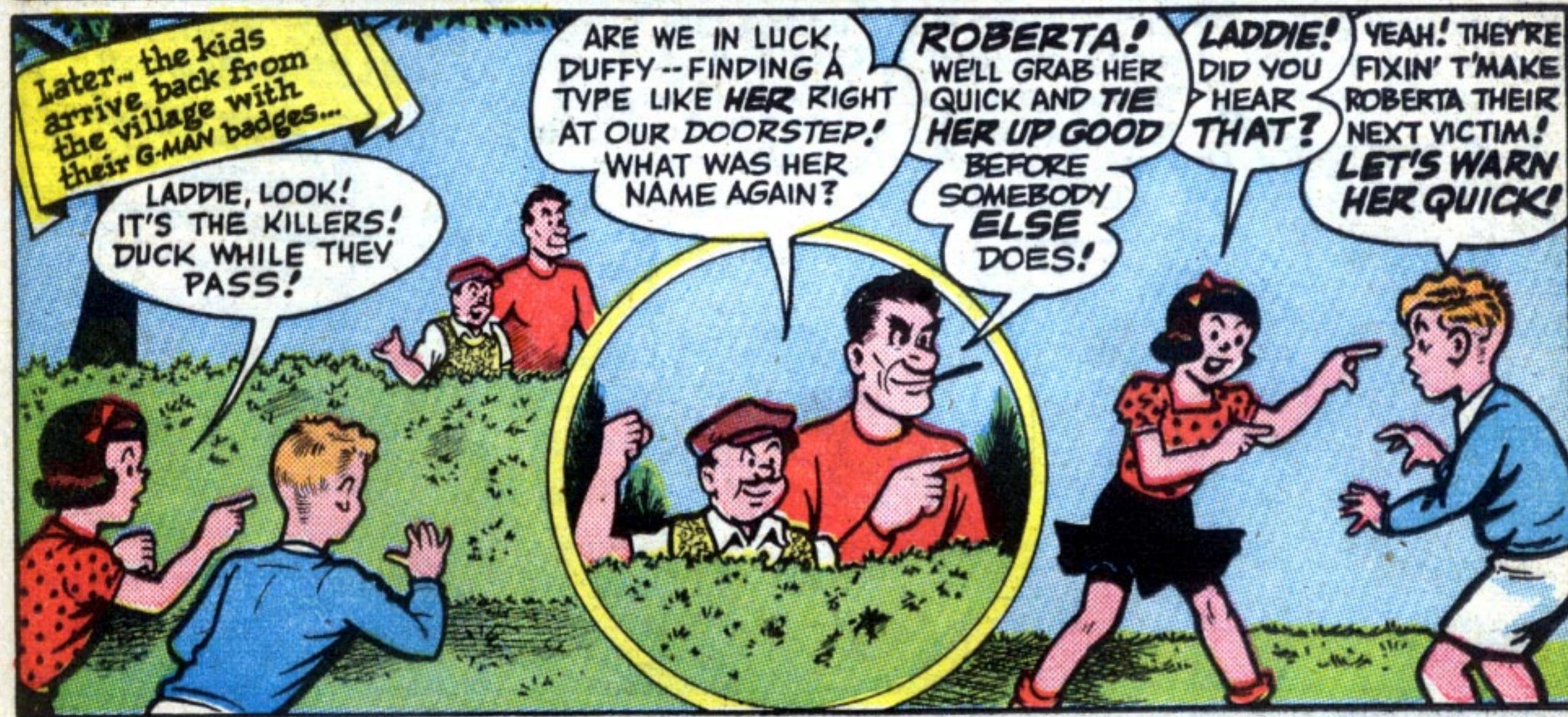
JUST A SILLY, ORNERY OLD OWL!

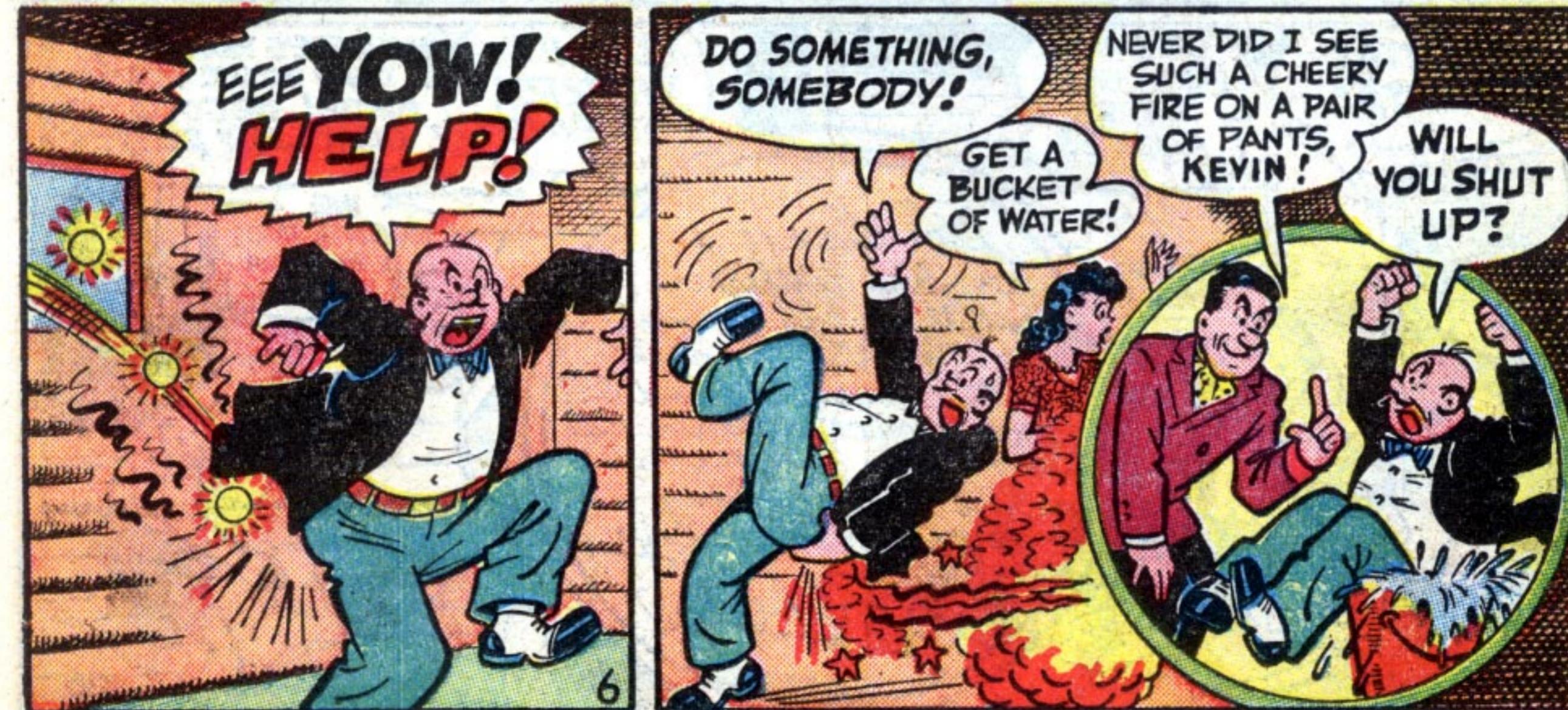
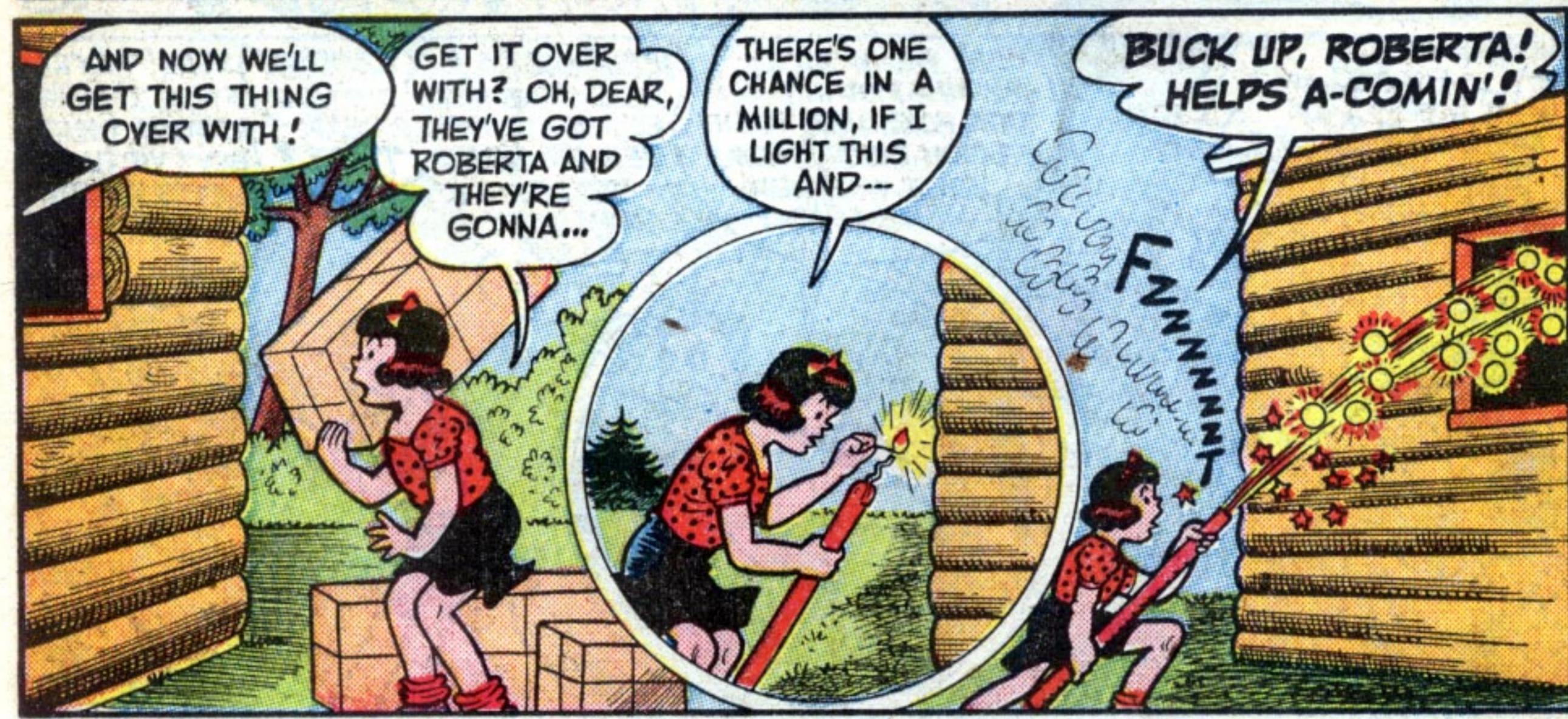
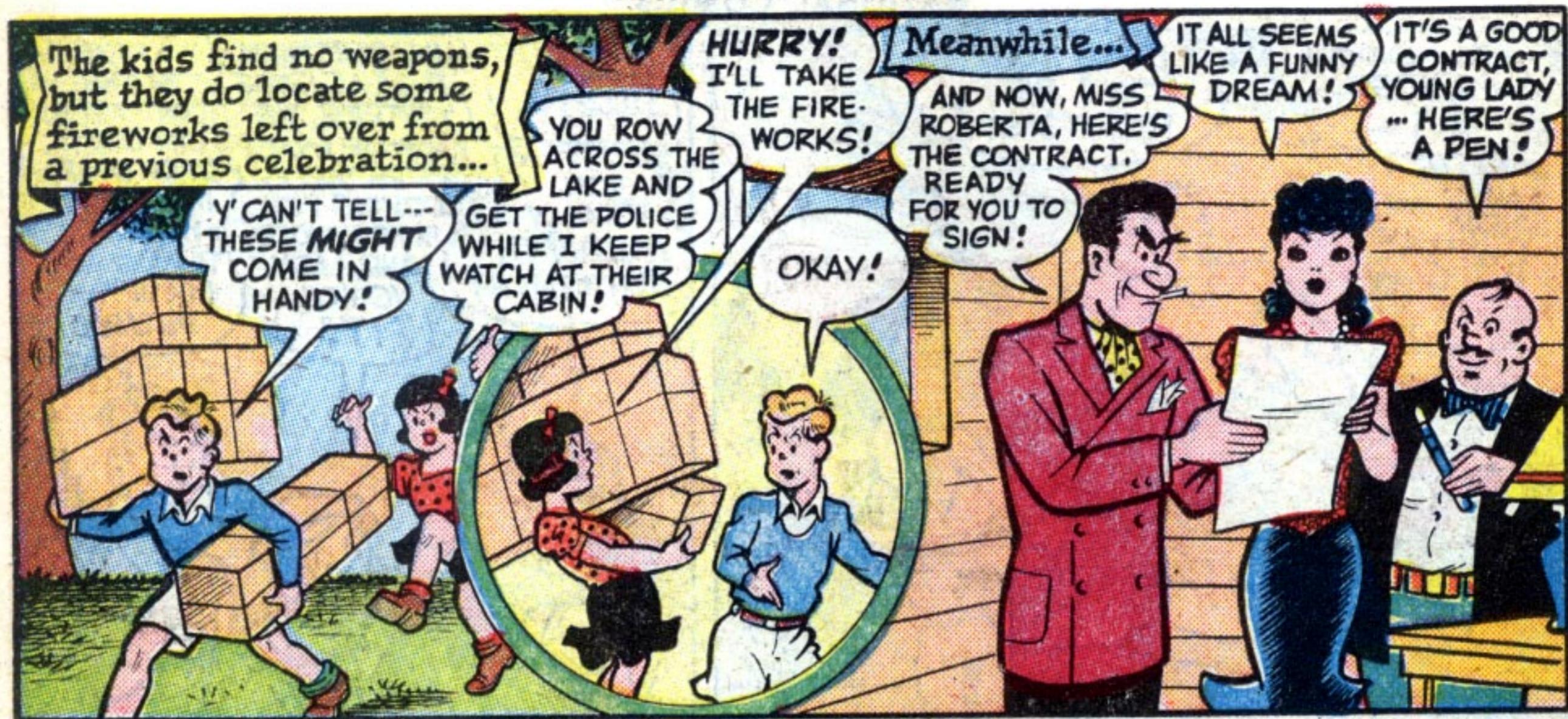
WILL YOU LOOK AT THE FRESH MUG?

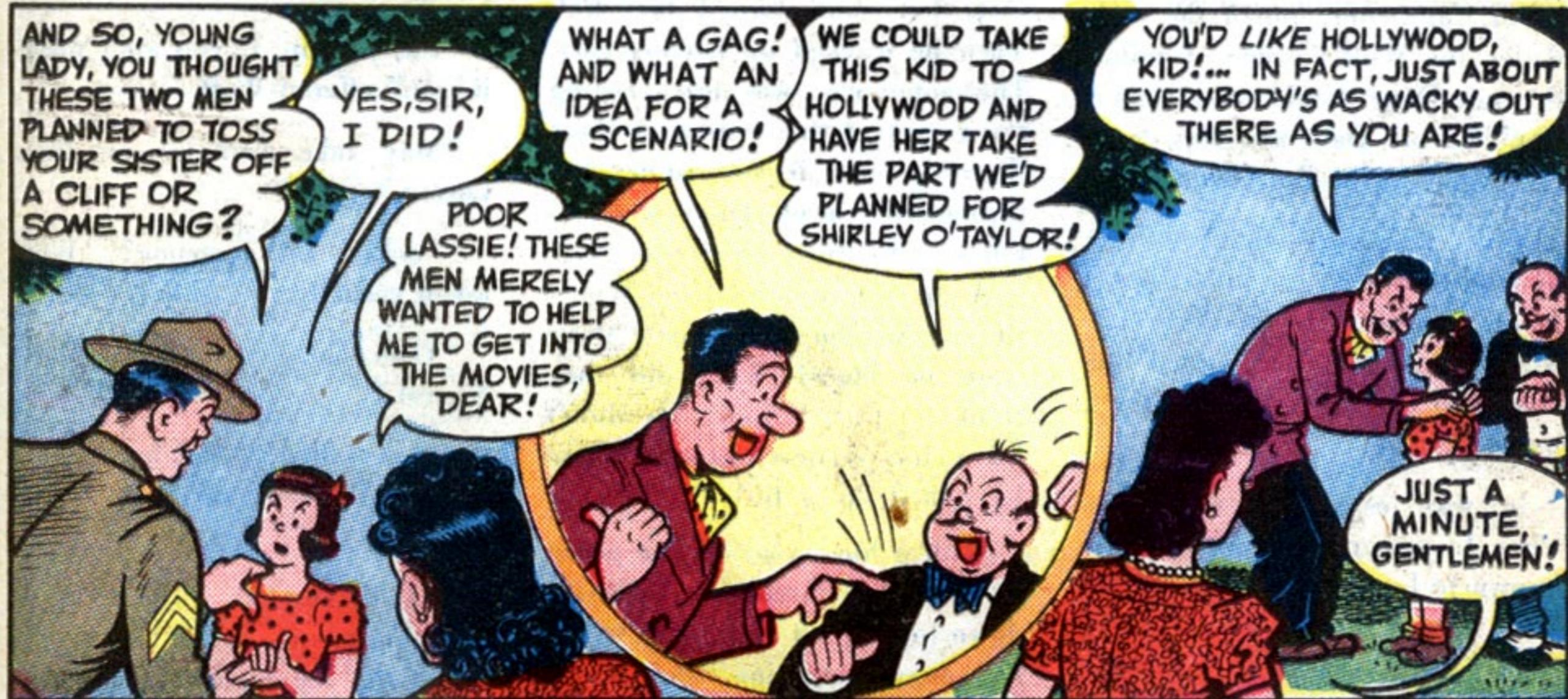












# WOLF BREED

**J**IM LARSEN—known as 'Wolf'—kept the bow of the trim canoe headed into the wild white water. Jim was an expert canoe-man. He was an expert shot. And it may as well be known now that he was a murderer.

Not that being a murderer caused Wolf any pangs of remorse. The man he had shot was better, far better, out of the way. Better for Wolf's peace of mind. Because Dane would never again trouble Wolf. Dane was very dead, back there in his Rat River cabin.

Wolf was sure that nothing pointed to him as the killer. But a fellow couldn't be too careful, when the Northwest Mounted was known to be on the loose in these woods.

It was especially dangerous when Inspector Lance McCall was known to be in the woods. McCall knew the bush. He was a canny chap with a keen nose for clues. Fugitives seldom got away from him for long. McCall never gave up the trail until he had 'got his man.'

Wolf wasn't worrying particularly about McCall as he paddled his canoe swiftly through the river, heading toward his own cabin on the Nenana. He whistled a snatch of song as he shot the craft inshore and got out. Carefully he drew the canoe up on the beach and lifted his rifle and pack from the bottom.

The air had a nip of frost in it. Wolf soon had a cheery fire built and shoved the coffee pot onto the stove. Then he got down a frying

pan and sliced some fat bacon in it. A can of baked beans followed. Then while these things were cooking, sending off a sweet smell, Wolf made sourdough biscuits. These he slid into the oven on a hickory shingle.

Wolf snapped on his battery radio before he sat down to eat. He picked up a Montreal broadcast, but soon turned the dial. Then he pricked up his big ears. The announcer was broadcasting the report of the finding of Dane Sigrest's body in his cabin, shot through the head. There were no clues as to his murderer.

A chuckle rumbled from Wolf's throat. No clues. Of course there were no clues! What did they think he was, a fool? He didn't leave clues scattered around where he pulled off a little job.

With a huge roaring fire going in the stone fireplace, Wolf sat down for a quiet evening. A storm had been gathering, and pretty soon it broke with a wild snarling of wind down over the tundras. Wolf hitched his chair closer the fire and toasted his feet on the hearth. It was good to be in out of the tempest. He pitied, in his small, crass way, anyone who was out in this blizzard.

He was reading a month-old newspaper when there came a sharp knocking at his door. Wolf started, reaching for the pistol that hung in a belt on the mantel. He buckled this about him, then advanced to the barred door.

With a quick movement, Wolf slipped the bar out and let the door shove inward. He was standing be-

hind it, gun in hand, as Inspector McCall entered, looking around.

Grinning wolfishly, Wolf holstered his gun and said, "Well, this is a surprise, McCall!"

"Hello, Larsen," said the officer. "Cold out to-night." He removed his vivid red coat and stood with his back to it, warming his blue hands.

"Put you up, if you ain't pushin' on," offered Wolf.

"May take you up on that, Larsen."

"Lookin' for someone?" Wolf asked casually.

"Yeah. The guy that killed Dane Sigrest."

"Dane killed!" exclaimed Wolf in well-feigned surprise. "You don't say so!"

McCall nodded. "Don't know anything about it, do you?" he asked the big man.

"Me? Heck no. Not that I'm gonna shed any tears over Dane. Never liked the man."

"I know. A lot of people know that, Larsen. You and Dane weren't good friends."

Wolf narrowed his eyes. "You ain't meanin' anything by that, are you, McCall?"

"Oh, no, no, Larsen. Just thought I'd ask you. I found your snowshoe tracks in the vicinity of his cabin, is all."

A flicker of annoyance crossed Wolf's face. "My tracks? How do you know they was mine?"

## NATIONAL COMICS

McCall indicated the long, racy snowshoes standing near the door. "Know 'em by the webbing. Yours are different than anybody's around here."

Wolf's hand wasn't far from his gun butt. "I don't like your insinuation, McCall. What if I was near Dane's cabin? Prob'lly a lot of people were. They's a lot of trappers around here. Indians mebbe."

McCall nodded, smiling. "I know your shoes are Indian-made," he said pointedly. "And they're just like the ones the Crees wear. Only there's a difference. Yours have a particular webbing, which you put in yourself, probably to make them stronger. Right?"

Wolf snarled, "So that makes me the killer, eh."

McCall held up a hand. "Take it easy, Larsen. I said nothing of the kind. I only wanted to be sure you had been near Dane's cabin recently. I'm not accusing you."

"You'd better not!" snapped Wolf.

Wolf set out another plate and heated what was left over. McCall sat down and ate quietly. There was a tenseness over the two men, a watchfulness. And the eyes of each never left the other's movements.

When he had finished drinking a steaming cup of coffee, McCall got up and strode to the corner where Wolf's rifle stood. Casually he picked it up, broke it and extracted a shell.

"Hm," he said musingly. "A 30-06. Not many of that calibre up here. Funny, it was a 30-06 slug they dug out of Dane's head."

McCall replaced the rifle and his right hand started toward his pocket. Wolf was jumpy. He mis-

judged the move. His revolver leaped into his hand and roared. McCall, clutching at his breast, reeled and tottered, then stumbled toward a chair. He slumped down with a groan.

"You shouldn't have done that, Larsen. Th-the slug wasn't a 30-06; it was a 45. I just said that so—" McCall toppled to the floor and lay still, a red foam on his lips.

Wolf cursed. So McCall had nothing on him, after all! Good heavens, what a mess he'd made of things now!

But then McCall had no business saying that. It had cost him his life. Wolf started. He was in for it now. You didn't pot a mountie without terrible results. He'd have to do something about McCall's body. But what?

A thought struck Wolf. He was about finished up here. He'd simply disappear. Go over the border. That would solve everything. The storm would obliterate the tracks McCall said he had seen near Dane's cabin. No one else knew about them. But the body...

Ah, yes he was finished with this cabin now. It would be an easy matter to burn it. Being a frugal man, Wolf went through the dead man's pockets, lifted out a sizeable roll and pocketed it. He didn't touch the valuable wrist watch; too incriminating. Nor anything else belonging to McCall. He left him lying just where he had fallen.

Hurriedly packing his things, Wolf scattered fire everywhere, lighted the bedclothes, and set fire to the shack roof. With the howling wind, it would make a fine blaze. Then Wolf left the cabin, closing the door.

When he was several miles away, he could still see the red

glow in the sky from the burning cabin. That fire would burn everything, even McCall!

One thing Wolf Larsen hadn't reckoned with was fate. A few days later he was trekking through heavy drifts when he chanced to glance over his shoulder to see a tiny bobbing speck black against the snow. He halted and lifted his glasses to his eyes. The dot leaped into view. It was a Mountie. He wore a long fur overcoat, and he was making fair time on his snowshoes.

Wolf cursed under his breath. Was the man following him? But no. Why should he be?

Wolf pulled off from the trail and squatted behind some bushes. Quickly the Mountie drew nearer. It was a member of the Force Wolf didn't recognize. There was a menacing set to the man's jaw. The Mountie came up even with the bushes and stopped. He called, "Come out with your hands up, Larsen. I'm arresting you for the murder of Officer McCall."

Wolf gasped. How—

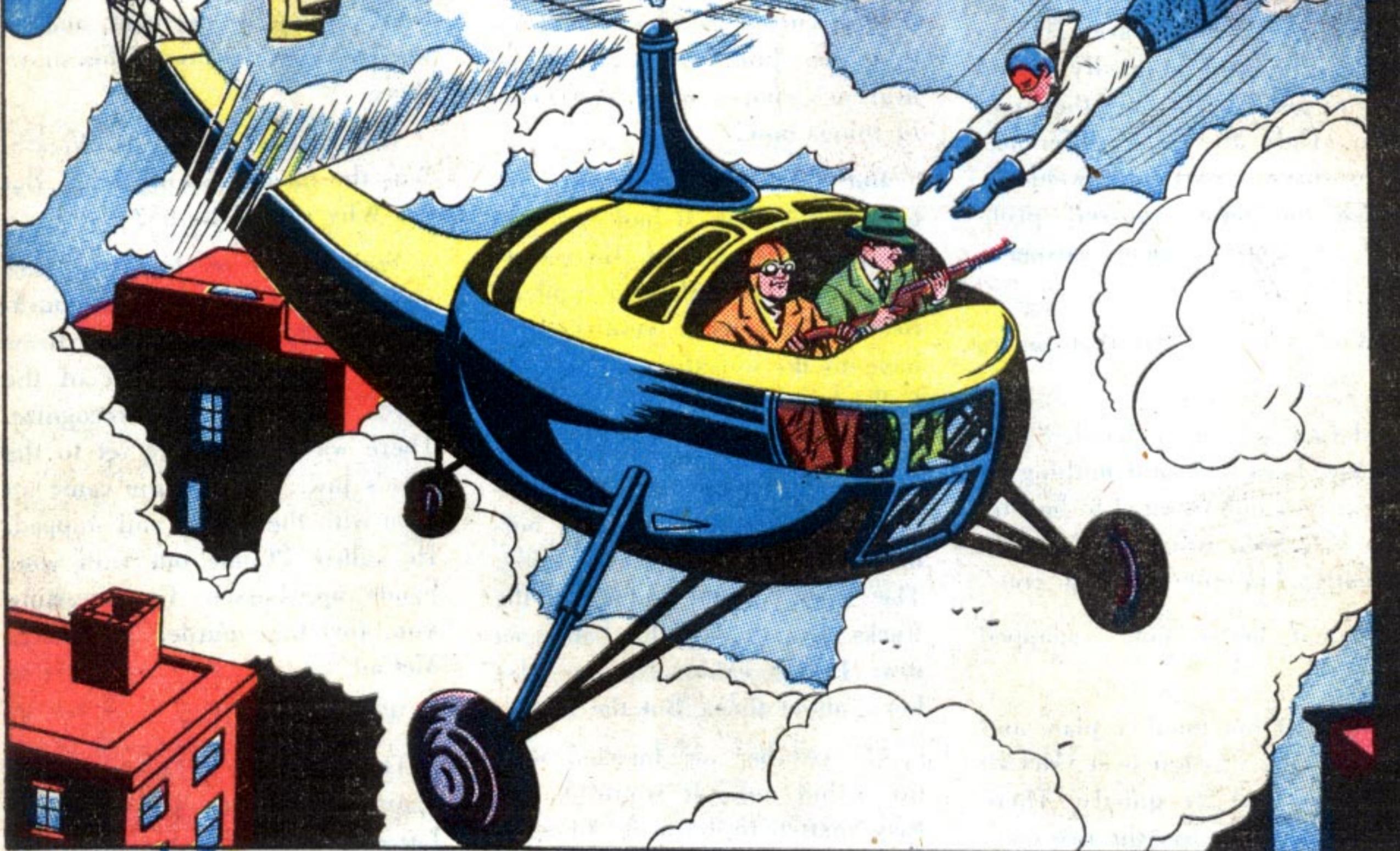
The Mountie's voice came again: "That fire was no good, Larsen. It burned everything except McCall's identification disk. Otherwise it would have been unrecognizable. Are you coming out peacefully?"

Wolf, his eyes slitted, lifted his rifle and trained it on the Mountie's breast. Was he coming out! What a laugh! He pulled the trigger. The rear knocked him backward several feet, one side of his face blown away.

Wolf Larsen had met his fate. His rifle had been stuck in the snow, which had frozen in the muzzle. The shot had backfired, blowing the breech out—and Wolf's brains.

# QUICKSILVER

Crime takes to the air ---  
Let Quicksilver bring  
them back to earth!



Quicksilver has been trailing  
a certain master hi-jacker....

GOT YOU,  
RODSBY!

LOOKING FOR ME,  
QUICKSILVER? I  
WAS LOOKING FOR  
YOU?

YOU'RE TOUGH ON US HEISTERS,  
BUT YOU'RE SQUARE! TAKE ME  
DOWN TO THE POKEY AND  
LOCK ME UP!

YOU WERE  
ON THE WAY TO  
SURRENDER?  
WHY?

I'M A BACK NUMBER! OODED  
OUT OF ALL MY RACKETS! AT  
LEAST I CAN GET FOOD  
AND A BED IN JAIL ---

YOU MEAN THAT  
CRIME TODAY IS  
TOO MODERN?  
EXPLAIN!

## NATIONAL COMICS

WHY NOT? THEY'VE RUN ME OUTA BUSINESS -- THE **AIR-GANG** BOYS WITH THEIR UP-TO-DATE PLANS AND GADGETS!

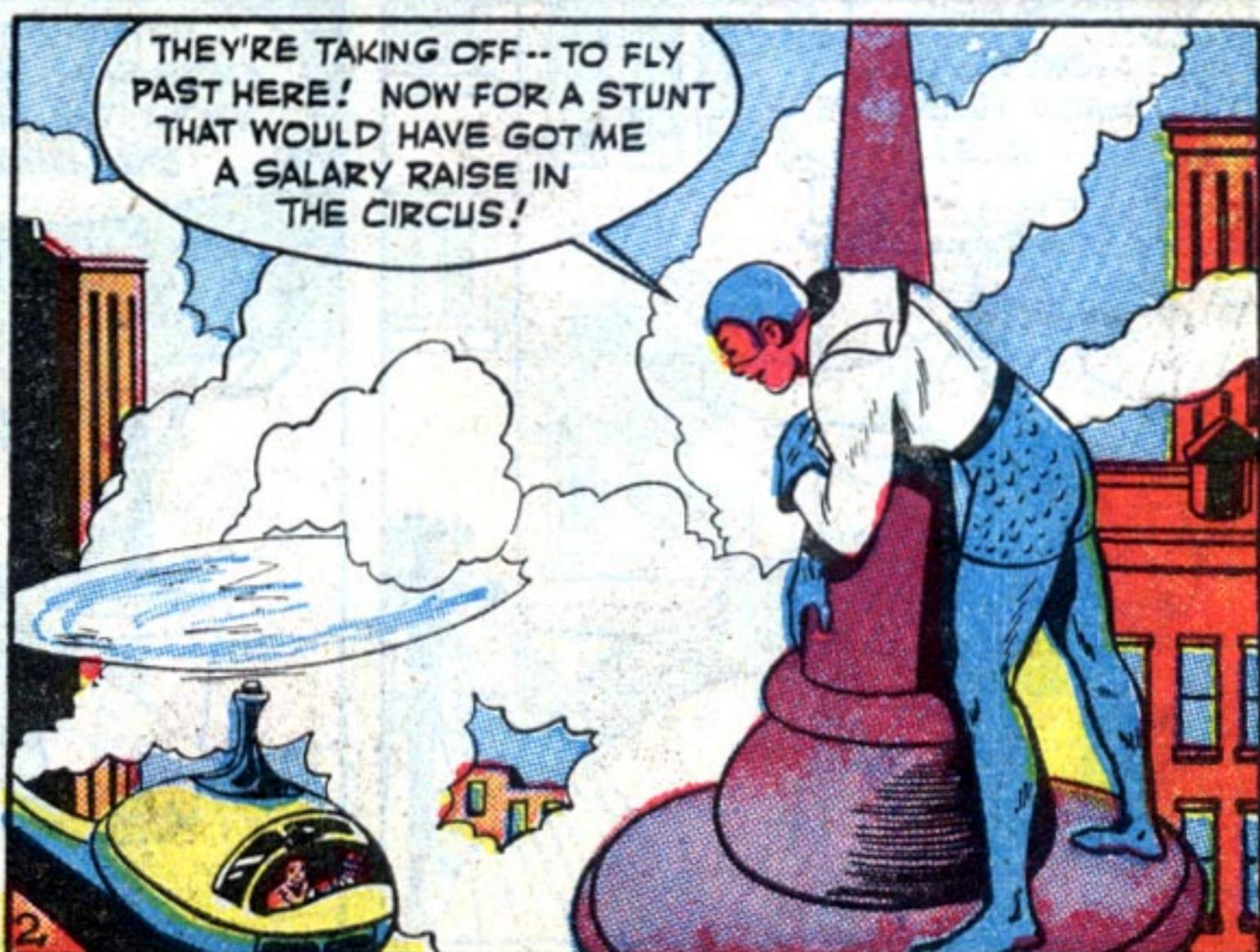
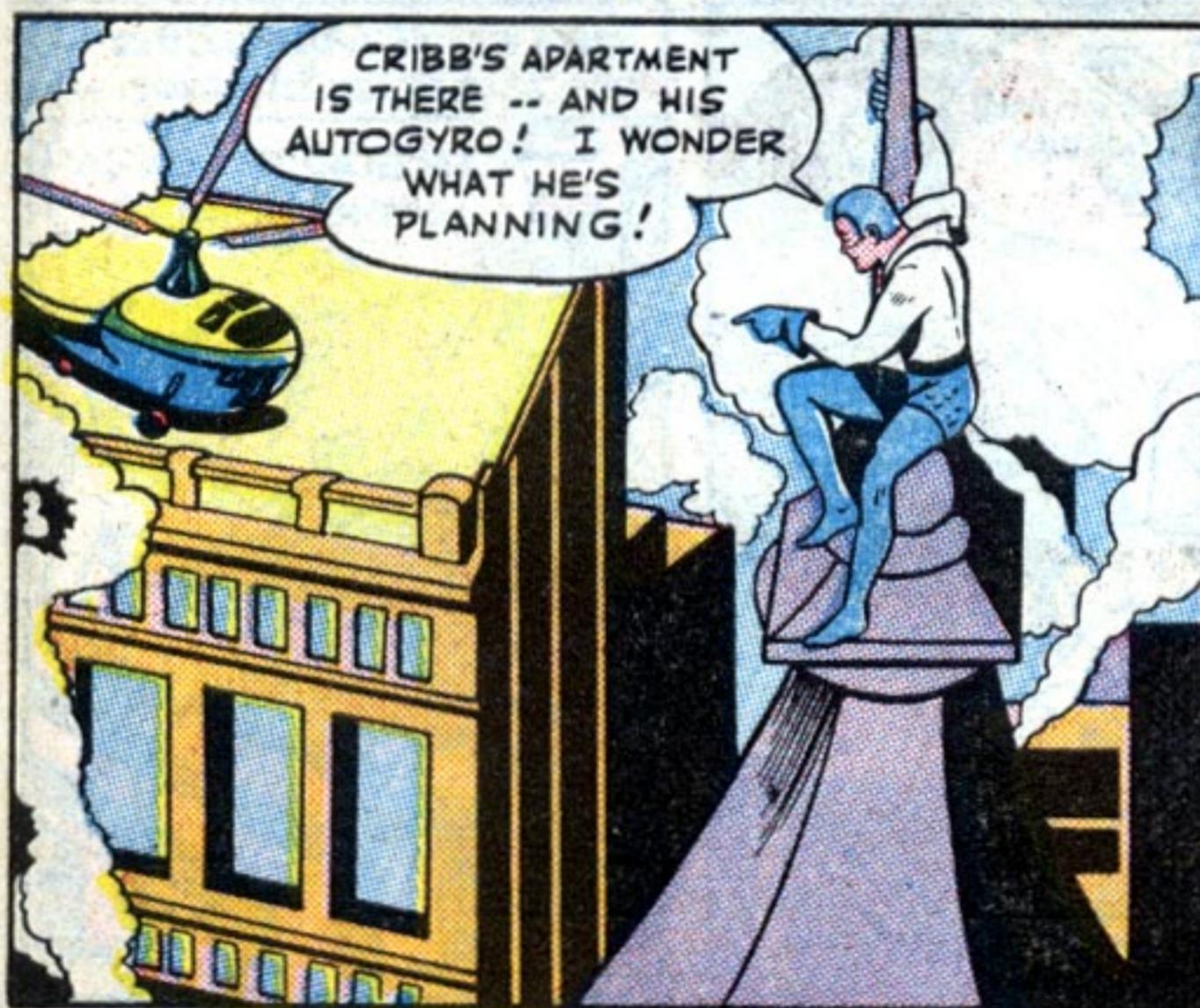
AIR-GANG! THAT MEANS PLANES! WHAT KIND?

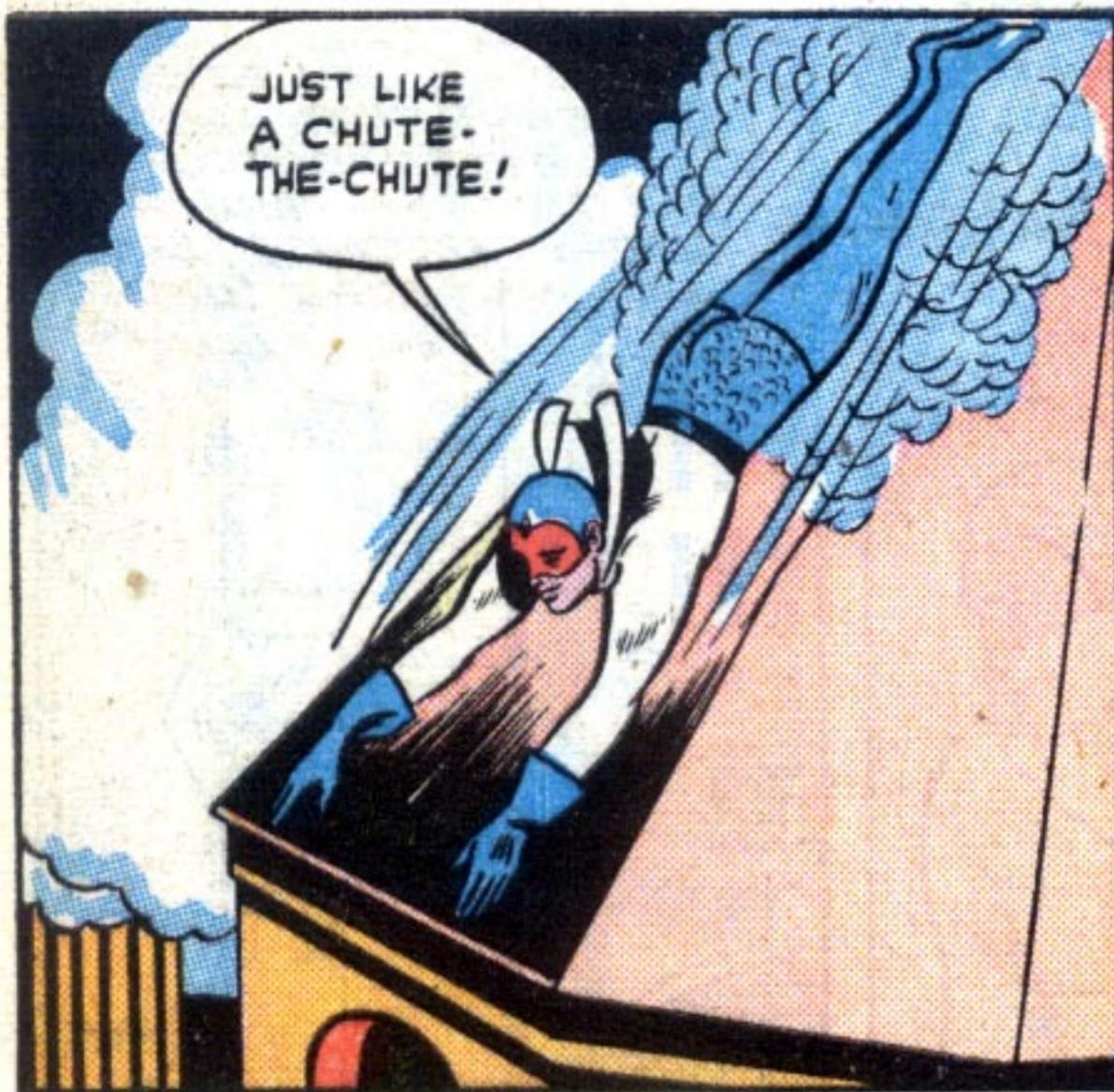
THEM THINGS AREN'T IN MY LINE! BUT YOUNG CRIBB HAS A NEW **AUTOGYRO**! SAYS HE CAN DROP DOWN ON ANY SORT OF LOOT!

CRIBB! I'M GOING TO CALL ON HIM!

HEY! YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE ME TO JAIL! I'M HUNGRY!

LATER, RODSBY, CRIBB HAS A PRIORITY ON MY TIME!





An attempt to telephone ...

PLEASE  
CENTRAL! IT'S  
A MATTER  
OF UTMOST  
IMPORTANCE!

I AM SOR-REE!  
MR. KICKSHAW HAS  
A PRIVATE NUMBER!  
WE ARE NOT ALLOWED  
TO DI-VULGE IT!

Next ... The Kickshaw Building ...

YOU  
MUST LET  
ME IN!

I DON'T HAVE  
TO DO ANYTHING  
EXCEPT OBEY MR. KICKSHAW'S  
ORDERS -- WHICH ARE TO  
KEEP THIS PLACE LOCKED!  
SCRAM!

AND EVEN THE UPPER  
WINDOWS ARE BARRED!  
I'LL HAVE TO GO HIGHER--  
HIGHER ---

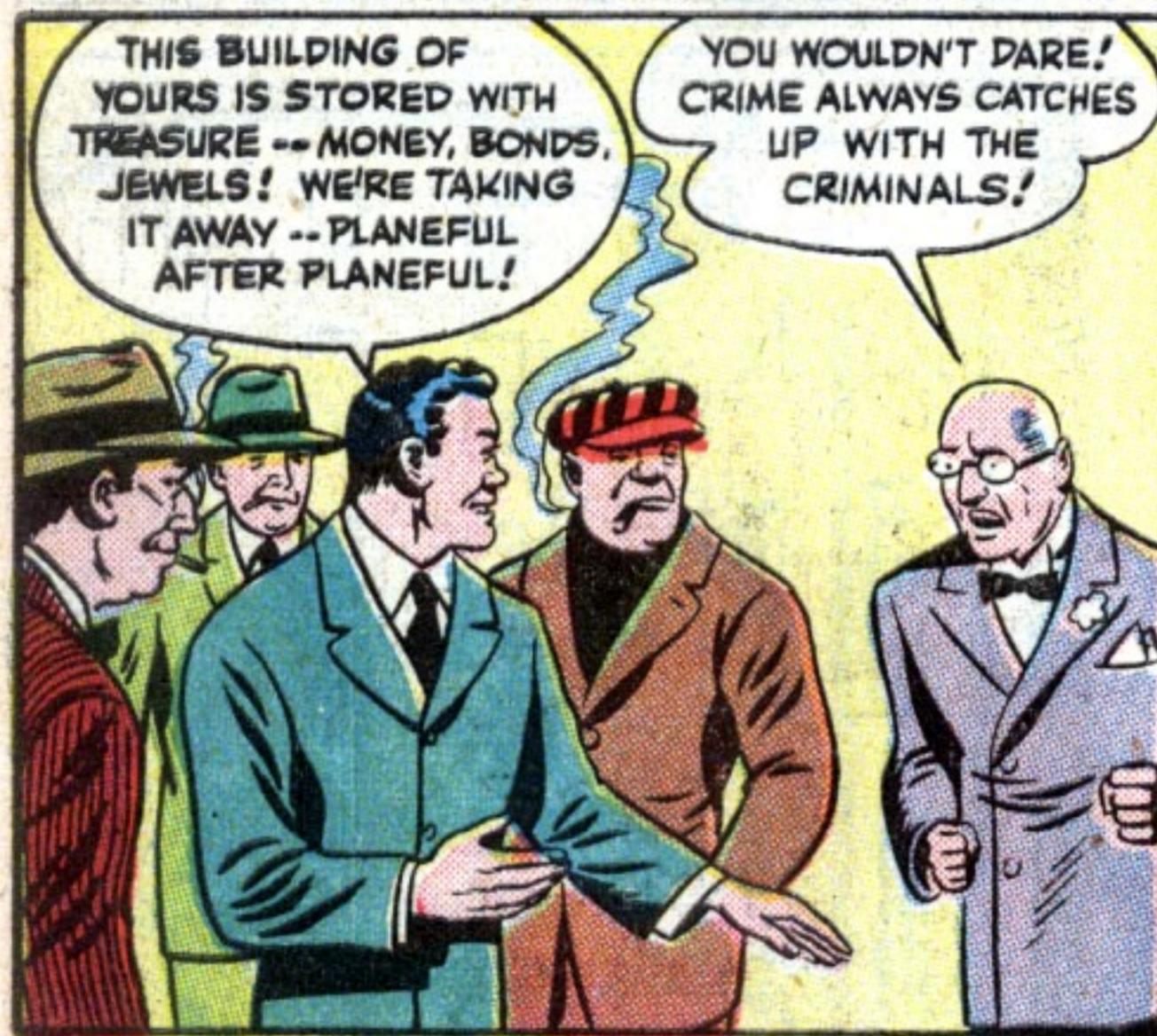
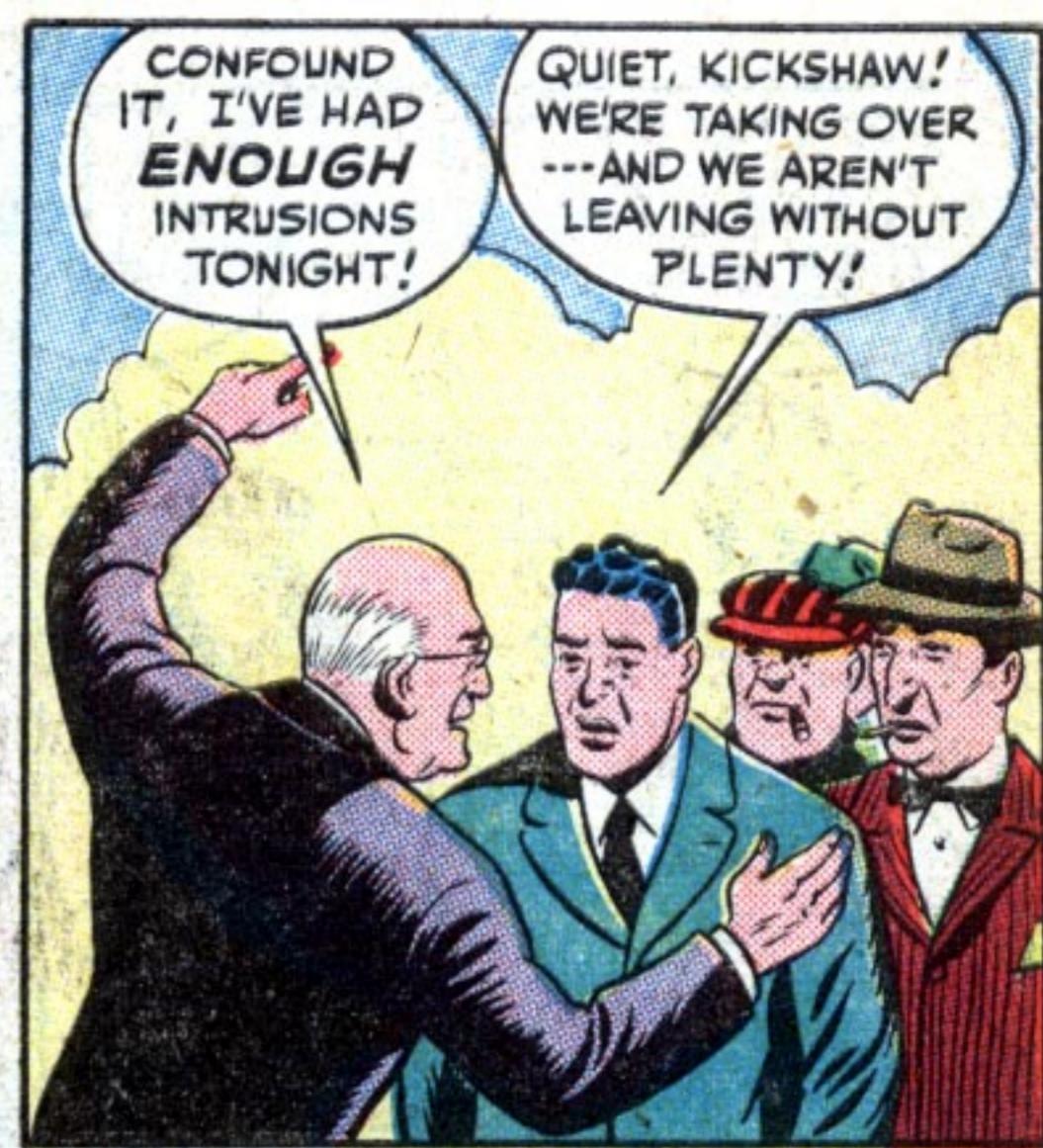
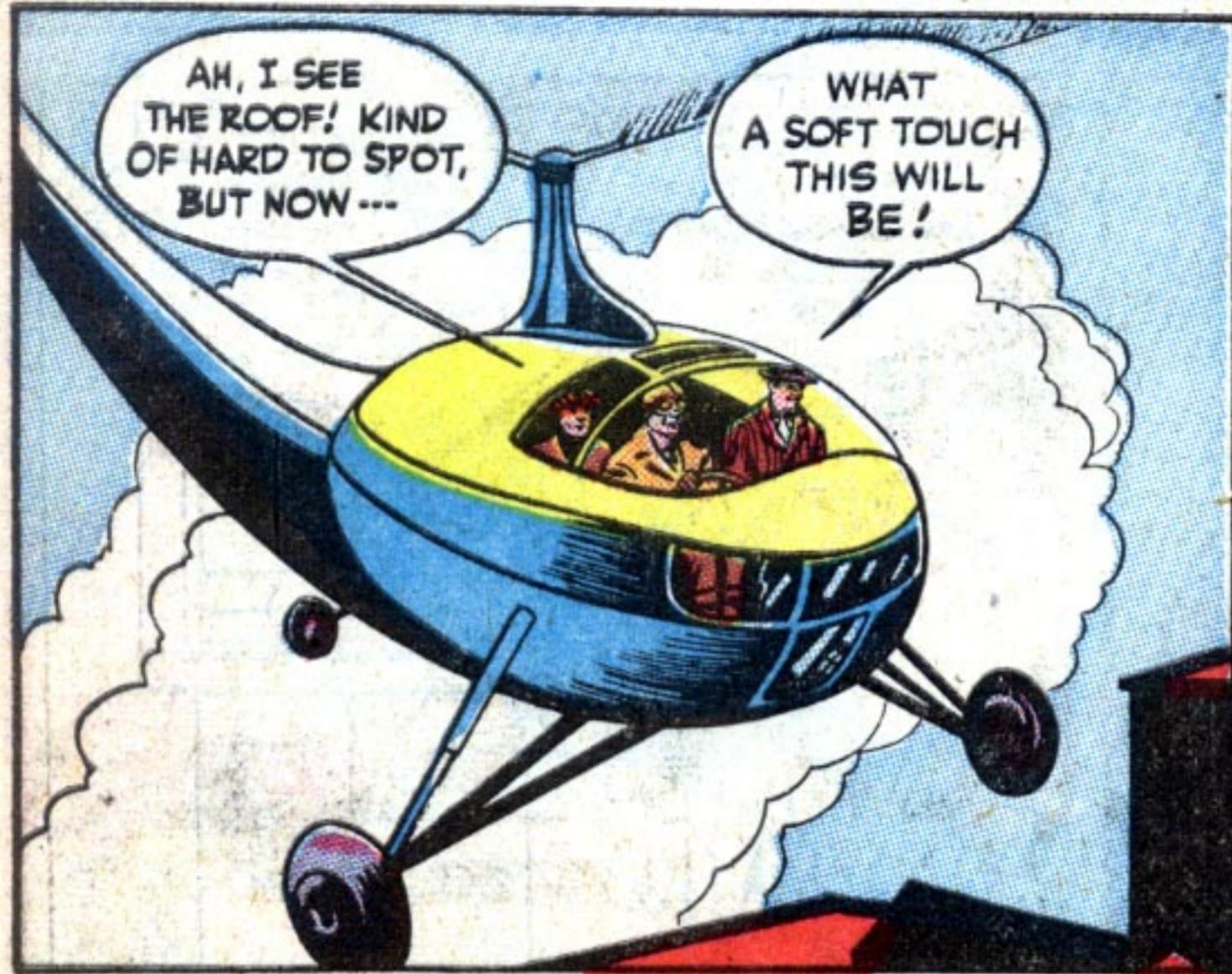
-- CLEAR  
TO THE  
TOP!

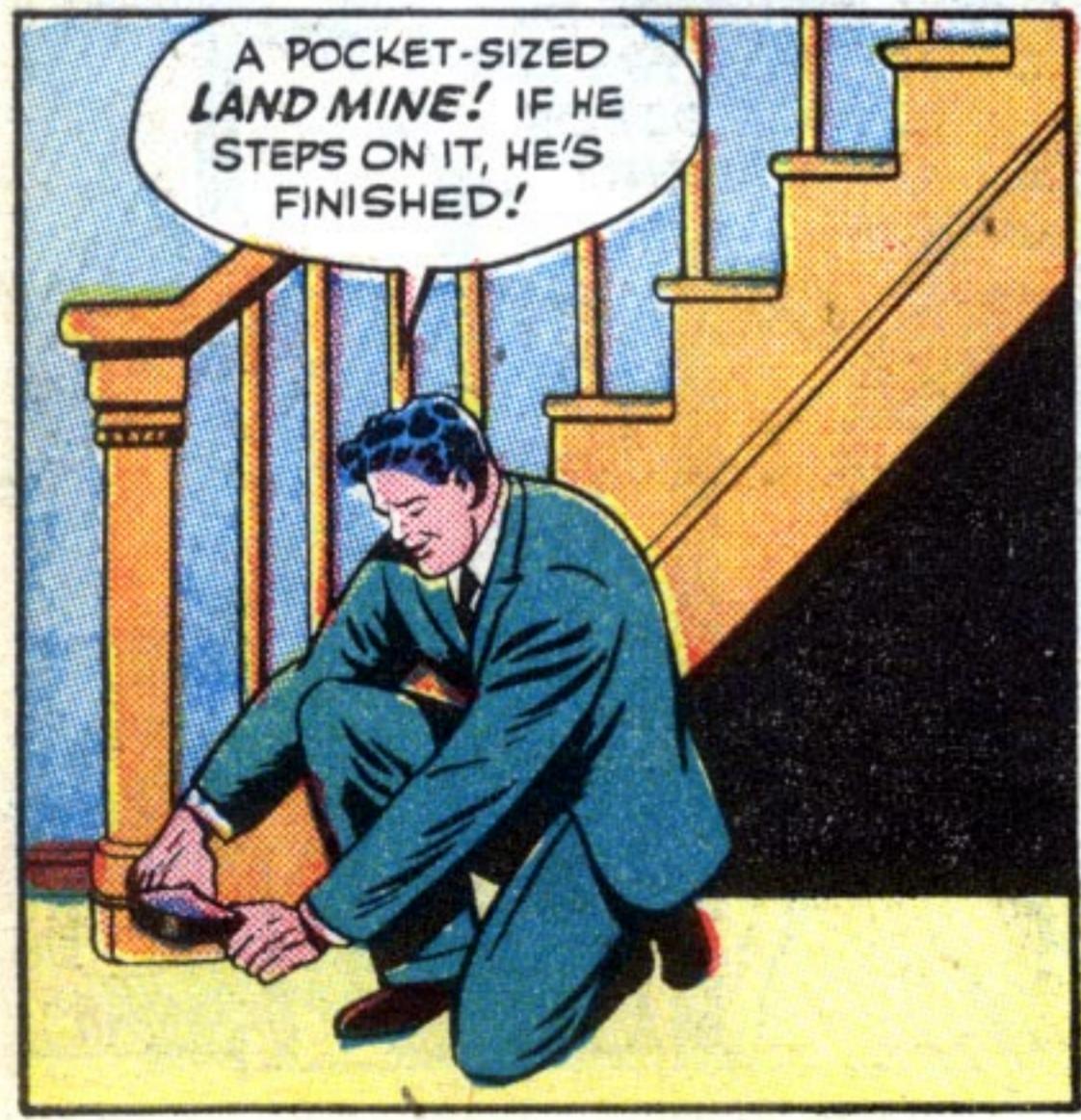
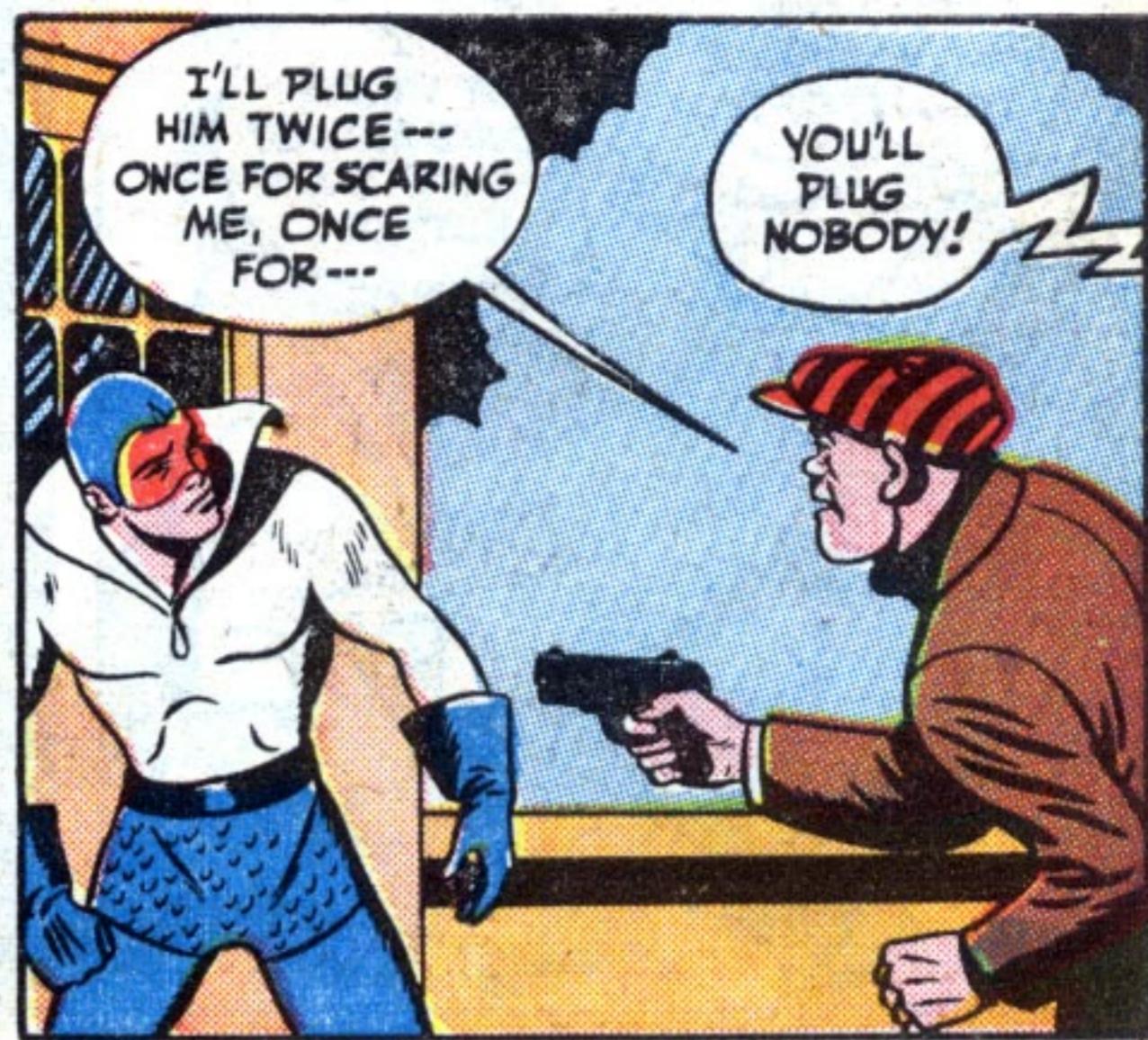
HOW DARE YOU,  
YOUNG MAN! THIS  
ROOF IS MY PRIVATE  
PROPERTY!

THEN YOU'RE KICKSHAW!  
I'VE COME TO HELP YOU!  
YOU'RE DUE TO BE ROBBED  
ANY MOMENT!

PREPOSTEROUS!  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!

LOOK UP THERE!  
THAT AUTOGYRO  
HAS BEEN SCOUTING  
FOR YOU --- NOW  
IT'S COMING  
DOWN!





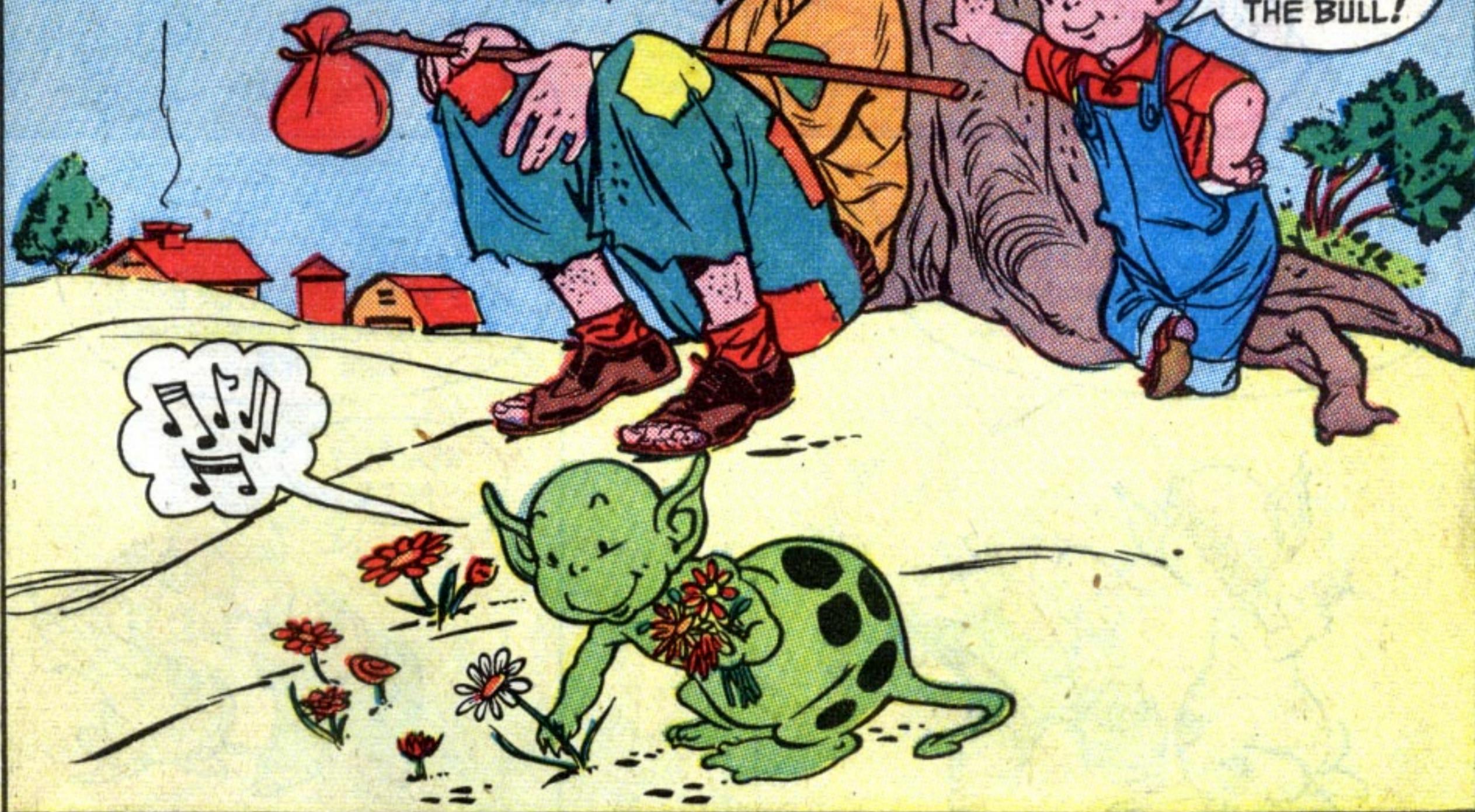


# INTELLECTUAL AMOS

by  
André  
Le Blanc

AMOS, IZZAT ALL  
YER DURN GOBLIN  
LIKES TER DO---  
JEST PICK  
FLOWERS?

YES, WILBUR  
HAS A LOT IN  
COMMON WITH  
FERDINAND,  
THE BULL!



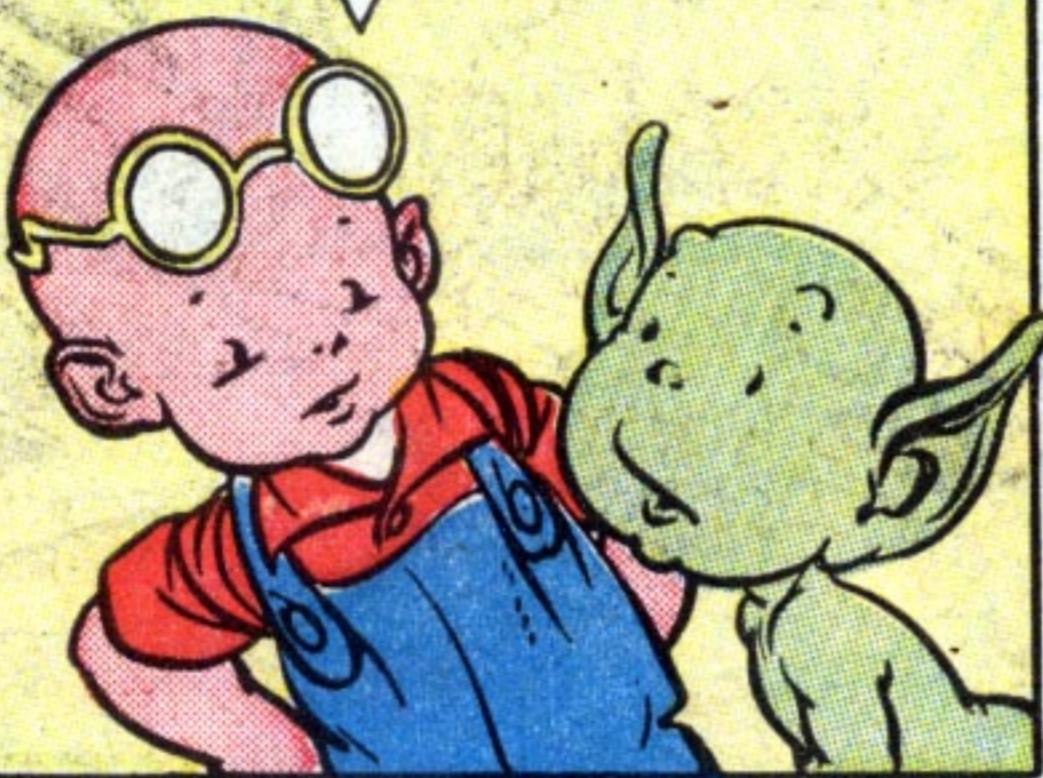
BUT WHUT'RE YE DOIN' 'BOUT HIS  
EDDICASHUN...? YER GONNA LET  
'IM GROW UP NOT KNOWIN' NUTTIN'  
AN' NOT GITTIN' NOWHERE? LOOKY  
WHAT A EDDICASHUN HAS DONE  
FER ME! ALL I AM NOW I  
ATTR'BUTE TO MUH SUPERB  
UPBRINGIN'S!

YES, I  
SUPPOSE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

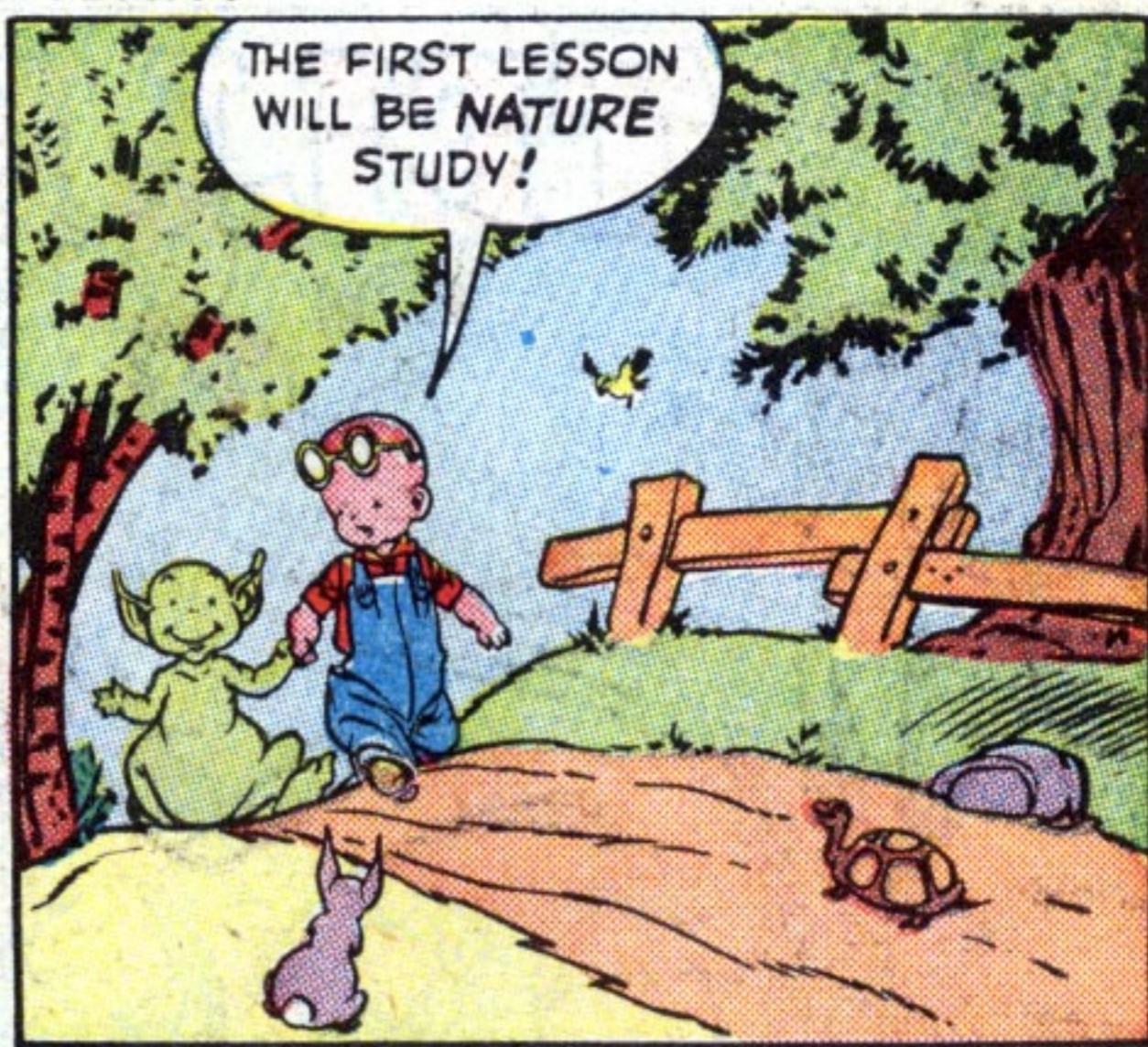
I DISLIKE FORCING A CREATURE  
LIKE WILBUR INTO A BARE ROOM TO  
STUDY! ... BUT I READILY ADMIT  
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A  
PLANNED EDUCATION TO  
TEACH THE VIRTUE OF  
STUDY, WORK  
AND THRIFT!

THASS  
RIGHT!  
YISSIR, THEM'S  
MUH VERRY  
WORDS!

BUT PERHAPS THERE IS A WAY TO MAKE STUDY MORE AGREEABLE ... AND IT SHOULD PROVE HELPFUL NOT ONLY FOR WILBUR, BUT FOR ALL SCHOOL KIDS AS WELL!



THE FIRST LESSON WILL BE NATURE STUDY!

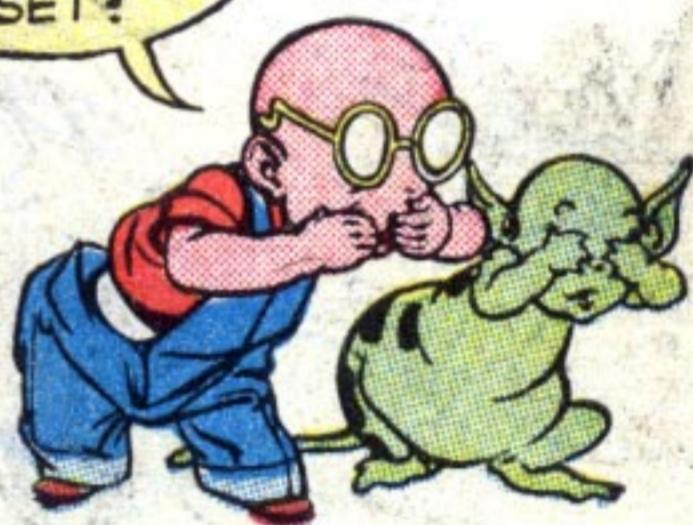
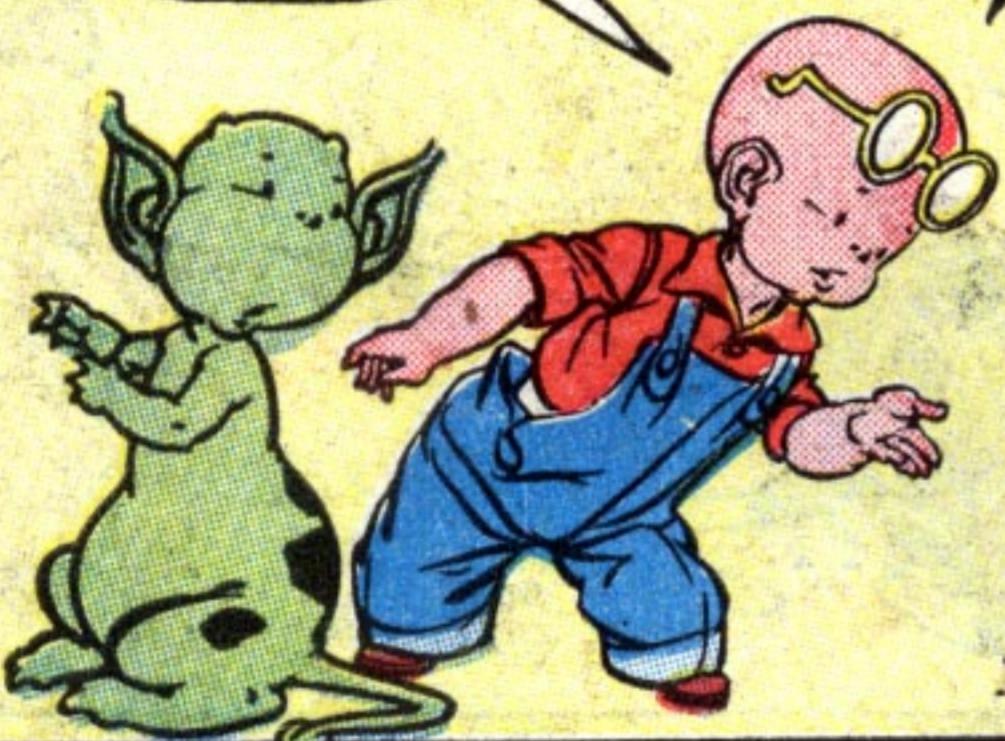


THE SYMBOLS OF NATURE, WILBUR, ARE EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR ALPHABET... AND USING A LITTLE IMAGINATION MAKES ANY DULL TASK PLEASANT!

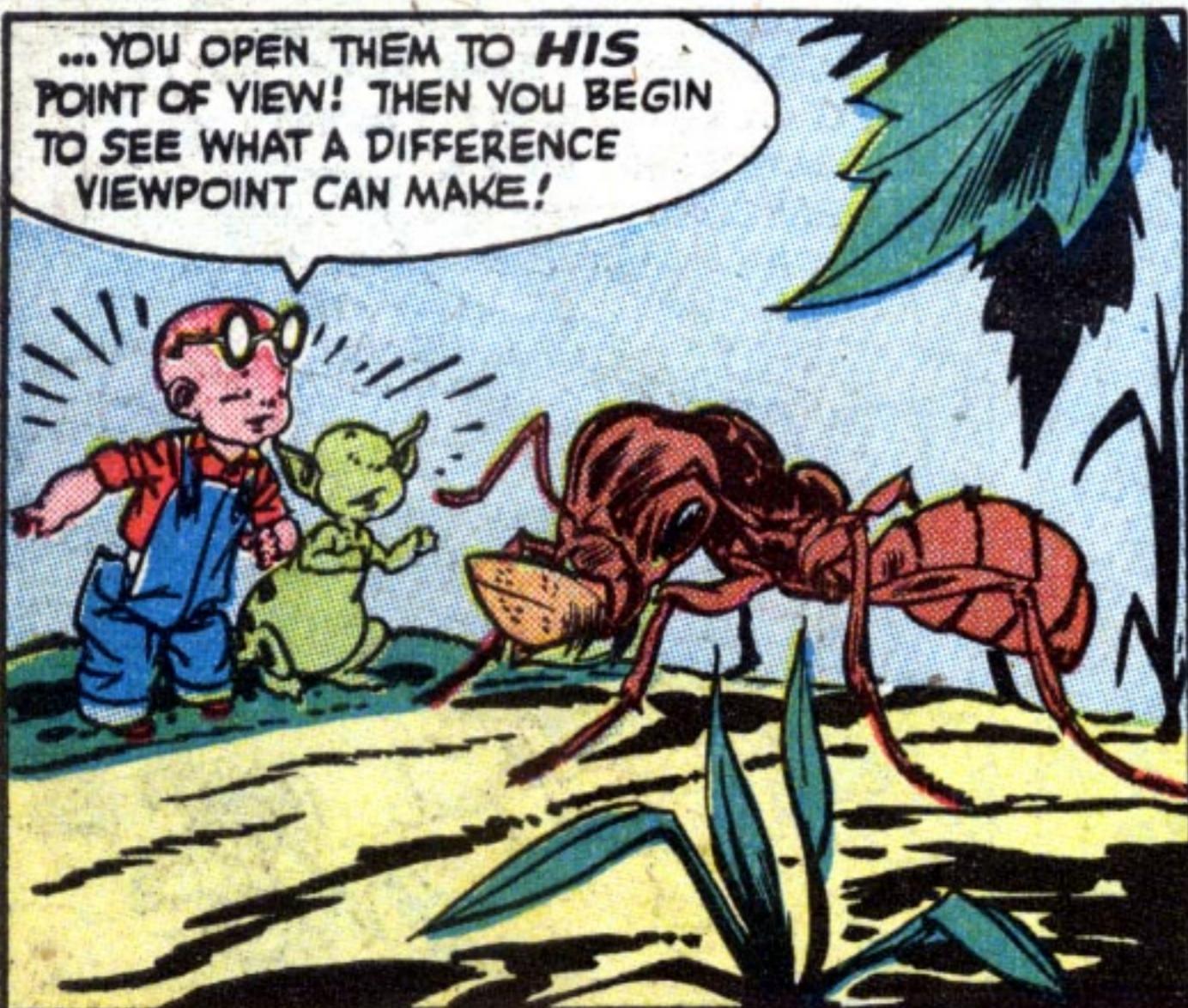
FOR EXAMPLE, THIS LITTLE ANT HURRYING ALONG....

HE SEEMS SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT TO US... BUT EVERYTHING IS PERSPECTIVE! SO IF YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND USE YOUR IMAGINATION, LIKE THIS....

READY...?  
SET?



...YOU OPEN THEM TO HIS POINT OF VIEW! THEN YOU BEGIN TO SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE VIEWPOINT CAN MAKE!



BUT DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, WILBUR! IT HAPPENS TO BE A "WORKER" AND NOT LIKELY TO HARM US! LET'S FOLLOW HIM!



DID YOU EVER SEE  
A MORE PERFECT  
EXAMPLE OF  
INDUSTRY?

EVERY INDIVIDUAL  
LABORING FOR THE  
COMMON GOOD---EACH  
BRINGS IN A GRAIN OF  
FOOD TO BE STORED  
FOR LATER USE!

OH, OH! HERE'S THE FELLOW  
TO LOOK OUT FOR..... THOSE  
TOUGH WARRIORS THAT GUARD  
THE ENTRANCE TO THE ANT HILL!  
THEY'RE THE SOLDIERS  
AND POLICEMEN OF  
THE COLONY!

THAT SENTINEL IS GIVING US  
A CHALLENGE WITH HIS ANTENNAE!  
HE CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE UP  
HIS MIND ABOUT US...  
LUCKILY!

NOW BEGINS WHAT  
I EXPECT WILL BE  
A VERY INSTRUCTIVE  
TOUR!

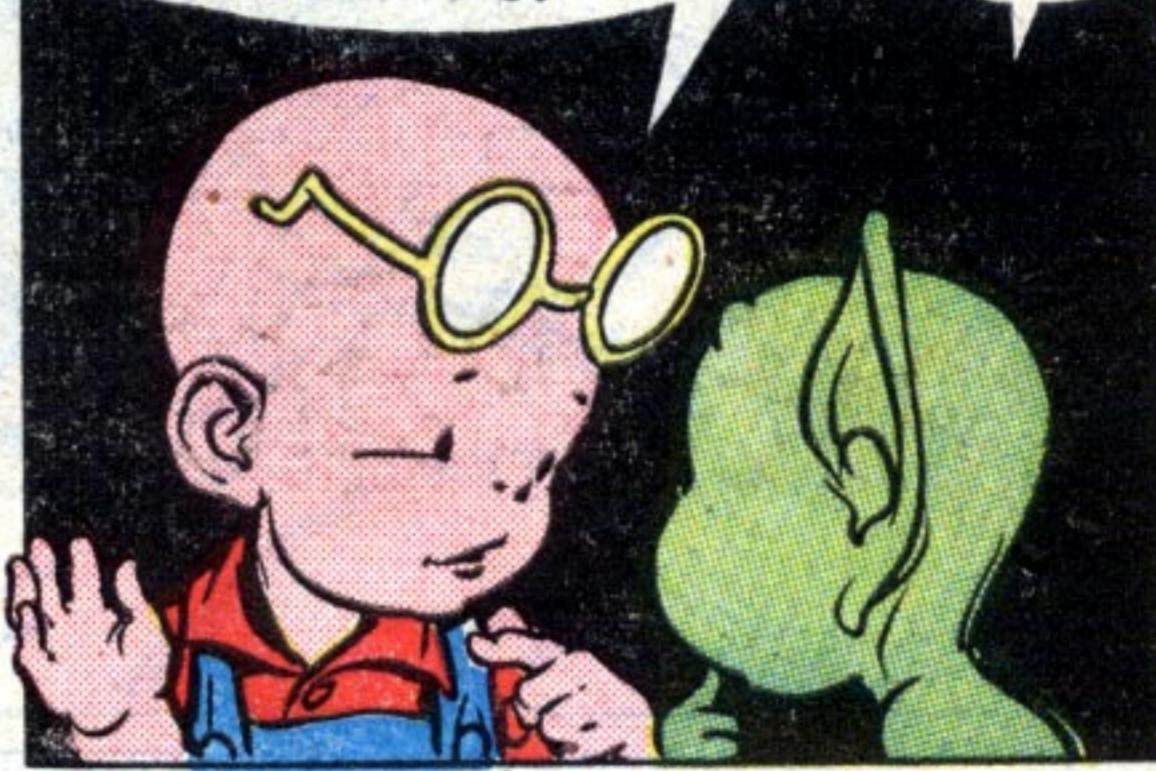
AH! HERE'S SOMETHING VERY  
CURIOUS TO SEE! THE ANTS'  
COWS BEING TAKEN OUT TO  
PASTURE! YES, IT MAY SOUND  
INCREDIBLE, BUT THESE  
ANTS ACTUALLY KEEP  
COWS!

THEY ARE LITTLE APHIDS--PLANT LICE WHICH FEED ON LEAVES AND PRODUCE HONEY DEW! THE ANTS LOVE THIS HONEY AND TAKE AS GOOD CARE OF THEIR COWS AS WE DO OF OURS!

AND WELL THEY MIGHT, FOR SOMETIME THE HONEY IS ALL THE FOOD THEY HAVE DURING HARD WINTERS!

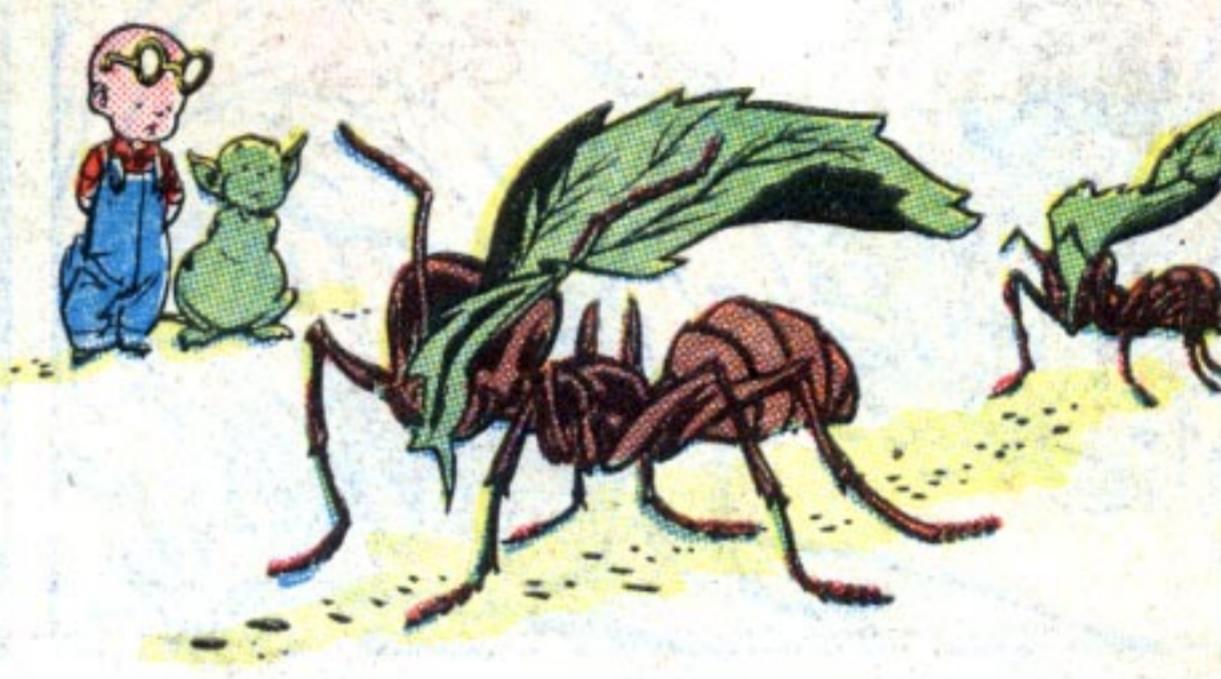
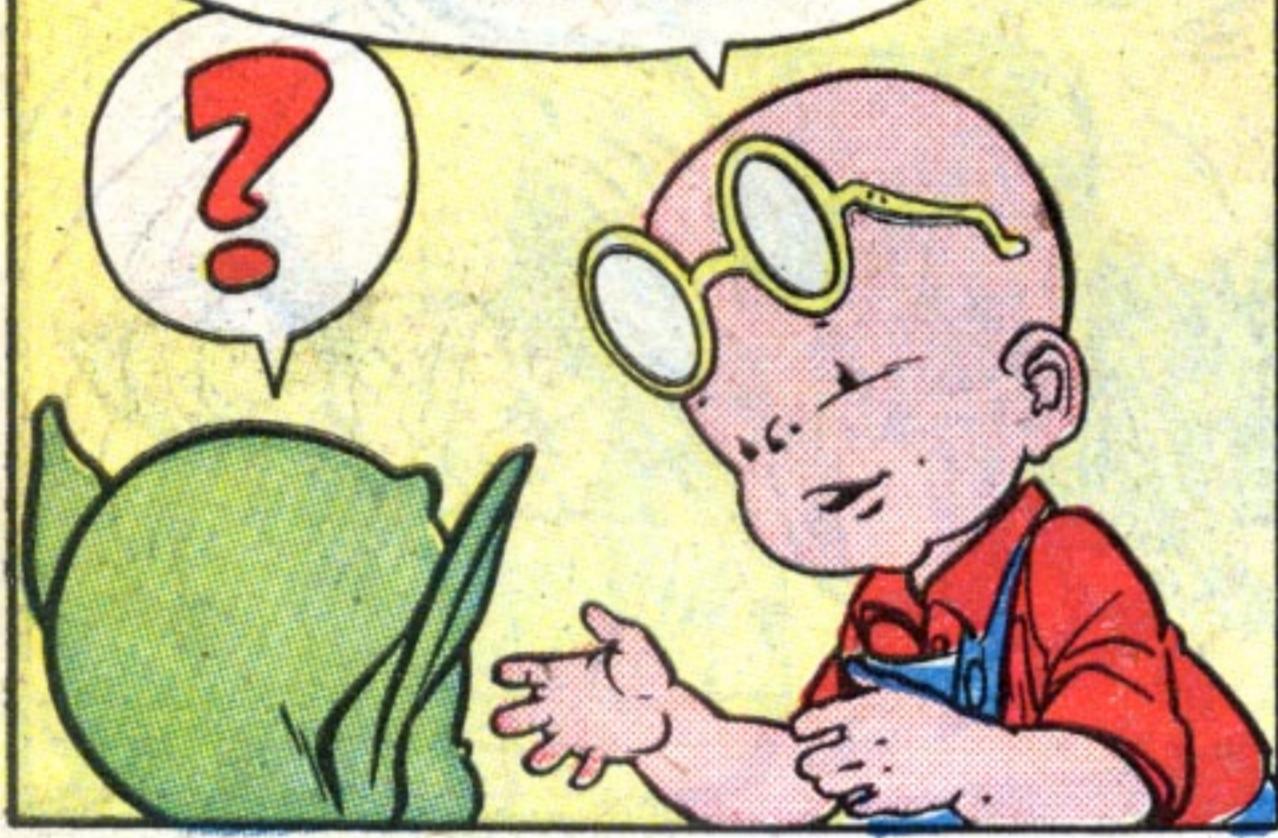


YOU'RE SURPRISED, WILBUR? BUT THAT'S ONLY A SMALL PART OF IT! NOT ONLY DO ANTS LIVE IN A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SOCIAL SYSTEM VERY LIKE MAN'S, BUT THEY HAVE PRACTICALLY THE SAME VIRTUES AND FAULTS!

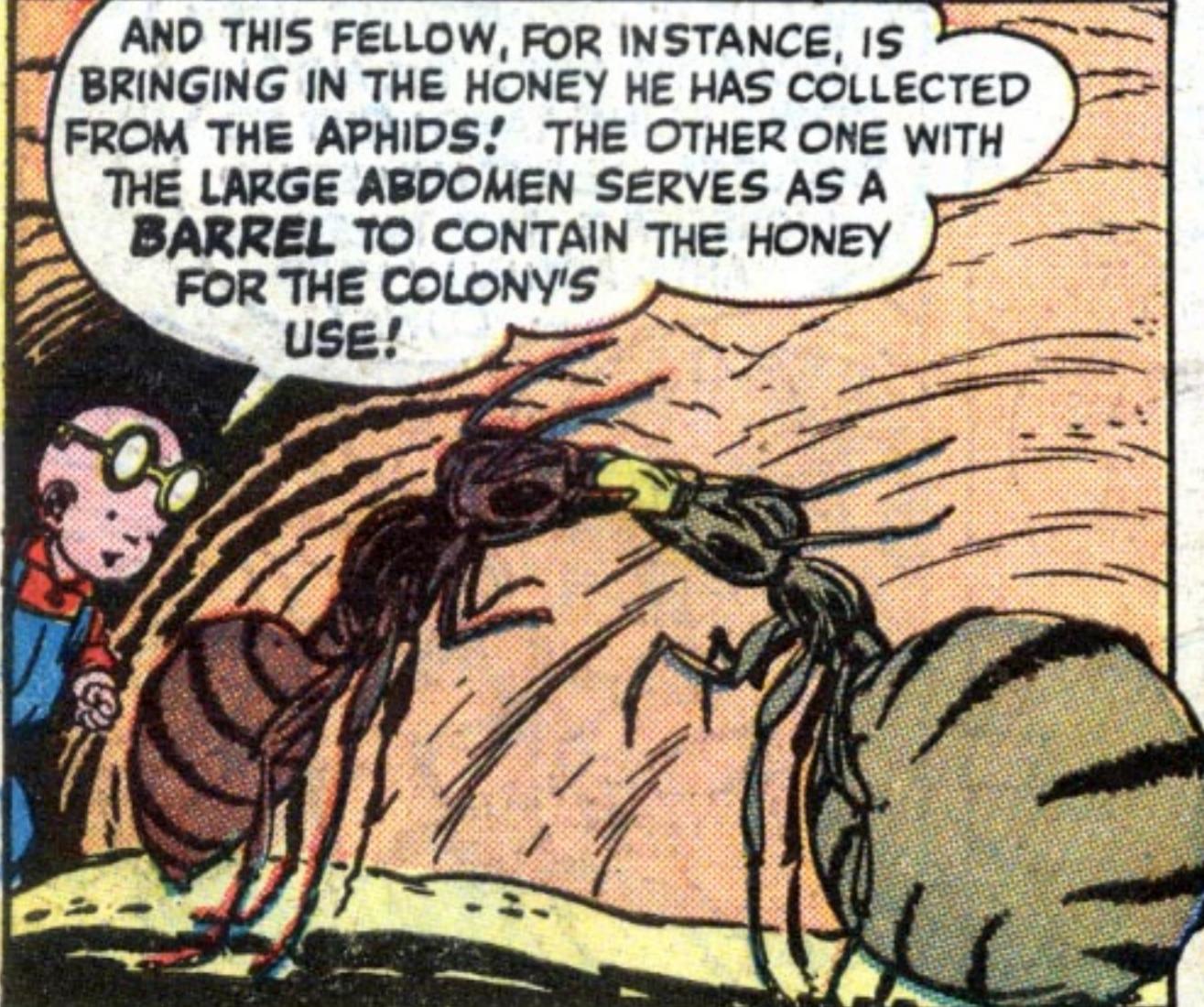


IT'S A MARVELOUS LITTLE WORLD IN ITSELF WITH LAWS, WARS, AND INDUSTRIES, AND A WISE PROVIDENCE IN STORAGE OF FOOD FOR FUTURE USE! THEY EVEN HAVE FARMS!

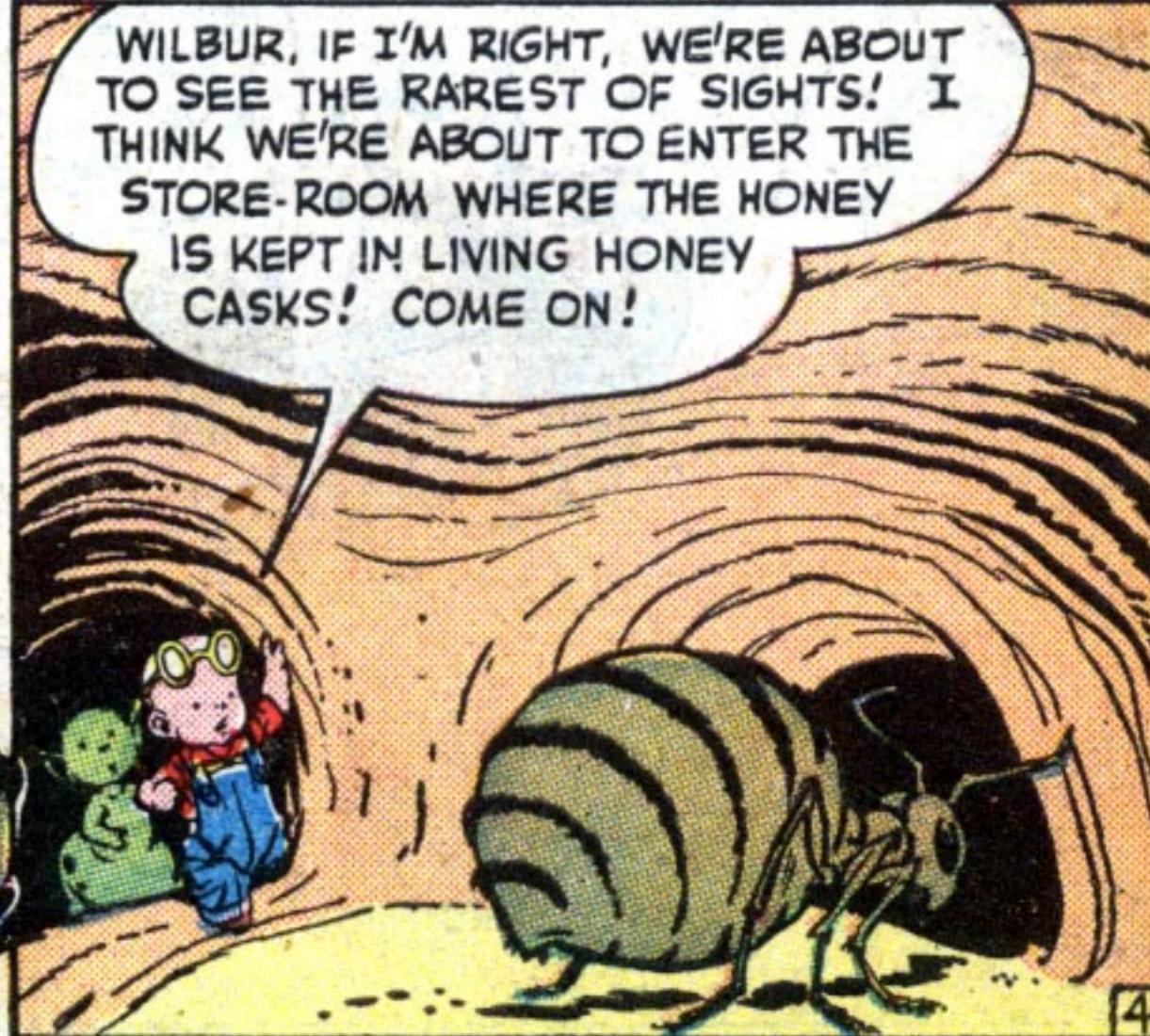
SEE THAT WORKER BEARING A LEAF IN ITS JAWS? WELL, THAT LEAF WILL BE CHEWED INTO A PASTE --- THEN FUNGUS OR MOLD GROWS ON IT, WHICH THEY USE FOR FOOD!

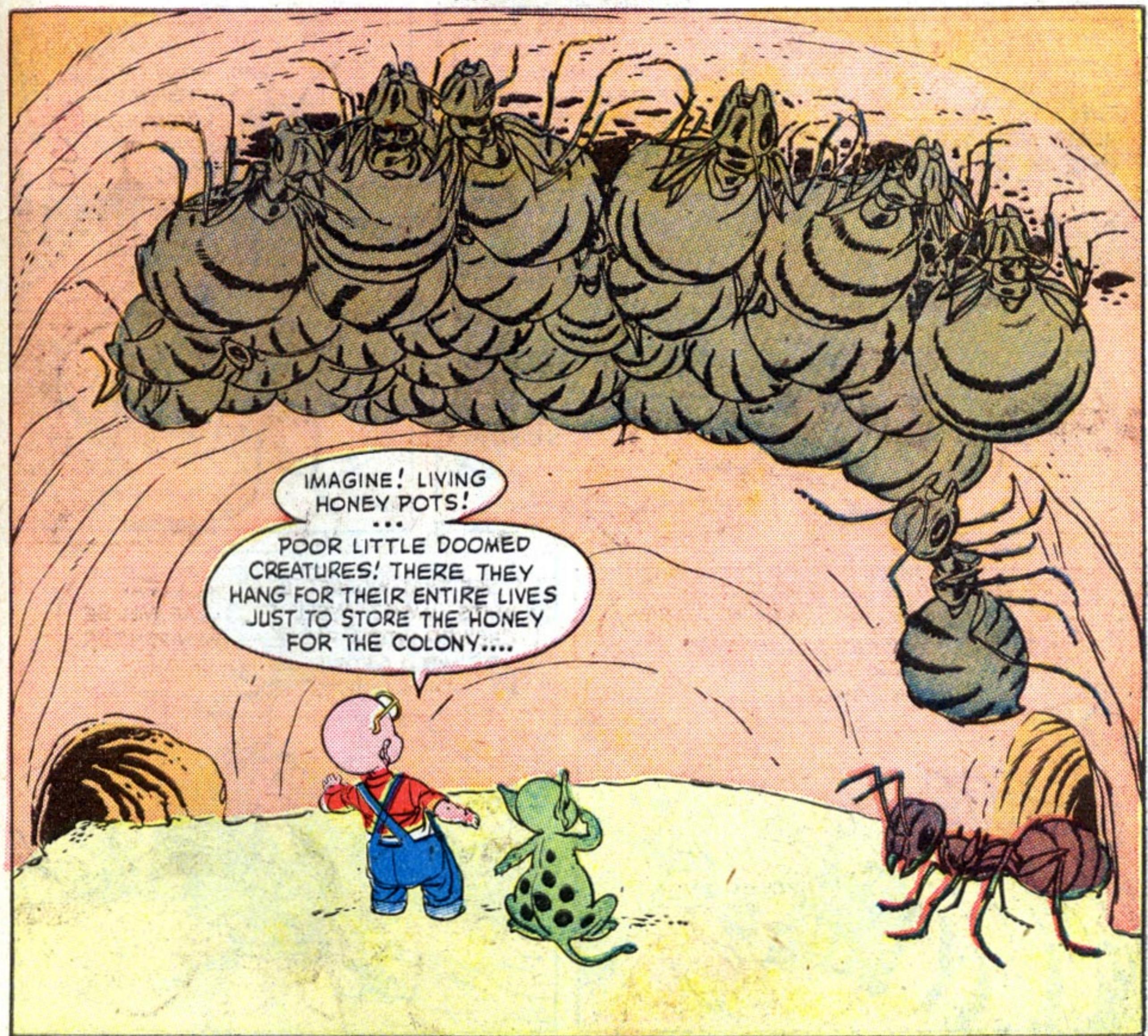


AND THIS FELLOW, FOR INSTANCE, IS BRINGING IN THE HONEY HE HAS COLLECTED FROM THE APHIDS! THE OTHER ONE WITH THE LARGE ABDOMEN SERVES AS A BARREL TO CONTAIN THE HONEY FOR THE COLONY'S USE!



WILBUR, IF I'M RIGHT, WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE THE RAREST OF SIGHTS! I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE STORE-ROOM WHERE THE HONEY IS KEPT IN LIVING HONEY CASKS! COME ON!





A SWARM OF THEM! AND THEY'RE OVERPOWERING ALL DEFENDERS!

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US! BUT LET'S HOPE NONE OF THEM TAKES NOTICE OF US BEFORE WE FIND THE WAY OUT!

THE RAIDERS ARE THE FIERCE RED AMAZONS! THEY'VE COME TO CAPTURE COCOONS TO HATCH AS THEIR SLAVES!

WELL, AT LAST, HERE WE ARE OUT AGAIN! IT WAS AN INTERESTING JOURNEY AND NOT WITHOUT EXCITEMENT ... BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO CARRY IMAGINATION TOO FAR!

BUT JUST THINK, A COMPLETE WORLD IN ITSELF IS RIGHT UNDER OUR FEET! MAYBE THAT'S WHY WE PAY NO ATTENTION ... BECAUSE IT'S SO CLOSE!

KING SOLOMON WAS VERY WISE AND IT WAS HE WHO INSPIRED THE IMMORTAL ADVICE: "GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD, CONSIDER HER WAYS AND BE WISE"!

BUT THE HIGHEST PRAISE TO THE ANT IS FROM CHINA! TO WRITE THE WORD "ANT" YOU FIRST DRAW THE SYMBOL FOR "INSECT," THEN ADD TO IT "UNSELFISHNESS," "JUSTICE," AND "COURTESY" --- THE TWO SYMBOLS SIGNIFY "ANT"!

I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE PERFECT TRIBUTE, CAN YOU?

蟲義



# The Insult That Turned a **CHUMP** Into a **CHAMP**



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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, “Everlasting Health and Strength.”

Send NOW for this book—**FREE**. It tells all about “Dynamic Tension.” I show you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, “The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man.”

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H**  
**115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of “Dynamic Tension” will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, “Everlasting Health and Strength.”

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

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*More Quickly—More Safely!*



**1** Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with top speed, efficiency—and safety! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



**2** Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a straight stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-light!



**3** Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed *together*, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car, removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a stone in convenient position.

**4** In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in *more* flashlights than any other battery in the world!

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—AT NO  
EXTRA COST